Saturday Evening Post · February 25, 1967 · 35c

POST

Coming best-seller
MURDERERS AMONG US
How one man hunts down Nazi criminals

Kids who
CONQUER ASTHMA

Comeback for
NIXON?

Gambling in the Bahamas:

THE MAFIA AT WORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The closer he gets...the better you look!*

Now! Shampoo-in Hair Color so natural it invites close-ups!*

Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the gal who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking color of new Nice'n Easy by Clairol.

Here is an easy-to-do, once-a-month shampoo-in hair color so rich in formula, it can lighten lighter...brighten brighter...and deepen more evenly! So rich, it covers gray better than any other shampoo-in color...so rich, it leaves your hair with lively body...and an exciting glow! Try it for a lift...for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair color looks "so natural it invites close-ups"!

The closer he gets...the better you look!

Pour it on... work it through. Wait just minutes... rinse...shampoo! Nice'n Easy... so natural looking!

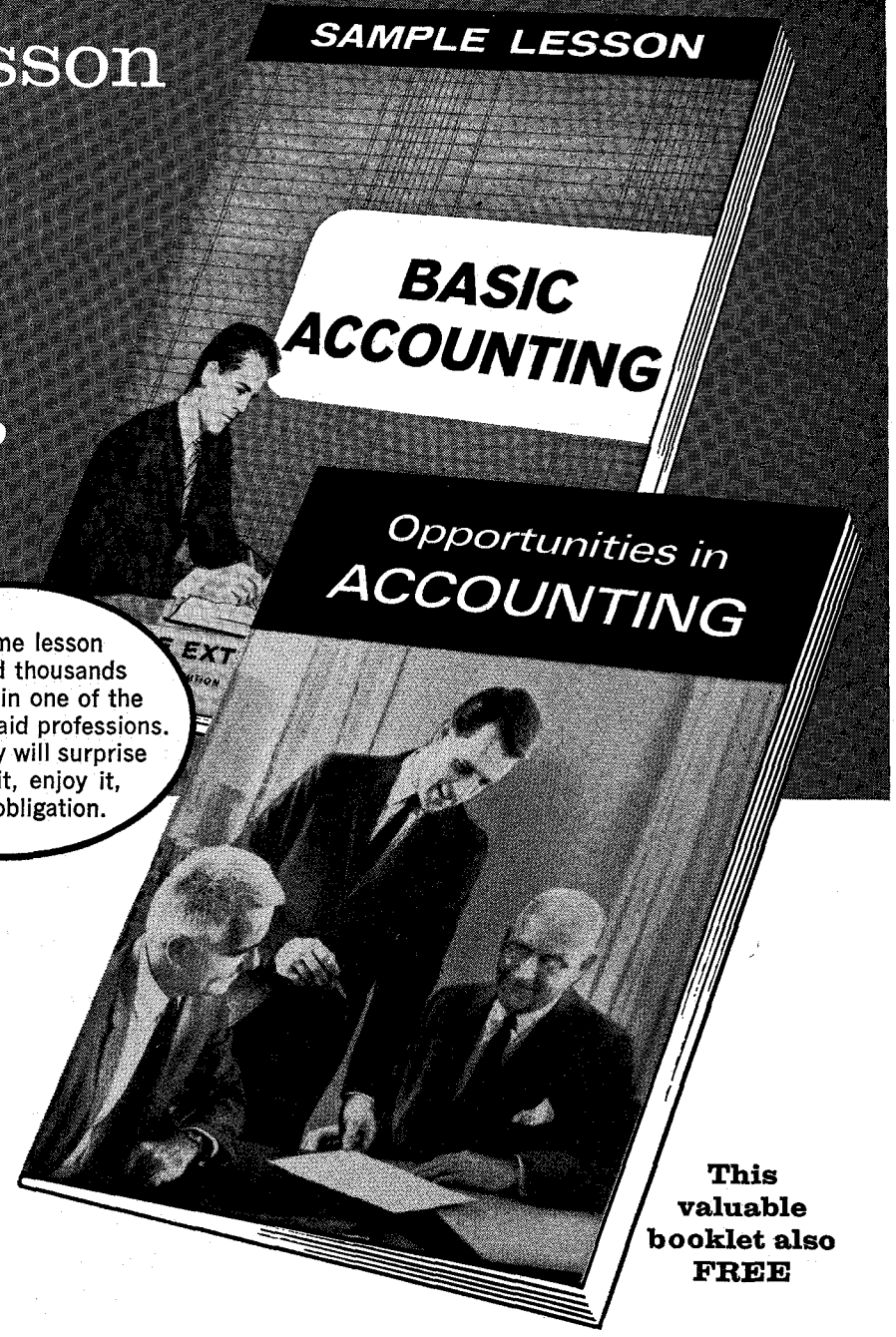
New! Nice'n Easy® by Clairol

the natural-looking hair color you just shampoo in!

*Trademark © Clairol Inc. 1966

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Free sample lesson can start you on a high-pay career as ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR, or CPA



This same lesson has helped thousands get started in one of the world's best-paid professions. Its simplicity will surprise you. Try it, enjoy it, without obligation.

This valuable booklet also FREE

You can learn Accounting in your spare time at home

THE demand for trained Accountants far exceeds the number available. Salaries keep going higher, promotions come faster. Why remain in a dull job with insufficient pay when you can prepare easily – *in your spare time* – for the big rewards which are being offered today by the Accounting profession?

To prove this to yourself, send for the interesting sample lesson which demonstrates the remarkable LaSalle method of home training. This lesson is yours free of cost or obligation. It will show you how you are guided step by step through actual Accounting work, how you learn by doing, how thoroughly you are prepared for every Accounting task you will be called upon to handle in business.

No previous experience required

LaSalle's distinguished faculty of expert Accountants and CPA instructors starts you right at the beginning, then supervises, corrects and grades your work all the way – right up to training you to take a Certified Public Accountant examination, if this is your eventual goal. You train in your spare time – *at your own pace* – without losing a single day from the job you now have. The cost of instruction is remarkably low.

Which of today's many positions do you want?

Regardless of your present job – if you want to become a professional Accountant, Controller, Auditor, Income Tax Specialist, Government Accountant, or Public Accountant, LaSalle has the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively. You will be trained for a high-pay position, or you may decide eventually to establish an Accounting business of your own – with hours of your own choosing.

For over half a century, LaSalle has been a world leader in business education. It has provided training at home to more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women. That is why a LaSalle diploma in Accounting is a credential respected by employers. See for yourself. Mail the coupon now for your free sample lesson and a copy of the booklet "Opportunities in Accounting." LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

Opportunities for women, too...full or part time

The Accounting profession offers many splendid positions to women as well as men. You can earn an independent income either in a full-time career or in your spare hours. Accounting is an interesting, uncrowded field where women are welcome. Age is no barrier; working hours may be flexible; pay is excellent. LaSalle prepares you at home without interfering with your present duties.

LaSalle graduates report up to 56% increase in pay within one year

"My salary has more than doubled since enrolling with LaSalle and due to my fine training, my salary is still growing." —*William T. Black, Canoga Park, Calif.*

"My salary is 305% more than when I first started to work. I am employed by the State of Alabama as an accountant. This is a professional rating. Being a LaSalle graduate has meant so much!" —*Mrs. Anne P. Cox, Elmore, Alabama*

"Thanks to my LaSalle training I hold the position of office manager. My earnings have risen from $70.00 per week to $175.00 per week with many fringe benefits." —*Mary M. Nyberg, Hollydale, Calif.*

"I am a strong supporter of LaSalle. My salary has increased two and three-quarters times – due to my training with LaSalle. Thanks for your splendid cooperation." —*James M. Umphlett, Cody, Wyoming*

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 South Dearborn, Dept. 62-096, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me, free of cost or obligation, your sample lesson and illustrated booklet "Opportunities in Accounting."

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

Occupation.....Working Hours....A.M....P.M.

191

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That's a promising cold you've got there. With a little neglect

it can be a honey

Why give up and give in to a cold? Go to work on it early. Take Contac® when you *first* feel your cold coming on.

Right away, over 600 tiny "time pills" in each Contac capsule will begin stopping your sniffles. Checking your sneezes. Clearing your stuffy nose. You may never even feel the worst part of your cold.

And the good medicine in Contac keeps up its good work continuously—for up to 12 full hours.

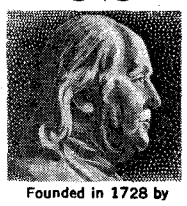
Instead of giving your next cold nothing but neglect, why not give it everything we've got?

Get Contac at your pharmacy. And take it early. Before your cold gets worse.

Menley & James Laboratories,
Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST



Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor
OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
MacLENNAN FARRELL Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JAMES ATWATER (general); ROBERT S. BIRD (national affairs); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); ROBERT A. POTEETE (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science); JEANETTE SARKISIAN WAGNER (general). **Associate articles editors** ANN BAYER, *LEILA E. B. HADLEY*, M. B. *SHESTACK* (entertainment). **Assistant editors** MARY ANN O'ROARK, JAMES ARDREY. **Editors-at-large** *JOHN BIRD*, *BILL DAVIDSON*, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, *RICHARD ARMSTRONG*, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, MAX GUNTHER, *LEWIS H. LAPHAM*, *RICHARD LEMON*, *BARD LINDEMAN*, EDWARD LINN, JAMES PHELAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. ***Senior fiction editors*** *JEFF BROWN*, HASKEL FRANKEL, SUSAN STANWOOD. **Associate fiction editor** GERALDINE KRUG. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SARA PENTZ, SALLY A. REUKAUF. **Regional photographer** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington). **Contributing photographers** BILL BRIDGES, JOSEPH CONSENTINO, JOHN LAUNOIS, HARVEY LLOYD, JACQUES LOWE, WAYNE MILLER. **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Copy** RICHARD L. LEHMAN (chief). **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** RHOMA M. PAUL. **Copy research** DEBORAH HARKINS (chief). **Assistants** LORRAINE BUSCAGLIA, GAIL MARSHALL. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, DON MENELL. **Editorial production** RITA M. ORTIGA (chief). **Assistant** LEAH H. KAHAN. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); MARILYN FLAIG, VICTORIA CUFF.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1967 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to *refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously* mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Gloria L. Swett, Vice Pres., Secretary; Kenneth B. Artz, Treasurer; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home and Jack and Jill. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

February 25, 1967 • 240th year, issue no. 4

Articles

I'm old and I'm glad of it *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Jonathan Daniels* 8
The compleat politician *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 16
Real girls ask for mint frappés *(The Human Comedy)* . . . . *Will Stanton* 20
The Mafia: Shadow of evil on an island in the sun . . . . . *Bill Davidson* 27
'You can see that I'm not 20 years old' . . . . . *Bernard Weinraub* 38
The murderers among us . . . . . *Simon Wiesenthal* 42
Kids who conquer asthma . . . . . *Steven M. Spencer* 88
Nixon for President in '68? . . . . . *Jules Witcover* 93

Fiction

The Gunboat and Madge . . . . . *John O'Hara* 64
Pray for grace, poor little sinner . . . . . *Julia O'Faolain* 78

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 68 Post scripts . . . 86
Hazel . . . . . 90 Editorial 98

About this issue

Bill Davidson

In previous issues of the *Post* editor-at-large BILL DAVIDSON has explored the workings of the Mafia in Chicago, Los Angeles and New Orleans; in this *Post* he reports on the underworld in the Bahamas. Davidson's chief researcher on the piece was his writer-wife Muriel—and together the Davidsons comprise a team that a columnist recently dubbed "the Lunt and Fontanne of the typewriter". . . . JULES WITCOVER, who here writes about Richard Nixon, has been reporting on national politics for 13 years and is currently a correspondent for Newhouse National News Service. Witcover reveals that during a fund-raising campaign Nixon's image as a reporter-hater was tarnished—when Nixon requested that his plane be held on the runway for the delayed Witcover. . . . WILL STANTON, whose *Human Comedy* in this issue is his fourth for the *Post*, has been contributing humorous articles to leading publications for 15 years. . . . *New York Times* reporter BERNARD WEINRAUB making his first *Post* appearance with a profile of Simone Signoret, often writes about famous personalities for his newspaper and for national magazines. / Cover photo by CHARLES MOORE.

Moving?

Send us your new address now—Don't miss a single issue!

Please send us the address label from this issue right now, so that your future deliveries of the POST will not be interrupted. Simply cut the label off the cover, paste onto the coupon, and mail to the address indicated.

Mail to:
SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19105

ATTACH YOUR ADDRESS LABEL HERE

NAME (print)_____
My New Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____
Date Moving_____

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

The assassination

Gentlemen:

Richard J. Whalen's article THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION [January 14] sheds a revealing light on a tiring battle between the upholders of the Warren *Report* and its disbelievers. It voices the view of a great many Americans who feel action should be taken to clear up the vagueness of what appear to be hurried and incomplete conclusions formed by the commission.

MRS. TIMOTHY A. BURCH
Alexandria, Va.

Gentlemen:

Mr. Whalen did a fine job of summing up the Warren *Report* when he said, "The *Report* tells us too much about too little."

DOLORES ALTHOUSE
Hatboro, Pa.

Dear Sir:

You say that "at this late date the President's body remains the object of obscene speculation and the country suffers from needless controversy."

Including needless controversial articles in the *Post*.

GEORGE GOURLEY
Washington, D.C.

Editor:

Richard Whalen's article points out the need for congressional consideration of the evidence, old and new, to replace the interim report known as the Warren *Report*. On Sept. 28, 1966, I introduced a Resolution for a joint Senate-House committee to do just that; and I expect to continue to press for such a congressional review in the current session of the 90th Congress.

THEODORE R. KUPFERMAN
Congressman, 17th District
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

To what avail the expense of further investigation while we continue to complain about the economy, foreign aid, the expense of our involvement in Vietnam, and Medicare? Why dwell on death and the past? It is all history now.

VICTORIA C. WILSTER
Sanford, Fla.

Dear Sir:

Congress had better act fast and reinvestigate this whole affair—before any more witnesses die.

DONALD A. WINDSOR
Norwich, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

If one Warren Commission cannot arrive at the truth, are we to believe that a second will do its duty? And then if there is one pro and one con, will we have to have a third commission?

HENRY E. WOLFF
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sir:

Richard Whalen's excellent analysis of the available evidence causes one to feel that the Warren Commission did, at best, a questionable job, and at worst, reached the wrong conclusions. It is time for the creation of a new investigative body, free of government influence.

DAVID C. LORI NZ
Manistee, Mich.

On censorship

Sir:

A thousand bravos to Pamela Hansford Johnson for her brilliant article WE NEED MORE CENSORSHIP [SPEAKING OUT, January 14]. She refutes the evil argument that just because a pigsty is there, everyone must wallow in it. Along with clean air and clean water, we all need clean literature to read and hear.

RUTH M. MILLER
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sir:

I think that the rising demand for "ugliness" reflects a shortcoming of society and not of authors, of the readers and not of the books. To cure society of its outward ugliness by censorship is to cure the measles by hiding the spots.

RICHARD SCHNAR
Bloomington, Ind.

Editor:

It gave me a great uplift to see that the *Post* would publish Lady Snow's opinions, even though to many way-outers her ideas might seem behind-the-times and old-fashioned.

SYLVIA J. GROSS
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Sex, as served to the public in literature, movies, etc., has become as appetizing as a diet of black pepper. Pepper is a fine condiment, and sex happens to be the spice of life. But just try to live on spice alone—ugh!

E. POLLE
Perkinsville, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

It seems quite plain to me that the people who want censorship are usually trying to defend their own ideas from competition.

R. EGGLESTON
Rosendale, Wis.

Dear Sir:

Censor?—no. Educate?—yeah, yeah.

RUSSELL BURKHARD
Centerville, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

To quote Thomas Jefferson: "Shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read? It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not."

TOM MOORE
Carpinteria, Calif.

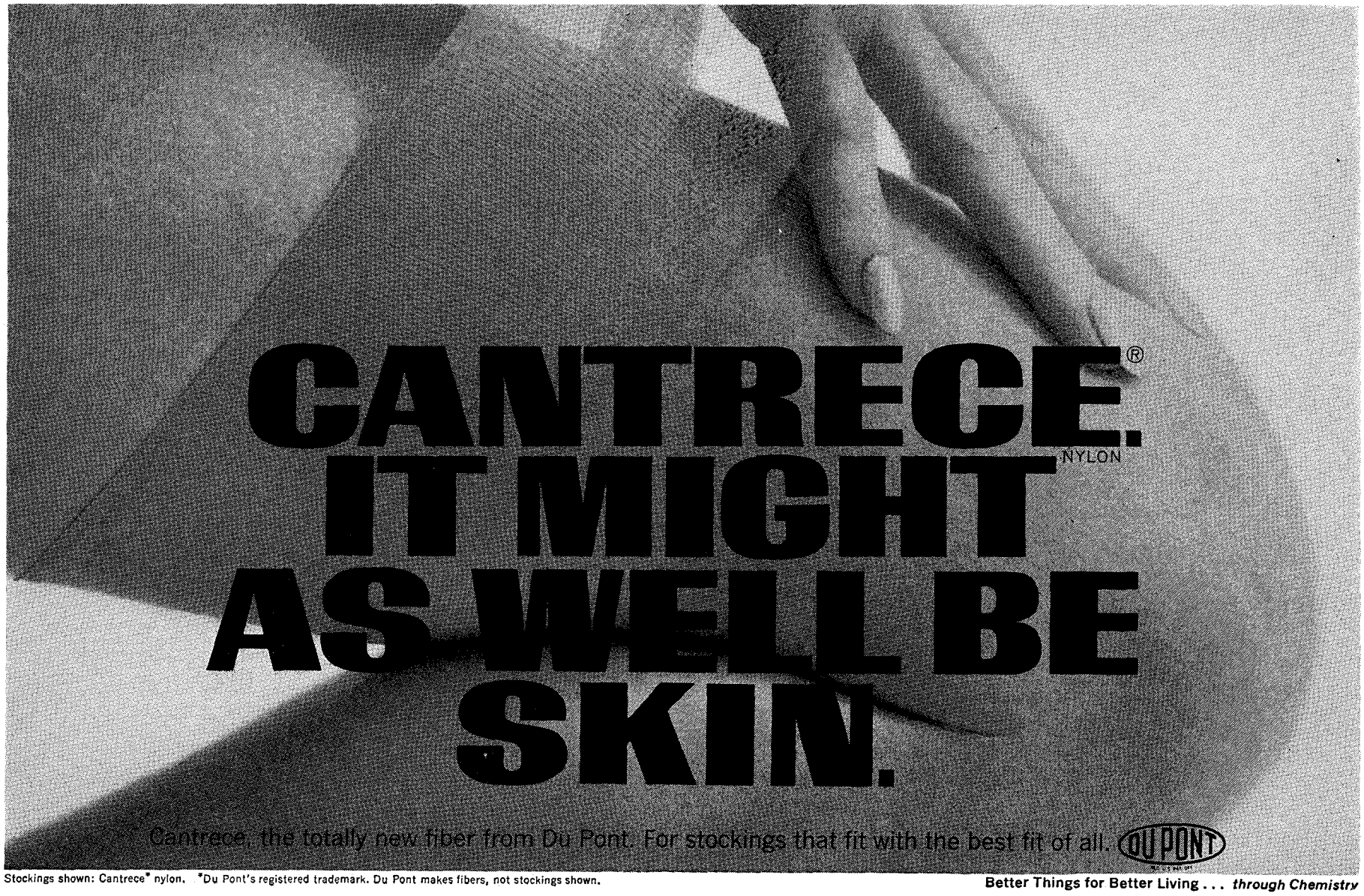
Star loser

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your interesting article on Steve McQueen [A LOSER MAKES IT BIG, by Trevor Armbrister, January 14]. But as for the statement, "He's not really handsome and he's not *that* talented as an actor"—ask a few of us girls. I'm sure we wouldn't agree.

MRS. G. STANIUNAS
Whitman, Mass.

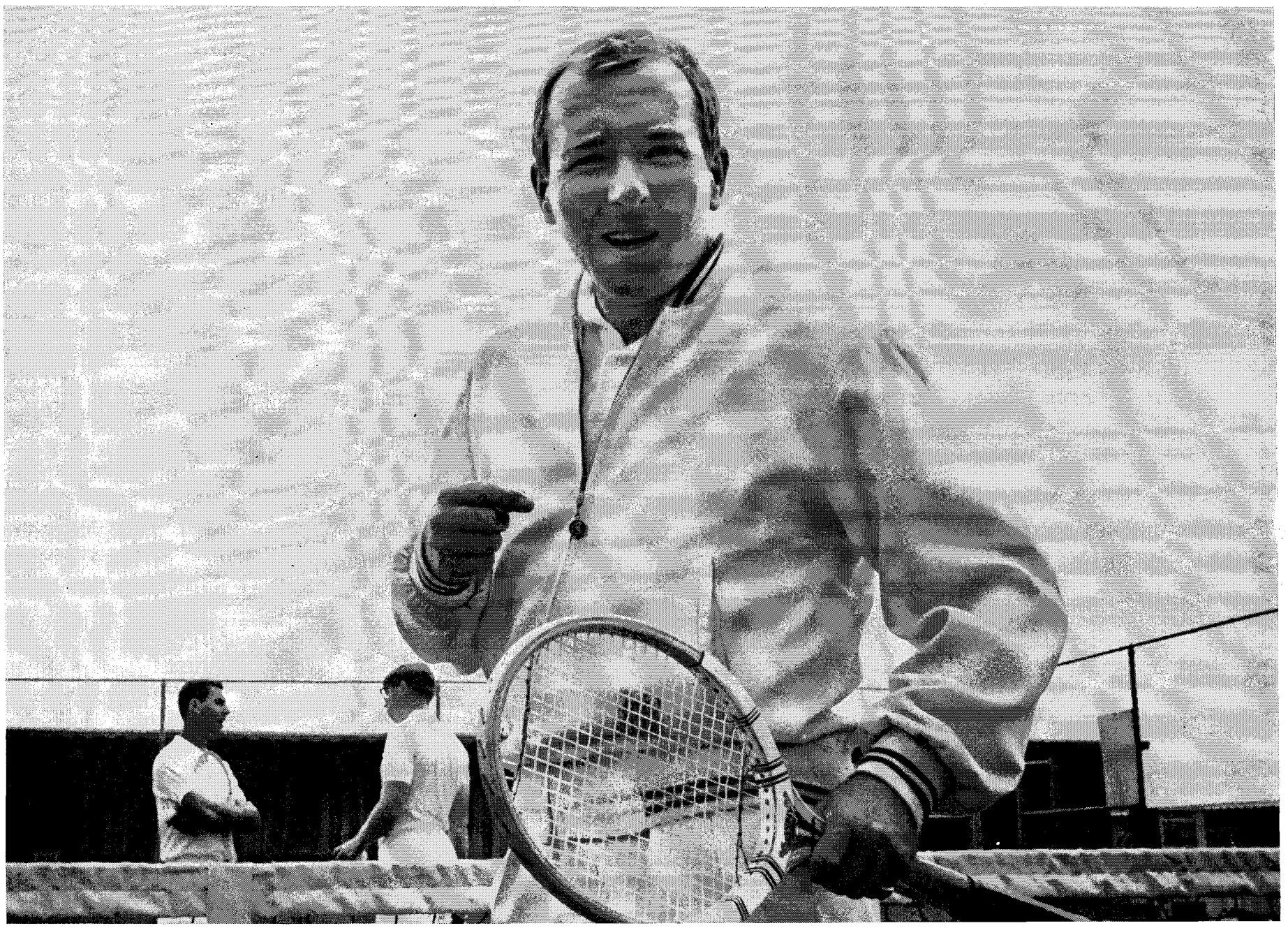
Continued on page 6



Stockings shown: Cantrece® nylon. ®Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not stockings shown.
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dieter Ehlermann is a teaching tennis professional in Palm Beach, Florida, and New Rochelle, New York. He is a member of the U.S. Professional Lawn Tennis Association



"I keep fit teaching tennis. I don't need health insurance!"

"But a MONY man made me realize anyone can become injured or sick...and that's when health insurance could provide needed income!"

Dieter Ehlermann talks it over with MONY man Pete Green

" 'You must be out of your mind,' I told MONY man Pete Green. 'I'm the last one who needs health insurance. I'm out on the tennis courts 8 and 9 hours a day. I'm in excellent health!'

"But Pete was as patient as I was stubborn. He made it clear there's no guarantee against injury or illness. And he showed me how health insurance could provide an income for us if I was laid up and couldn't work with my tennis students or run my pro shop. And any money I received would be tax free!

"Am I glad I decided to take his program. About a month later I did fall ill, and was hospitalized. MONY health insurance quickly paid off...helped me take care of the bills.

"Pete also helped us set up a life insurance program for my wife and me. We plan to use the cash values for our retirement.

"I liked Pete's angle. He's low pressure. And he explains things so well that for the first time I can understand insurance. I've recommended him and MONY many times since."

MONY men care for people.

Get in touch with a MONY man near you. Rely on his seasoned judgment to provide you with the finest life and health insurance protection money can buy... from MONY, a leader for 124 years.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY
Dept. S27, B'way at 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

Please send me these FREE, helpful booklets:

☐ "The ABC Of Life Insurance." How insurance works, in plain English. Basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.

☐ "The ABC Of Health Insurance." Useful information about Disability, Hospital, and Major Medical insurance plus other helpful facts about health insurance.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

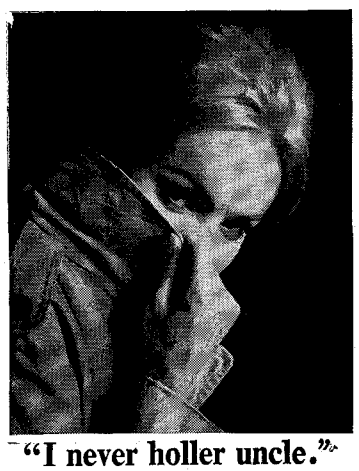
Occupation_____ Age_____

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York, N.Y.—Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans—Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The lady from N.A.R.E.B. tracks down every clue.

The home you want—and its financing—aren't likely to elude Vera Brown, Realtor.®



"I never holler uncle."

Vera is a member of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. She's absolutely relentless when it comes to spying out exactly the house you're looking for. And she has a pretty nose that's able to snoop out new or hidden sources of financing.

Give her the clues on the kind of home you want, and the price you want to pay. Leave the sleuthing to Vera.

That's a Realtor's job. A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local and state boards and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

To solve the case of the elusive home, or how to finance it, even in the tight money market, put a Realtor on the trail. She, or he, can take the mystery out of the business of buying a home. Look for this seal, which only a Realtor may display.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF REAL ESTATE BOARDS
REALTORS ARE ACTIVE MEMBERS OF CONSTITUENT BOARDS

REALTORS' NATIONAL FOUNDATION, INC., 1300 CONNECTICUT AVE., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036

Letters

Israel

Dear Sir:

May I warmly congratulate you on the excellent article on Israel written by Barbara Tuchman, which appeared in your January 14 issue [ISRAEL: LAND OF UNLIMITED IMPOSSIBILITIES].

WILLIAM LEVINE
Director, Information Dept.
The Jewish Agency-
American Section Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

With great perception Barbara Tuchman captures the flavor of the Israeli spirit, which successfully overcomes the "impossible."

SANFORD WEINER
Gloversville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The unlimited impossibilities that confront Israel are the result of her abnormal existence—an artificial island in a stormy and unhospitable Arab sea. No objective observer can expect an immigrant population displacing the original inhabitants to live normally forever.

SAADAT HASAN
Palestine Liberation Organization
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I do not know which is worse—having God "invented" in the desert or His "death" by modern agnostics.

GRACE HARMON MCGARY
Louisville, Ill.

Dear Editor:

In the light of the Bible's unerring accuracy as to the history of the Jewish people, it should be of no great astonishment to learn that the land of Israel is again beginning to prosper and grow—in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties.

CONNIE BROWNING
Anchorage, Alaska

Enchanted city

Dear Sir:

FAREWELL TO THE ENCHANTED CITY [January 14] was a wonderful piece of nostalgia. I walked through every memory with author Joan Didion.

SYBIL RILEY
Shelby, N.C.

Gentlemen:

I read Joan Didion's piece with something that wasn't quite pain. To be 20 is such a brief and sudden thing. I too left the fair, but I still hear the music.

RICHARD P. LEWIS
Franklin, N.H.

Editor:

I was born and raised in New York—and all I can remember of that "magic" city are dark subways, unbearably hot days and tall buildings that shut out the sky.

MRS. SHIRLEY WOLF
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editor:

The title of Joan Didion's deeply moving article is a misnomer—FAREWELL TO THE ENCHANTED CITY. She has not said good-bye to a Place; she has sung a requiem to a Time. And let her be consoled by the thought that planes are still landing and new dreams are part of their cargo.

BARRY TRIVERS
Malibu, Calif.

Amazing Americans

Dear Sir:

Stewart Alsop's bouquet to the men in Vietnam [THE AMAZING AMERICANS, January 14] is undoubtedly well deserved, but I do think Alsop could have praised them without tying in the barbs against the World War II fighting men—who despite the fact that they were "sloppy, unshaven, badly disciplined GI's" did manage to win that li'l ole war.

HENRY G. EVANS
Florissant, Mo.

Dear Sir:

At last someone gives credit to the men who are making a professional army out of our soft and sloppy society.

GEORGE SHILLINGER
Sedro Woolley, Wash.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Alsop briefly mourns the lost innocence of the American soldier, but his sense of loss seems to be perfunctory, since he devotes his entire article to praising the callousness of the new "professional."

CHARLENE DWYER
Delaware, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Perhaps those "poor imitations of Bill Mauldin's 'Willie and Joe' in World War II" fought and died in their unprofessional manner because they were not basically steely-eyed killers but ordinary Americans who strongly felt the necessity for the ugly job they had to do. Perhaps their unregimented individualism speaks much more favorably for the American character than the "big, brave, handsome" professional zapper of this "splendid little war" ever can.

BERNARD KENTON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Alsop asks, "Where are the . . . incompetent political hacks, suddenly transformed into majors and colonels, courtesy of the National Guard?" Mr. Alsop's implication that there are such in the modern National Guard is grossly unfair to the thousands of civilian soldiers and airmen who are better prepared for battlefield service than any reserve force the nation has ever possessed.

MAJ. GEN. JAMES F. CANTWELL
President, National Guard
Association of the United States
Washington, D.C.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

The cover photograph was posed by professional models. • Cover—Charles Moore (Black Star). • 3—Jeanette Sarkisian Wagner. • 8—Mike Mauney (Black Star). • 16—Arnold Roth. • 27, 28, 29, 30—Charles Moore (Black Star). • 31—Charles Moore (Black Star), Hill & Knowlton, Inc., Charles Moore (Black Star), U.P.I. • 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37—Charles Moore (Black Star). • 38—Columbia Pictures. • 39—Culver Pictures. • 40—Wide World. • 41—John Springer Collection, Culver Pictures. • 42—George Giusti. • 43—Dale Whitney (Black Star). • 44—Courtesy of McGraw-Hill. • 88, 89—Joern Gerdts. 93, 94, 95, 96, 97—Philippe Halsman. • 98—William Croul.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's color TV at its best. This is an unretouched photo taken right from a new Philco set. This is really how it looks.

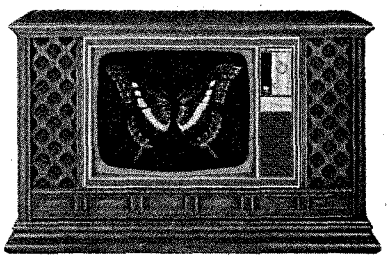
Our brand-new tuning eye makes it easy to tune color like this. As easy as tuning a radio.

We've eliminated the guesswork in tuning the picture. Just turn the fine tuning dial until the little green eye is at its narrowest point, and you've got it. On UHF or VHF. Then it's only a matter of adjusting the color tint to your personal taste.

Another reason the color is as good as what you're seeing here (telecast by WKBS-TV, Channel 48, Philadelphia, photographed from a production model Philco set at 1/15th second on ASA 160 film) is that we've made the vital signal system completely solid state. That means there are no old-style vacuum tubes in those circuits to heat up or burn out. Just cool little space-age miracles that sit quietly pulling in the kind of great color you're seeing here.

We've done other good things, too. But all we're trying to do right here is get you interested. Interested enough to find out more from your Philco dealer. And see some color programs on a Philco for yourself.

Then make up your own mind. We'll take our chances on that.



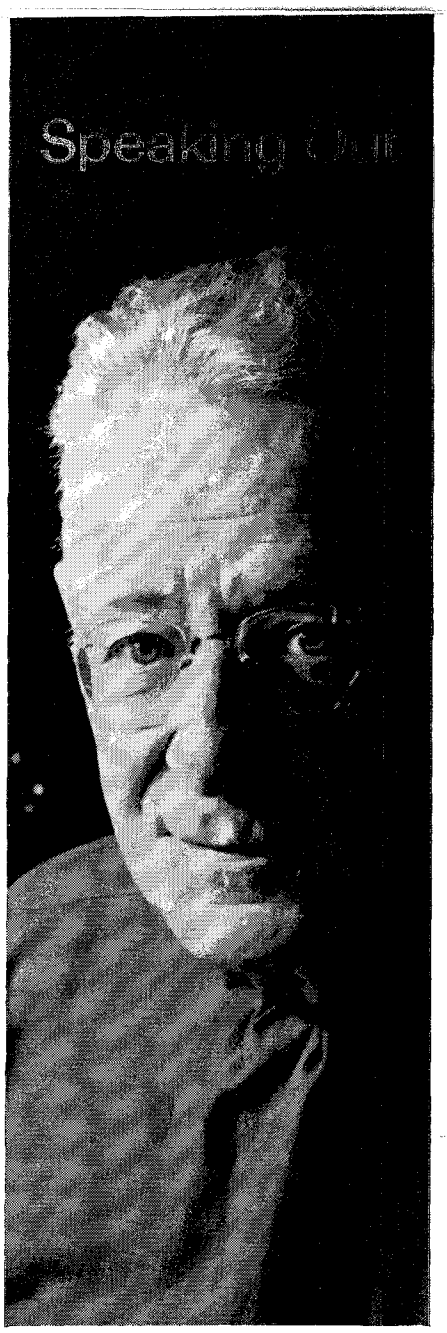
PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS · RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES · REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS · FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'M OLD AND I'M GLAD OF IT



by Jonathan Daniels

Mr. Daniels can count nearly as many careers as years. He has been administrative assistant to President Roosevelt, Presidential press secretary, a member of the U.S. delegation to the U.N., Democratic national committeeman for North Carolina, a magazine columnist, author of many books, and, since 1948, editor of the Raleigh, N.C. News and Observer.

Be your age" has often been a scornful admonition to the young. It would now be an appropriate injunction to some of us who are somewhat beyond the draft age. I had my 64th birthday several months ago, and I've been thinking about that next birthday which seems to mark the advent of senility as precisely as 21 marks the beginning of citizenship. And I believe the old folks are being kidded, and many are kidding themselves, and I resent the whole process.

I make no complaints against the calendar. I'm glad that I was a Boy Scout before the nearby wildernesses disappeared into the suburbs, and the Boy Scout bureaucracy bulged in the towns. I spent more than a dozen penitential years as a restless member of the P.T.A. and my children now go through their own P.T.A. years. But I have pretty well made up my mind that nobody is ever going to badge me with the title that seems to be popular for people my age. I will not be called a Senior Citizen.

I realize that this term is not meant to be derogatory or patronizing. But even though arthritis may cripple me, I decline to be anesthetized by the euphemists. Undoubtedly they mean to be kind. But a pox on their prettified pity. I'll take my season in gratitude that I've got it.

Consider the advertisements which proffer "golden years" for sweet-faced cosmeticized old couples. In those jolly ads about—well, I guess, the senior citizens—ma and pa go fishing in Florida and have the best years of their lives on $200 a month. Fishing in Florida is fine, but I've priced the rentals on charter boats. And I remember the little item in Ring Lardner's story *The Golden Honeymoon*, in which one elderly character in St. Petersburg said that they had raised the dues for horseshoe-pitching from 50 cents to one dollar a year "to keep the riffraff out." I've been to St. Petersburg, that American capital of geriatrics, and seen senior citizens on the benches which line the central street, with practically all their possessions in paper bags, watching contemporaries move past in yacht-long limousines. But the inequity did not begin when they passed a sort of international dateline for themselves. The advertisements continue about Elysian retirement colonies on the shore for all the "aging"—and at bargain prices. In many cases only the already addled among the lot buyers could fail to realize that in some of these Edens they'd better come equipped with their overshoes, if not boots—maybe boats.

Meanwhile a lot of bright young men build chains of old folks' homes in confidence that there will be more and more helpless old folks to fill them. "Old folks homes," having become "nursing homes," become "rest homes"—even "convalescent homes." But the inmates are not convalescing, or even nursing. They are old folks who need special care.

On my way to eternity I am not quite reassured by the fact that other young men, also busily and lucratively selling lots, six feet by four, are calling their greensward, around lakes full of swans and under big stereotyped statues of Jesus, "Memorial Parks." In the back of my old head I have a hunch that those places are graveyards all the same. I have this notion despite the fact that the old clutter of individualistic tombstones has been eliminated so power mowers can operate at less cost for the living. Long ago my mother bought nearly half an acre for all who would join her in a place which still calls itself a cemetery. It will be a pleasant place in which to hear Gabriel's horn, though I'm in no hurry to hear it.

What the soothsayers do not seem to understand is that under their cloak of kindness, they are being stupid as well as unpleasant. Called "senior citizen," I am tempted to call others junior citizens, or, better still, Aspirants, and see how everybody else likes that. They might become irascible, while they now find irascibility only among the elderly, and treat it as if it were some sort of progressive disease. They blindly ignore the fact that there is still fire and warmth amidst the fuming.

I keep hopefully in mind the image of my own father, Josephus Daniels, in his grand old age. I remember when I was a cub reporter our paper ran a headline, AGED KING OF RUMANIA DIES. The Old Man roared out of his editor's office ready to take the news desk apart. The dead king was 62; Father was 65.

Six years afterward he became ambassador to Mexico. He "retired," but only from the diplomatic post, at 80. In those latter days someone proposed that a dinner be held for such active oldsters as Father, Thomas J. Watson of IBM, Bernard M. Baruch and others. The dinner was never held. They were all so busy in their activities that a date could never be found when all were free at the same time. That, of course, was not really strange. Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was already 73 when he began a decade and a half of power. Pope John XXIII came in his 70's to stir the old church as few younger prelates had done. Verdi wrote some of his greatest operas after he was 70. And today, at 78, Artur Rubinstein plays to the applause of audiences of every age.

Against such a background I am ready to be honestly, and I hope happily, old—and I only want the chance to do so without the practical jokes. I've known some who tried to dodge oldness, and I recognize that at least I've passed the time when I could feel that a "middle-aged man" was anybody 10 years older than I. I don't think we need to hide the coming of the crow's feet. I doubt that the full life can be lived without tasting the qualities of all ages. All have their virtues. H. L. Mencken was probably right in his conclusion, as he himself aged, that the presumed combination of age and wisdom is in most cases a myth. The young fool is likely to become the old one. Maybe the best evidence of that is in the mass of aging suckers ready to buy the nostrums and notions constantly offered to them.

But remembrance does bring some

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness every time you smoke.

©1967, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Product*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We want to test your writing aptitude

If you have ever wanted to write, here is an opportunity to find out if you have talent worth developing. Take this revealing Aptitude Test created by 12 famous authors

By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out if you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers – and *should* become writers – never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others

Several years ago, we decided to do something about this problem. We started the Famous Writers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into print . . . to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

Over many months, we poured everything we knew about writing into a new kind of professional training course – which you take at home and in your free time. The course begins with the fundamentals of good writing upon which every successful writing career must be built. Then you get advanced training in the specialty of your choice–Fiction, Non-Fiction, Advertising Writing or Business Writing. You learn step-by-step.

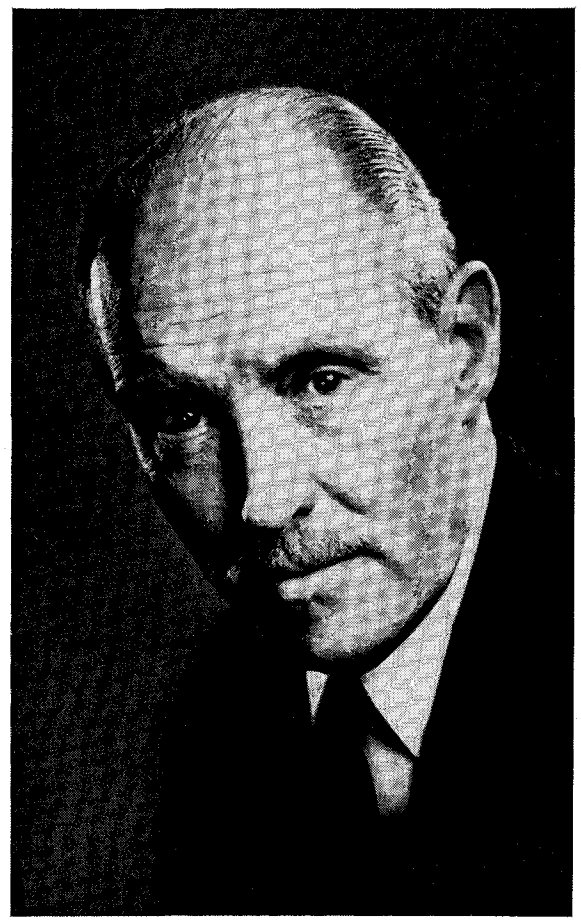
Every writing assignment you return to the School is carefully examined by instructors who are themselves professional writers or editors, working under the guidance of the 12 Famous Writers who developed the course.

You are a class of one

Your instructor goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript, much as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing. While this writer-instructor is appraising your work, nobody else competes for his attention. You are, literally, a class of one.

Photo: Philippe Halsman

Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.



Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet* – and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

Students breaking into print

This training works well. Our students have sold their writing to more than 100 publications, including *True, Ladies' Home Journal, Popular Science, Redbook,* the *Reader's Digest, McCall's* and *The New York Times Magazine.*

Doris Agee of San Mateo, Cal., says, "The view from this part of the world – the top – is indescribable. I've just received a big, beautiful check from the *Reader's Digest for a* 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. There's no question about it, without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Norma Nelson of Capitola, Cal., writes, "Many wonderful things have happened to me since I started studying writing at home with Famous Writers School. I submitted my 'Harbor Lights' column to the Santa Cruz paper, and it has been running weekly ever since. The rewards are so many, I just can't thank you enough."

Steven Novak of Wayne, N. J., announces, "I've just received a check from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.* All in all – I've had a good six months – that's the eleventh story I've sold."

"Thanks to your training," writes Arthur Emerson of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., "I was able to leave my job as a gas station attendant and become a writer for a large company in my area."

"When I enrolled in your Course, I was an unpublished writer," reports Sharon Wagner of Mesa, Arizona. "Since then, I have made 18 sales, including a novelette, and I now live on my writing income."

Marguerite J. Fraser of Ontario, Canada says she received $250 and became a "local celebrity" when her first article was accepted for publication by the *Toronto Daily Star.*

Robert Lory of Richmond, Va., sold a short story to *Fantasy and Science Fiction* Magazine only a few months after he started his training. He had tried to "crack" this market for two years.

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Eileen Thompson Panowski, a Los Alamos, N. M., mother of four, who took up writing when her children showed signs of becoming self-sufficient, has had four young people's books published by Abelard-Schuman. One of her books was recently nominated "best juvenile mystery of the year" by the Mystery Writers of America.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin has said, "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

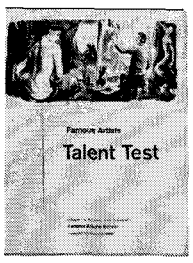
Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing writing Aptitude Test. The postage-paid card will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page illustrated brochure describing the Famous Writers School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training by the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, please write to Famous Writers School, Dept. 6057, Westport, Connecticut 06880. Give your name, address, age and ask for writing Aptitude Test.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you have art talent? Take this test and see



A group of famous artists wants to test your talent. If you pass, it could mean the beginning of a whole new life for you

If you have ever wondered whether you had art talent, here is your opportunity to find out.

The founders of Famous Artists School have put together what many artists and educators consider to be the most revealing test of art ability ever devised. It is offered to you free of charge.

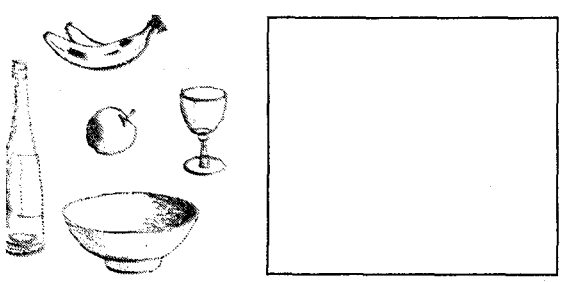
Designed for people uncertain of their ability

The people who take this Art Talent Test are of all ages and occupations—housewives, teachers, policemen, dentists, secretaries, salesmen, farmers, mechanics. Most of them have little or no previous art training. By professional standards, their drawings may be awkward and amateurish. But the ones who possess the precious gift of art talent reveal this talent in many ways. Through simple exercises, they show the inborn sense of design, the feeling for composition, the ability to observe, and the lively imagination which are such important ingredients of art talent.

The reliability of this method of screening, as well as the effectiveness of the training have been proven again and again by the impressive record of success of our students and graduates.

They passed the test and went on to become successful artists

When James Ryan of Los Angeles took the Art Talent Test, he was a clerk "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today he is an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and also does free-lance art work in his spare time. Kathleen Gironda was a salesgirl in

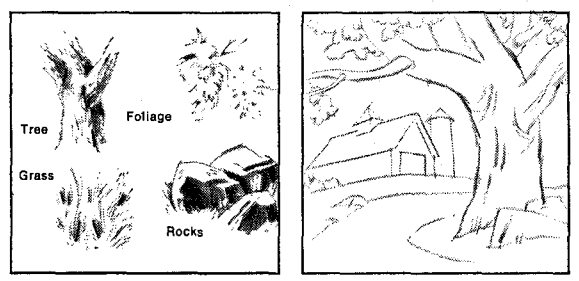


Could you create a harmonious still life?

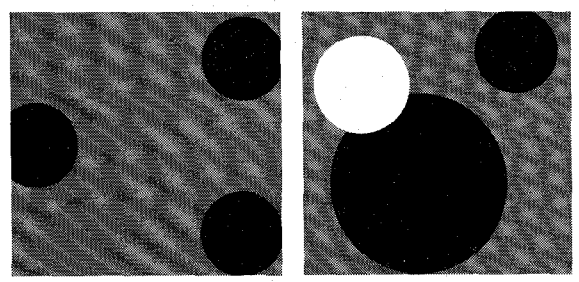
a Pennsylvania department store when she took the test. Now she has become a fashion illustrator and advertising artist for the same store. Irving Lowery, a New York policeman, has received several commissions to paint portraits, including one of a well-known judge. Virginia Bartter, a farmer's wife and mother of three, now sells just about everything she paints. And Paul Sullivan of Toledo, Ohio, who took the Talent Test when he was still in his teens, has an art studio of his own today. These are just a few of the hundreds of "success stories" in our files.

So if you love to sketch or dabble in paints—and have often wondered if you "have what it takes" to become a well-paid commercial artist or spare-time professional painter—why not seize this opportunity to find out? All you need is a pencil and a half-hour of your time. For someone with your special interest, it will be one of the most intriguing and enjoyable half-hours you ever spent.

Can you select the superior composition?



Can you create varied textures with a pencil?



How good is your inborn sense of design?

What the Talent Test covers

For instance, in the first part of the test you will be asked to look at ten pairs of simple designs made up of squares, circles, lines, triangles, and other shapes. In each of the ten pairs, one design has a feeling of "rightness" about it that the other lacks. Can you pick the right one?

Then you will see twenty pairs of pictures which are almost identical. But in each pair, one of the pictures is an exact reproduction of the original painting; and the other has a subtle difference. Without being told which is the original, you will be asked to check which composition in each pair you find more pleasing.

To test your ability to observe, you will be asked to study a completed sketch and then take your pencil and finish an incomplete version of the same picture. To uncover how imaginative you are, you will sketch an amusing or surprising addition to an interesting situation. In similar ways your instinctive feeling for mood, form, facial expressions, textures, characterizations, and so on will be tested.

Your test is graded free

When you complete the test and mail it back, it will then be graded by a member of the School's staff who is especially experienced in spotting art talent. If you receive a passing grade (and we must warn you that many don't), or can offer sufficient evidence of art talent, you will then be eligible to enroll. You may choose whichever of our courses is best suited to your goals.

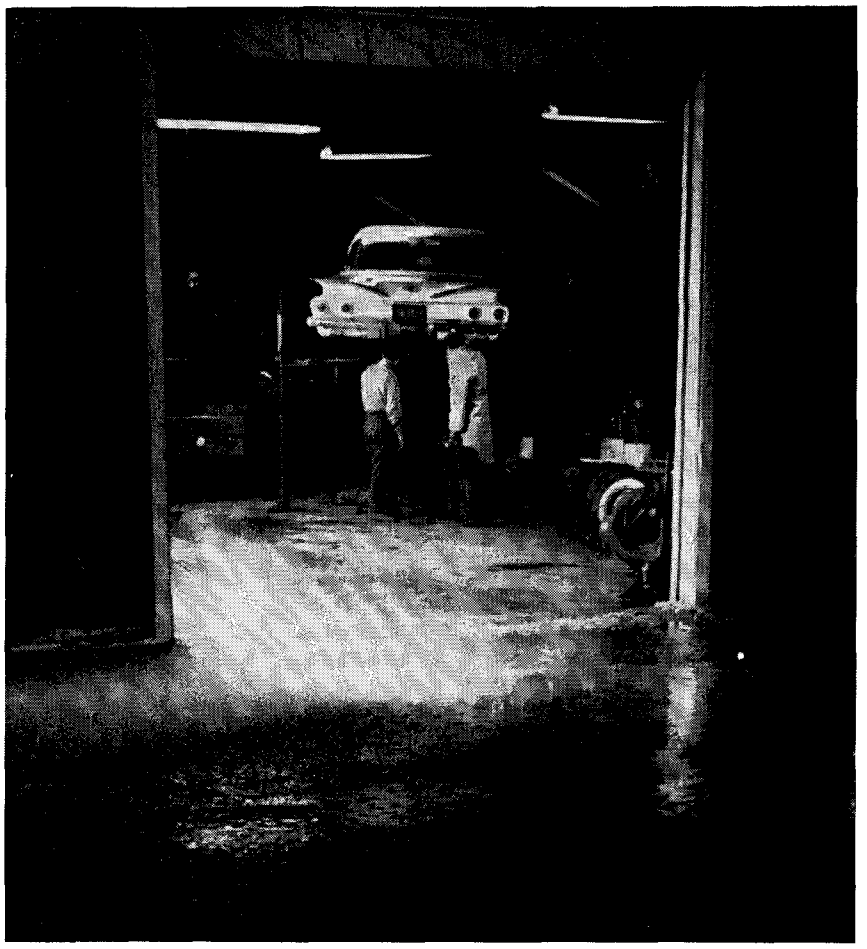
These courses were especially designed for talented people who can't leave their families or jobs for resident art training away from home. The 12 famous artists who started the School over 18 years ago contributed all their lifetime secrets of craftsmanship and art technique into what they believe to be the finest art lessons ever created. They took time out from their own busy careers and made thousands of special drawings to demonstrate each point. Then they devised, and actively supervise, a method of constructive criticism that is as personal as tutoring. Your instructor, who is himself required to be a practicing professional artist of proven accomplishment, spends up to several hours on just one of your assignments. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then "talks" to you by dictating a long friendly letter of specific advice and encouragement.

Send for talent test and brochure

You will receive an interesting brochure about our School and its revolutionary methods, along with your free Art Talent Test. If you have ever dreamed of success in art, and wondered if it were possible for you to achieve it, why not mail the attached postpaid card for both the Talent Test and the brochure right now? (If card is missing, write to Famous Artists School, Department 5319, Westport, Conn. 06880. Give your name, address, age, and ask for Art Talent Test.)

They started the Famous Artists School—From left to right, standing: Albert Dorne, Ben Stahl; seated: Fred Ludekens, Norman Rockwell, Stevan Dohanos, Jon Whitcomb, Harold Von Schmidt, Al Parker, Peter Helck, Austin Briggs, Robert Fawcett and George Giusti.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

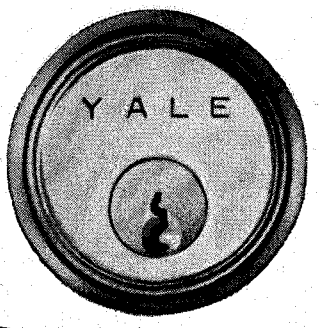


A Hartford Agent I'd never seen before
gave me overnight service
400 miles from home.

He was a complete stranger. But after my accident late at night,
he found me a place to stay. And had my car repaired by the next morning.
The man was a Hartford Agent.
Your Hartford Agent does more than he really has to do.

Insurance by
THE HARTFORD

THE HARTFORD INSURANCE GROUP, HARTFORD, CONN.: HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY • HARTFORD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY • NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY • TWIN CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



Stop
sign

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

materials for comparisons, maybe even philosophy, into the mental processes. Robert Browning was both jumping the gun and anticipating the lines of some of the present peddlers of optimism-for-profit when he wrote:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first
> was made.

Browning was 52 when he wrote that, and he had a quarter of a century of "the best" before him. A different view was expressed by poet-novelist Conrad Aiken, in 1916, when he sang:

> Well, I'm tired . . . tired of all these
> years,
> The hazy mornings, the noons, the
> misty evenings,
> Tired of the spring, tired of the
> fall;
> The music starts again, I have heard
> it all.

Mr. Aiken was 26 years old then. He has found poetry, beauty, satisfactions in the round of seasons in the 50 years since, and published his most recent book, a children's poem-story titled *Tom, Sue and the Clock,* last year.

Sometimes, obviously, the leaves begin to fall early. But age, if it is not as lively as spring, can be as pleasant as autumn. I only object to those who go about pinning false spring blossoms on trees where the foliage is ruddy, warm and beautiful. A false autumn is as ridiculous as a false spring. Age often is marked by fewer alarums than youth. I remember that a good many years ago Samuel Hopkins Adams, long after he started having trouble tying his own shoes, wrote an ebullient article for *The Saturday Evening Post* under the title, "Old Age—I Spit in Its Eye." And he did, too. He spent a good many of his "retirement" years near Beaufort, S.C., writing steadily, and he had fun too. It is still remembered in the old town that when his house burned down, he rescued first and only his table and typewriter and went on writing while the house burned. And Mrs. Adams stood near him, praising the beauty of the blaze.

My own system for sliding into the so-called autumn years has been to do it stealthily. I enjoy the excuse that age gives me—or I take—to slip off a little more from my regular job as a North Carolina newspaper editor. The grandmother to whom I'm married and I gave up keeping a big house last year and moved into an apartment. The promoters of the "memorial parks" might say that we missed the patter of little feet in silent halls or the last late-resounding singing of daughters and their beaux. I doubt that. Instead, we now have no lawns to be mowed, no painting to be done, no furnaces to be fixed, no appliances to worry about. And we built ourselves a hideaway on Hilton Head Island,, S.C., in which we can welcome our grandchildren. The fashionable Senior Citizen line would be that old ma and pa "need" the "companionship" of those children to keep us "contented." Here's what actually happened:

There are 13 grandchildren, from the age of wiggling to water-skiing. But we discovered that we had become allergic to decibels. So we have built another house across the island for us alone, leaving the first house for rent in the autumn, winter, spring, and for our well-loved multitude in the summers. Our four daughters are married to men whose surname initials are R, I, S, and K. So we've named the first place Risk House. But I've pointed out that the same letters could make it Irks House. Querulousness can be one of the privileges of the aging.

Other "Senior Citizens" have their own aging techniques—and also the right to select the one that suits them best, without interference from aliens. So I approve of recreation programs from flower arrangement to ceramics. But never having had a hobby, I feel no need to be cluttered up with one now, and I don't want to be told I should get one "for my own good." I want no rocking chair on the front porch. In fact I don't even have a front porch. I never grew a rose and never mean to grow one. But I do have a room—you could call it the study, the library. I prefer "the factory." There I have the books I need and an electric typewriter.

Sometimes I watch birds. Occasionally and luckily, I watch a snake. And always I wait for the time for the passing of the bourbon when the sunset puts the seas on fire just beyond the palm trees and above little South Carolina islands.

Like my father, I am under no illusions about the hazards of old age, and want to have none foisted on me. One of the things he cherished from his Mexican days was a story about the Bishop of Guadalajara. This virile prelate went one day with his clerical secretary to hear another aging bishop preach. He rambled and mumbled. After the service the saddened bishop seriously faced his young secretary. He wanted a promise from him that if he ever saw any signs of the approach of such lapses in his superior, he would tell him so. The younger man protested. Nothing of the sort could ever occur in *his* bishop's case. Still the older clergyman exacted the promise. Time passed. Then one day the younger man came sadly to his friend and patron. There were, he said sorrowfully, such signs as the bishop had feared. And the Bishop of Guadalajara in a fury drove the young man from his office, mumbling his outrage at such impertinence.

Senility, of course, may sneak up on us all. But sensible old age will regard it only as one of the hazards with which all are attended. Mellowness is a possibility and a promise too. We, who fear the one and hope for the other, at least don't have to enter our second childhood eagerly by accepting at their face value the pettings and the flattery of those who with fine phrases would like to win our votes or get our dollars.

"Be your age" seems to me to be the soundest injunction for us who might possibly be venerable. Certainly we don't have to accept the patronizing attention paid us—and which we are expected to pay for—by politicians, promoters, profiteers, and some who are just trying to be ultra-polite. We don't have to rush to the image of the sere and yellow leaf. And neither do we have to accept the euphemisms of those whose only virtue is that they are just a little wetter behind the ears.

Jonathan Daniels

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Len Heath promised his wife someday they'd be "swimming in champagne."

We flew them to Hawaii to keep his promise.

And here they are. Splashing it up in the bubbles of Nuuanu Falls, the falls that look like champagne.

They didn't need a champagne budget to get here, either.

Len used his United Credit Card and charged the whole trip: tickets on our new Super DC-8, hotel, rental car ...everything he could arrange through his Travel Agent. And he's paying the easy way—by the month.

Remember what you promised your wife a long time ago?

That champagne is still fizzing.

Make it a good year.

fly the friendly skies of United.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The compleat politician

WASHINGTON:

Thanks to the likes of Sen. Tom Dodd, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell and the ambitious Bobby Baker, the political trade has rarely been held in lower esteem by the voters, according to the public-opinion polls. And yet, by and large, the voters get a lot better than they deserve in the politicians they elect.

Anyone who has ever been on a polling expedition will agree that a vast majority of the voters are an amazingly ignorant lot, filled with irrational prejudices. And yet these same ignorant and irrational voters rather consistently send to Washington's seats of power a surprising number of rather able men, and some very able men indeed, along with a sprinkling of fools and knaves.

By a process of natural selection, most major politicians share certain marked characteristics. Some of these characteristics have been shaped by television, which nowadays makes or breaks any politician, and they have nothing to do with whether or not a man is fit for public office. But the very nature of the political trade also produces two characteristics which are shared by all major politicians, almost without exception. These qualities account for the fact that the voters, by and large, get better than they deserve. Here, then, is a composite portrait of The Compleat Politician *circa* 1967:

He is a handsome man. Television has made him handsome. There are very few ugly politicians left, and soon there will be none. The smile is important above all. A successful politician should be able to display his upper incisors and bicuspids readily and with seeming spontaneity, even when there is no reason whatever to smile.

President Johnson's famous preoccupation with his personal appearance is thus politically justified. With the possible exception of Richard Nixon, every one of his potential Republican opponents has a bigger and more "sincere" smile and a more telegenic face. Television certainly helped to defeat Nixon in 1960. It could help to defeat Johnson in 1968.

He is a likable chap. This reporter can only recall one politician (the late Joseph McCarthy) whom he deeply and instinctively disliked. Markedly unlikable men do not get elected to high office, except by a fluke.

He is rich. Among the eight men given a chance of being elected President in 1968 or thereafter (Republicans Romney, Percy, Nixon, Reagan and Rockefeller, and Democrats Humphrey, Kennedy and Johnson himself), five are multimillionaires, and only one, Hubert Humphrey, is worth less than half a million dollars. Some poor senators survive, but the personal fortunes of all senators total well up in the hundreds of millions. Again, a process of natural selection has been at work. To have any chance of being elected to high office from a big state in the television era, a man must either be rich in his own right, or willing to be beholden to rich men. The poor politician, like Hubert Humphrey, will soon be as extinct as the ugly politician.

He is married, probably to his first wife, and he has a minimum of two children. Only one President in 35 (James Buchanan, whose one true love died young) was a bachelor. Divorce, as Adlai Stevenson and Nelson Rockefeller discovered, is a grave impediment to high office.

He is not a war hero. Unless you count President Johnson's brief wartime foray into the Pacific as combat, not one of the main Presidential contenders is a World War II combat veteran. Robert Kennedy was too young to have what the British call "a good war." Romney, Rockefeller and Humphrey were civilians. Nixon and Percy were in noncombat Navy jobs. Reagan was an Air Force desk officer in California. "Every day at five," he once remarked disarmingly to this reporter, "I brought that desk in to a perfect three-point landing."

He was probably a champion debater in his college days, and almost certainly a B.M.O.C. In the course of writing dozens of political profiles, this reporter has never come across a major politician who was not a Big Man on Campus. And a remarkable number of major politicians were champion debaters—Johnson, Humphrey, Nixon and Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, to name four.

He is no dandy, though he may wear expensive clothes. Even President Kennedy's suits often looked too small for him. To be sure, presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey was a bit of a dandy, but it seems probable that his moustache, which had an arrogant, un-American look, helped elect Harry Truman President in 1948.

He is no gourmet either. The food at Franklin Roosevelt's White House was just plain awful, and the Truman cuisine wasn't much better. Dwight Eisenhower once remarked to a lady reporter that his favorite dish was hominy grits, and when she replied that she preferred Kaopectate, he got quite angry. President Kennedy cared little about food, and Mrs. Kennedy's excellent chef left the White House in despair after a brief exposure to President Johnson's eating habits. Lesser politicians tend to be similarly indifferent to the subtler taste sensations, as the food in the House and Senate restaurants amply demonstrates.

He is immensely hard-working. Here we come to those characteristics which explain why the voters get better men than they deserve. In his famous eulogy of President Johnson, Jack Valenti spoke in awe of those "extra glands that give him energy ordinary men simply don't have." In fact, all major politicians have "extra glands," though they may not be quite so awesome as the President's. They have to, in order to stand the incredibly punishing ordeal of a major campaign. Again, the process of natural selection has been at work.

He loves power. This reporter once asked the then Sen. John F. Kennedy why in heaven's name he wanted to be President. He pointed his right index finger, in a familiar gesture, in the general direction of the White House. "Because that's where the power is," he said.

The job of a senator or representative is totally insecure and underpaid by modern corporate standards. As for the President, his job is both inherently impossible and deadly dangerous—since 1864 the assassination rate among American Presidents, at 20 percent, has been much higher than the killed-in-action rate among combat troops in Vietnam. And yet a lot of very able men will accept almost any risk or sacrifice to reach Washington's seats of power.

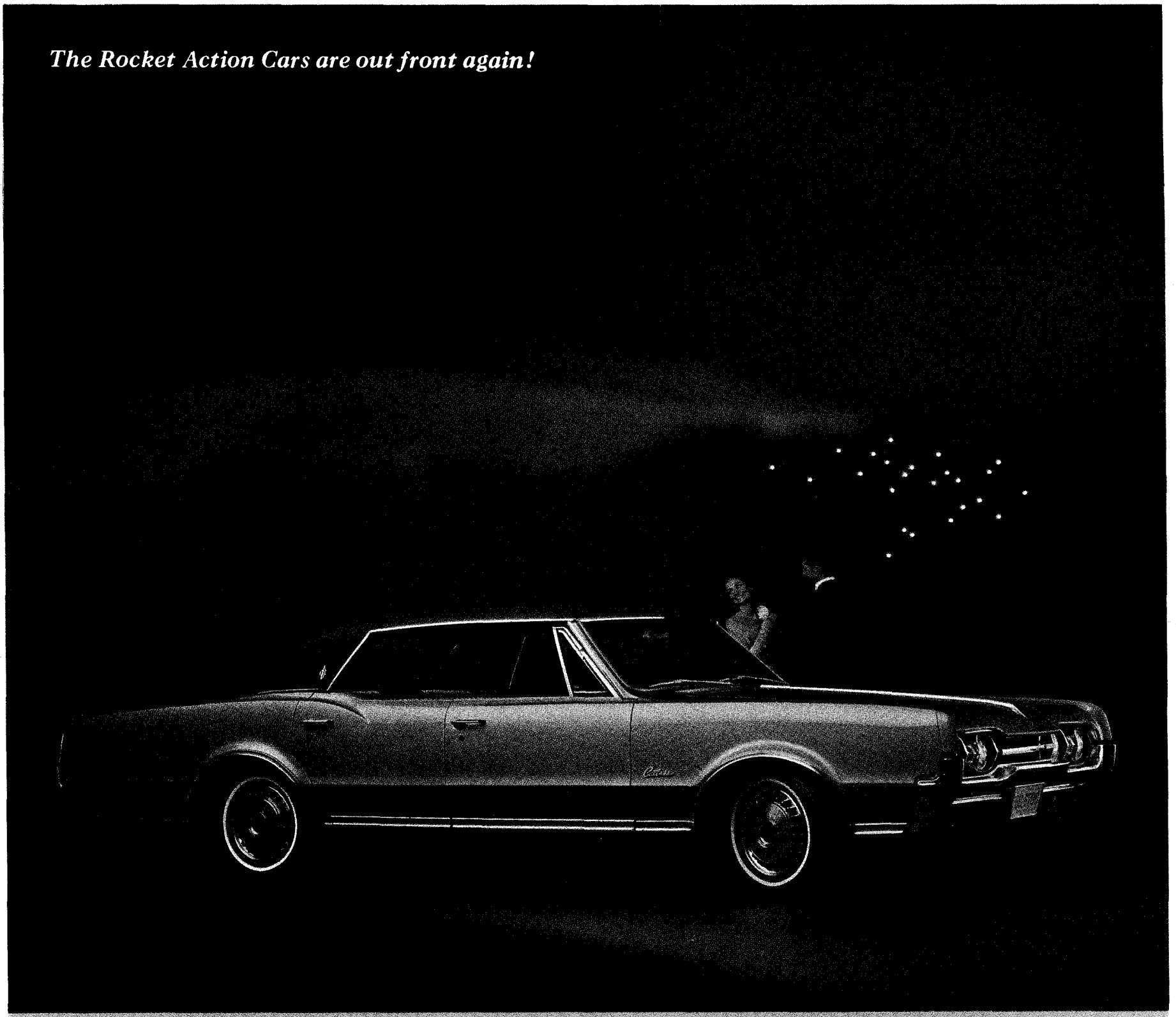
The basic reason is simple. Most very able men are also very ambitious. Power, not money, is ambition's ultimate reward. Power is what politics is all about. An important politician disposes of more real power than the most exalted corporation president or board chairman, and so Washington acts as a magnet to able and ambitious men. Love of power is not generally regarded as an especially laudable characteristic. But without it, the American Government would be run largely by the weak, the venal and the second-rate.

Stewart Alsop

Candidatus Americanus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rocket Action Cars are out front again!



Cutlass Supreme isn't the only car that brings out the romantic in you.

But it's the only one at its price.

And the price, in this case, is low—right down in the low-price field.
But it's what Cutlass Supreme delivers for the price that makes it such an attraction.

• Trend-setting Toronado styling. • 330-cubic-inch Jetfire Rocket V-8, regular or premium fuel. • Morocceen-appointed seats, bench or buckets. • A whole host of standard safety items, including GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column and dual master cylinder brakes. • Such Olds availabilities as front disc brakes, Climatic Combustion Control, Turnpike Cruising Option (2-door models), leather-grained-vinyl top.

With so much going for it, no wonder so many people are going for Cutlass Supreme. Five models to choose from—check one out soon.

TRANSPORTATION ONE STOP CENTER

There's a Rocket for every pocket at your Olds Dealer's One-Stop Transportation Center: 36 Toronado-inspired Oldsmobile models—with a wider range of prices, features and standard safety equipment than ever!

Engineered for excitement... Toronado-style!

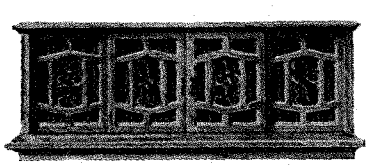
OLDSMOBILE

GM MARK OF EXCELLENCE

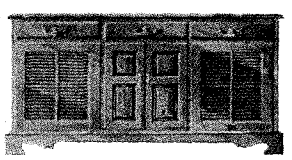
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You may win a room designed by Yale Burge as beautiful as this one. See it and other roomfuls of ideas at your Sylvania Dealer's.

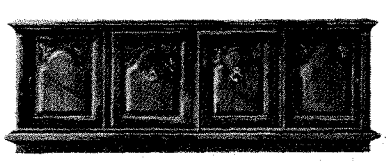
All color TV instruments shown have Sylvania's largest rectangular color picture: 295 sq. in. viewable picture area.



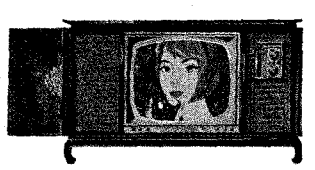
Color TV-Stereo Entertainment Center. Spanish Provincial (illustrated in room above). Distressed Oak veneers and select solids. Model 25HC168. Gliding panels cover TV when not in use.



Classic Stereo. Early American. Excellence encased in distressed Maple veneers and solids. Model SC184.



Maestro Stereo. French Provincial. Distressed Cherry veneers and select solids with Dual 1019 Auto-turntable, 200-watt EIA power. Model SC193.



Color TV. Contemporary Oriental. Elegant with folding doors. In Polynesian Wal select solids. Model 25LC135.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Win the room you've always dreamed of in Sylvania's Spring Styling Pageant.

Now... at Sylvania's Spring Styling Pageant see the wide choice in Sylvania's Spring Collection of Color TV and Stereo. And see exciting rooms by Yale Burge, one of America's most famous designers.

This is what Yale Burge has to say about TV and stereo furniture:

"Up to now, many designers felt severely limited when it came to decorating around TV and stereo equipment. It's a pleasure to see that Sylvania's many styles of entertainment products are not only beautifully engineered, but are also crafted to stand on their own as beautiful furniture in a tastefully decorated room."

Yale Burge is a top decorator and gifted designer of fine furniture. His clients have included presidents, socialites, captains of industry and theatre stars. Now he's ready to come to work for you. If *you* happen to be the lucky winner in Sylvania's Spring Styling Pageant.

Win the room of your dreams designed with $20,000 in fine furniture.
First prize is any fine Sylvania entertainment instrument you select. Plus $20,000 worth of furniture to surround it. Plus the personal services of Yale Burge to design your room. Or—if you choose not to have a room decorated—you win the Sylvania instrument and $15,000 in cash!

1000 other prizes.
There are 1000 more opportunities to win valuable prizes.

Second Prize: 5 Entertainment Centers (combining color TV & Stereo).
Third Prize: 10 Contemporary color TV Consoles.
Fourth Prize: 985 FM-AM transistor portable radios.

You'll find the simple rules and entry blanks at all participating Sylvania dealers'. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, April 16, 1967. No purchase required.*

See Sylvania's Spring Collection at your participating Sylvania dealer's today!

*Contest void where prohibited by law.

Color TV-Stereo Entertainment Center. Italian Provincial. Distressed Cherry veneers and select solids. Model 25HC166. Gliding panels.

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Real girls ask for mint frappés

By Will Stanton

The girl on TV has just learned that her lover has found another woman. She sits at the supper table staring dumbly ahead.

"Ruthie," her mother says, "you haven't touched your supper. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Mamma," she says tonelessly, "I guess I'm just not hungry."

This is probably the most unshakable conviction to be found on TV: A girl who is suffering from unrequited love just isn't hungry.

This is balderdash. In my younger days I frequently went out with girls who had just been jilted by somebody or other, and they ate like wolves.

I guess that's what bothers me most about TV dramas—not the major improbabilities, but the fact that they're so out of touch with reality in small matters. I have no trouble accepting a hero who stows away on a rocket or escapes from a burning sampan, but how can you identify with a man who can always find a place to park his car?

There is no respiratory problem on TV. Go to a concert, and at any given moment one person out of three will be coughing. On TV the only person who coughs is the young composer. "Light the candle, Maria," he says, "it's growing dark." Between coughs you can hear the sound of violins. I guess it's sort of like a concert at that.

Americans use up seven and a half million boxes of tissues a day, but nobody on TV blows his nose. The only time you see a handkerchief is at a funeral. The old lady has it clutched in her withered hand. "My bambino," she sobs.

The scene where the hero fixes the girl a drink always annoys me. All she ever wants is a little brandy and not a crème-de-menthe frappé or a Singapore Sling, which is what women usually want me to mix for them. The man sloshes brandy into a couple of glasses, and he and the girl are getting cozy on the couch, while I would still be looking for the bottle opener. He doesn't have to pry ice cubes out of the tray, find a lemon, find a knife, find something to wipe his hands on, try to remember what he did with the jigger, and try to remember which glass is which. I remind myself that it isn't real brandy they're drinking, but it doesn't help.

Young lovers have plenty of problems on TV, but they also get their share of the breaks. Hand in hand they romp through the woodland in a kind of Swan Lake canter, and when the mood for dalliance strikes them, they flop down wherever they happen to be. There are no rocks, burrs, roots or thorns. As far as they're concerned, the whole forest was put out by Beautyrest. They don't even get bitten by mosquitoes.

The hero of the crime shows gets some breaks too. When he tells the cab driver to follow that car, for instance, he never has any trouble finding a cab. Like the parking place, it's always there when he needs it. The driver never gives him an argument. He never says, "Which car?" or, "You outa your mind?" Nothing like that. He steps on the gas, and off they go. Along the avenue, down an alley, through a tunnel, onto a ferryboat, and there they are, still on the felon's tail. I was at the shopping center the other day trying to find out how to get to a certain place. A fellow told me he was driving right by it, so I should follow him. He was driving a red station wagon with a toboggan on the luggage rack. I lost him before I got out of the parking lot.

Then there's the girl agent. She's sitting across from her partner in a restaurant booth. Looking around to make sure she's unobserved, she dips her hand in her purse and passes him the microfilm. It makes you wonder if anyone in television has ever watched a real woman try to find something in a real purse. It takes an average of 40 seconds to find her sunglasses, 2 minutes for the car keys, and 3½ for a lipstick. A piece of microfilm would be lost forever.

People on TV never forget anything. Or hardly ever. Sometimes they can't remember who they are, but they don't forget anything else. The man picks up the phone and a voice says, "Go out to 17094 West 186th Street Apartment 27C and ask for Luther R. Tarasovek. Tell him to find out where Harley Ostendorf was January 18, 1953 between eight-thirty and nine-forty-five."

"Right," he says and hangs up.

And they always have the right change. The man goes into the phone booth, reaches in his pocket and comes up with a dime between his thumb and finger. Try it. The first time you'll get a penny, then a nickel, then another penny. The only way you can do it is to bring out all the change in your pocket. Paw through it with your left hand and pick out the dime. Put the rest back. Take the dime in your right hand, pick up the receiver with your left and deposit the dime. Dial your number if you can remember it.

With telephones, TV has a technique all its own. When somebody makes a call, there are two rings, and the other party answers. If they want to show there's nobody home, it rings four times, and the caller hangs up. At the other end of the line it works the other way. The fellow is just leaving the girl's apartment as the phone rings.

"I hate to leave you like this," he says.

"We've been through all this before," she says. "There's no point in dragging it up again." The phone is still ringing.

"Well," he says ——"

"It's better this way," she says. "What's done is done."

Everybody in the audience is on the edge of his chair—the phone, for God's sake—answer the phone!

He says good-bye. She says good-bye. She closes the door, turns around and leans back against it. The phone rings. She starts toward it, stops to adjust a picture, stops at the fruit bowl, eats a couple of grapes, picks up the phone. "Yes?" she says. "Oh, hello, Ford. I was wondering if you'd call."

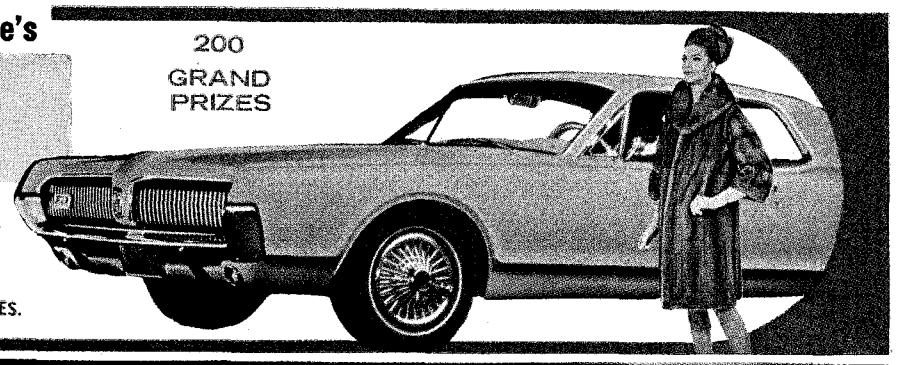
People complain that there's nothing new on TV, but I keep having this dream: I turn on the set, and there's this couple—the husband is reading the paper. He has a popcorn hull caught between his teeth. He can't get it out. The wife swats a fly on the front of the TV. She asks if there's anything interesting in the paper. He says no. A light bulb burns out. He goes to the medicine cabinet for some dental floss. The bathroom has all the standard fixtures. He asks her where the light bulbs are. She says there aren't any. She has a mosquito bite. She gets up to scratch it. The phone rings, and he goes over to answer it. A woman asks him if he'd like to buy any awnings. He says no.

That's about it. Not very exciting, maybe, but I want to know what happens to them, because they're real people. Their problems are my problems. They're my people, and I care. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You may have already WON in The Longines Symphonette's

GOLDEN COUGAR Sweepstakes



1st Prize—100 chances to win A Sensational Mercury COUGAR Sportscar. Fully Equipped and complete with all deluxe accessories.

2nd Prize—100 Elegant, Full-Length MINK COATS. Custom designed and personalized by the famous Hy Fishman Furs of New York.

Plus 10,000 powerful AM-FM Transistor radios to follow-up winners!

Over 10,000 Chances To Win in The Longines Symphonette's **New GOLDEN COUGAR SWEEPSTAKES.**

Say "YES" on the attached card and you have already "won" a valuable record album.

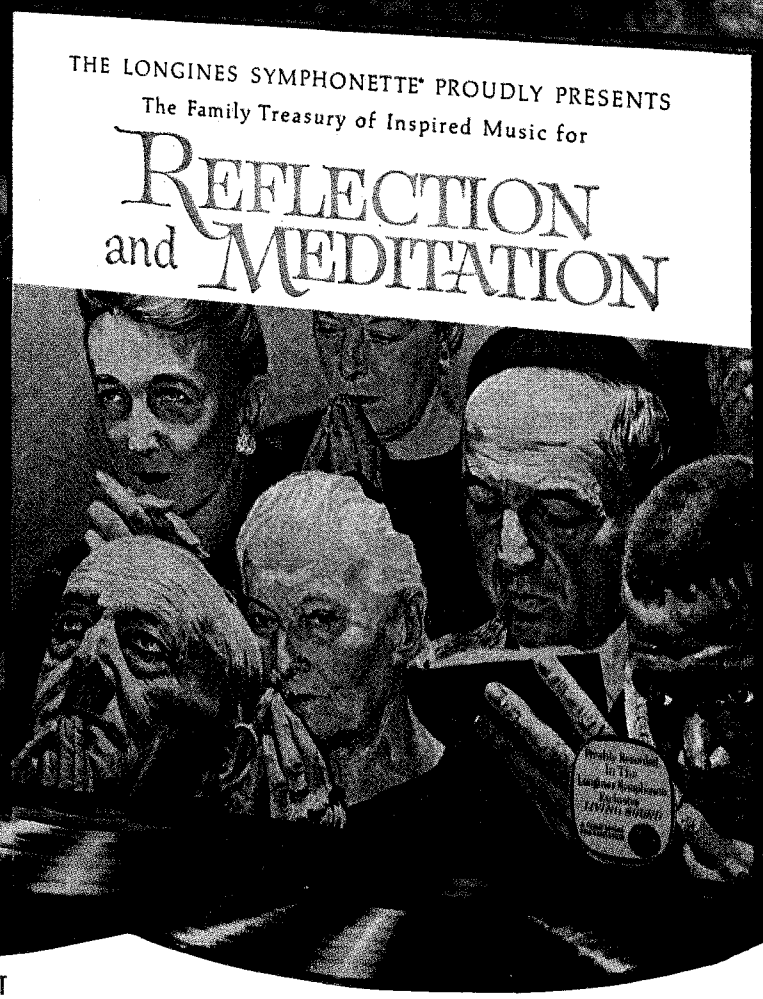
INTRODUCING THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE'S *NEW* FAMILY TREASURY

MUSIC FOR

Reflection and Meditation

FOR THE FIRST TIME – every beloved song of faith and inspiration you and your family cherish... in a single family Treasury! The 60 nostalgic songs and melodies that form the musical heart of America's faith, courage and hope.

FREE RECORD ALBUM
"The Sweet Voices of Inspiration" with massed children's voices from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's... see details below!



LISTEN FREE FOR 10 DAYS TO THE 60 FAMILIAR SONGS AND MELODIES THAT ARE PART OF EVERY AMERICAN FAMILY'S SPIRITUAL HERITAGE AND BELONG IN EVERY HOME!

Yes, The Longines Symphonette, The Singing Choraliers and The Cathedral Chorus transport you to a nostalgic musical world where faith, courage and hope are a way of life! Five purest vinyl records bring inspiring moments for **Meditation** and **Reflection** with such sweeping selections as **"May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You", "Battle Hymn Of The Republic", "Climb Every Mountain", "Because", "Bless This House", "Nearer My God To Thee", "The Rosary", "Kol Nidre", "Now The Day Is Over"** and many more! Just mail card or coupon for FREE 10 day audition in your own home... keep FREE "Sweet Voices of Inspiration" record even if you return five-record Treasury and owe nothing. **Music for "Reflection and Meditation" belongs in every home record library!**

CHECK YES ON ATTACHED CARD FOR FREE TRIAL AND FREE RECORD ALBUM!
Send card today to find out if you are already a WINNER

Your FREE record album (yours to keep forever) is "THE SWEET VOICES OF INSPIRATION" featuring the massed children's voices from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's in London, with The Longines Symphonette. 13 selections include: **"Prayer Of Thanksgiving", "When You Wish Upon A Star", "Auld Lang Syne", "Brahm's Lullaby"** and many more! Just check **YES** on Official Entry Card attached, get FREE record album, listen FREE to the Family Treasury of Music for "Reflection and Meditation"... and find out if your Lucky Number has already won a valuable prize! The Treasury is not available in stores anywhere—and you can own it for as little as $5 a month and save up to 50% of what you'd expect to pay in fine record stores! Act at once and find out if you have already won!

ARE THESE THE SONGS YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH YOUR FAMILY?
(Just a few of 60!)

I Believe
The Perfect Day
The Hills Of Home
Deep River
He
Eternal Father
The Lord's Prayer
The Lost Chord
I Love You Truly
The Angelus
Tomorrow Is A Lovely Day
Invictus
Trees
Faith Of Our Fathers
Lead Kindly Light
Steal Away
God Is Ever Beside Me
Pilgrim's Chorus
In A Monastery Garden
You'll Never Walk Alone
Calm As The Night
Abide With Me
Love Divine All Love Excelling
Go Down, Moses
Roll Jordan Roll
The Bells Of St. Mary's
Song Of Songs
I Heard A Forest Praying
Homing
Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life
Morning (Peer Gynt Suite)
Bird Songs At Eventide
Softly, Now The Light Of Day
Count Your Blessings
Carillon
Because
Eli, Eli
Goin' Home (New World Symphony)
Bless This House
Serenade
Now The Day Is Over

How sweepstakes works . . . The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on post-paid bind-in card.) Entries must be received by January 4, 1968. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. If you send a self addressed stamped envelope a representative list of prize winners will be sent to you.

Listen FREE for 10 Days

NEW ANNIVERSARY EDITION
FIVE PURE VINYL RECORDS
60 beautiful selections

No extra charge for full-color, stamped-in-gold Anniversary Edition presentation case!

JUST $5 A MONTH
OR $13.98
Less Than 24¢ a Selection!

KEEP FREE RECORD ALBUM! Remember—"THE SWEET VOICES OF INSPIRATION" is an exclusive new 12" Record Album featuring the children's voices from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. 13 sweeping selections by the chorus and The Longines Symphonette. Keep it even if you return "Reflection and Meditation". Mail postage paid card or coupon today!

MAIL POSTAGE-PAID CARD OR COUPON TODAY!

The Longines Symphonette Society
SYMPHONETTE SQUARE • LARCHMONT, N. Y. 10538

YES — send my FREE record album along with the five-record Treasury of Music for "REFLECTION AND MEDITATION". I may return Treasury after 10 days and owe nothing or send just $5 a month until full price of $13.98 (plus modest postage-handling) is paid. I keep FREE "Inspiration" record album in any event.

☐ STEREO EDITION just $1.80 more for all five records.

Name_____
(Please print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ ZIP_____

01191-972

☐ No—do not send FREE record album, but let me know if I have already won. I have copied the number from the postage-paid card bound in to this magazine:
NUMBER_____
(Please print carefully)

01191-972

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

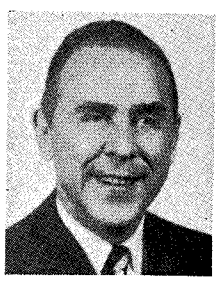
MEET THESE PENN MUTUAL *Executive*

Back of Your Independence Stands The PENN MUTUAL

Membership in Penn Mutual's Top Club is the high honor these men have earned by their dedication to service and their outstanding ability to provide creative insurance planning.

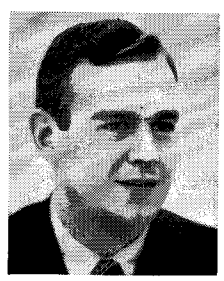
The Penn Mutual underwriter who has won a place in the Top Club deserves your confidence. In a most significant way, he has demonstrated his skill in designing insurance programs to provide exactly the business and personal coverage his clients need. To do this success-

R. C. Anderson, Jr.
Pittsburgh

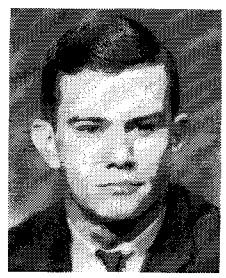


R. Gordon Barrick
Elkins, W. Va.

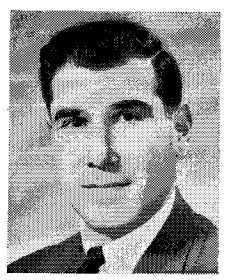
Melvin B. Bergman
Philadelphia



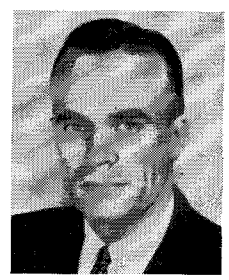
Richard F. Biborosch
Philadelphia



Charles A. Bowers
Philadelphia

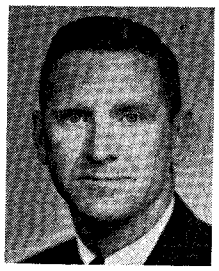


A. H. Bregman, CLU
Cleveland



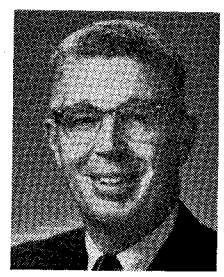
Charles A. Breingan
Burlington, N. J.

T. H. Burke, C
Pittsburgh

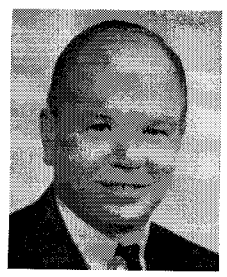


E. R. Eckenrode, Jr.
Harrisburg

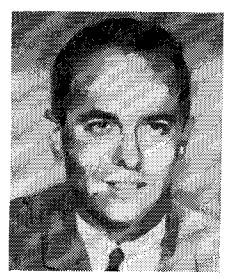
John P. Eckenrode
Pittsburgh



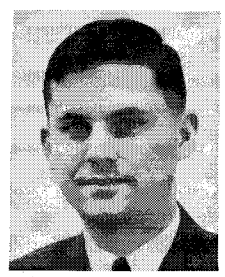
John W. Eckenrode, III
Lancaster



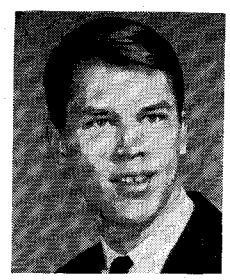
William J. Eckenrode
Pittsburgh



Gene M. Esposito
Philadelphia

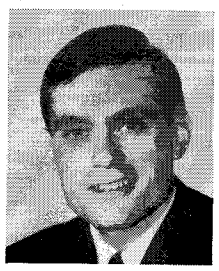


Alan L. Freeman
Philadelphia

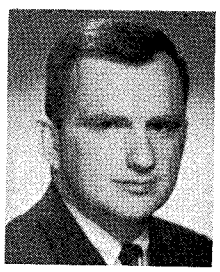


Dorsey Gassaway
Baltimore

Daniel A. Giff
Harrisburg

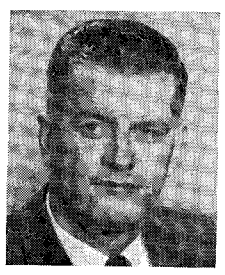


Bart S. Kaplow
Philadelphia

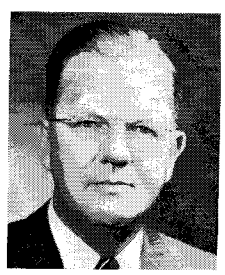


J. M. Kearney, CLU
Trenton

George E. Keely
Oil City, Pa.

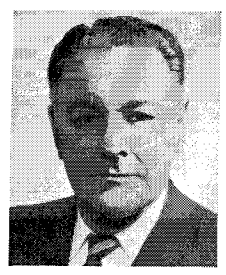


Stanley M. Krzywonos
Philadelphia



William F Lee, CLU
Swarthmore, Pa.

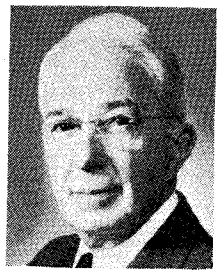
Wm. F. Lee, Jr., CLU
Swarthmore, Pa.



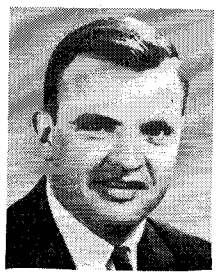
Donald W. MacIsaac
Laconia, N. H.

Robert G. Malc
Pittsburgh

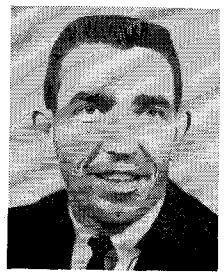
John M. Reeder, CLU
Princeton, N. J.



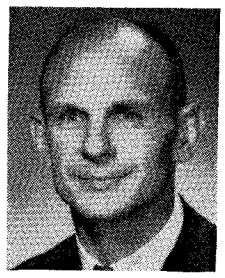
L. D. Rothensies
Wilmington, Del.



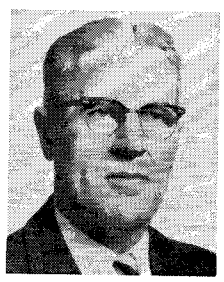
Neil J. Seaman
Pittsburgh



Gene Shue
Baltimore



Doyle D. Smith
Charleston, W. Va.



George W. Stewart
Pittsburgh

Frederick H. Stierheim
Pittsburgh

J. B. Stokes, Jr.,
Philadelphia

Life and Health Insurance • Annuities
Pension and Profit Sharing Plans • Complete Group Coverages

THE PENN MUTUA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Underwriters

fully requires not only ability and experience, but also a friendly understanding of people and a sincere desire to be of service.

These talents have enabled each of the Top Club members shown here to establish more than a million dollars' worth of superior life and health insurance programs during the past year.

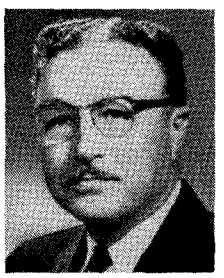
Similar abilities will help the Penn Mutual underwriter nearest you to prepare the personalized insurance program best suited to your particular needs. Call upon him with confidence.

Charles R. Tyson

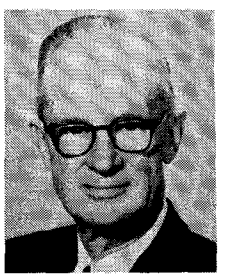
CHARLES R. TYSON, President

Top Club members shown here are our Executive Underwriters in your part of the country. Those in other areas are honored in copies of the SATURDAY EVENING POST circulated there.

obert D. Cevasco
Akron



H. C. Colborn, CLU
Philadelphia



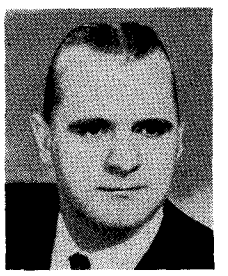
S. E. Coleman, CLU
Philadelphia

D. R. Conner, CLU
Trenton

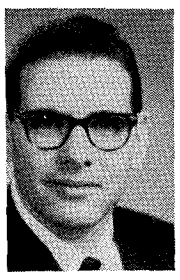
Samuel C. DeCou, III
Moorestown, N. J.

S. J. Drabouski, Jr.
Philadelphia

Wayne Y. Dupler
Philadelphia



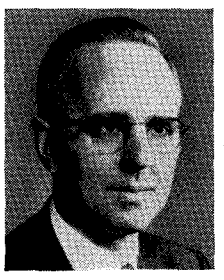
Alexander J. Duplicki
Philadelphia



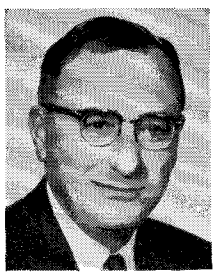
. Goldstein, CLU
Cleveland

A. James Green
Philadelphia

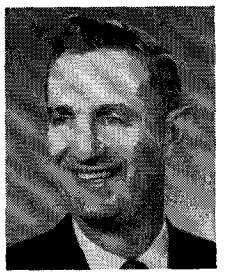
Sidney D. Greenwald
Philadelphia



R D Griewahn, CLU
Erie

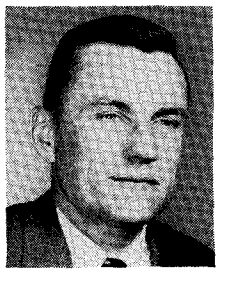


Lloyd A. Groth
Bethlehem, Pa.

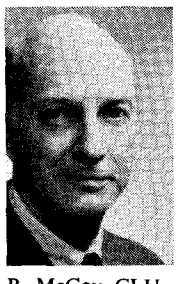


Harris F. Hawkins
Pittsburgh

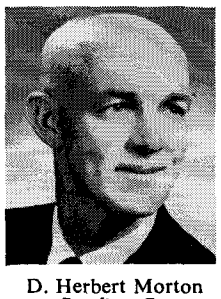
John E. Healy
Wilmington, Del.



B. David Johnson, Jr.
Charleston, W. Va.

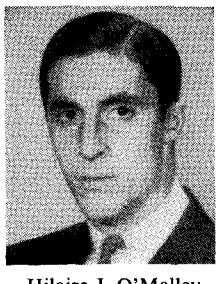


R. McCoy, CLU
Philadelphia

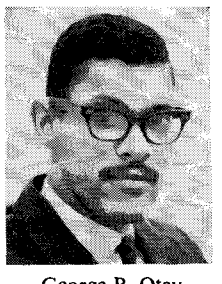


D. Herbert Morton
Reading, Pa.

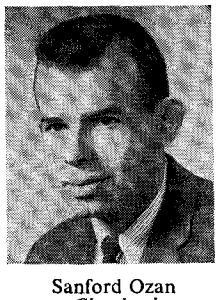
Harold Narcisenfeld
Washington, D.C.



Hilaire J. O'Malley
Philadelphia

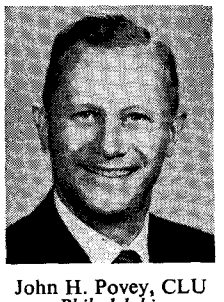


George B. Otey
Philadelphia



Sanford Ozan
Cleveland

Christopher Passodelis
Pittsburgh



John H. Povey, CLU
Philadelphia

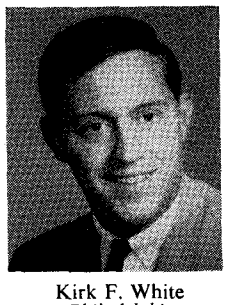
omas G. Straub
rchantville, N. J.

Marvin L. Sugar, CLU
Washington, D.C.

Samuel B. Urso
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Samuel B. Urso, Jr.
Clarksburg, W. Va.

William W. Warder
Philadelphia



Kirk F. White
Philadelphia

David C. Whitson
Toms River, N. J.

F. W. Zahn, Jr., CLU
Philadelphia

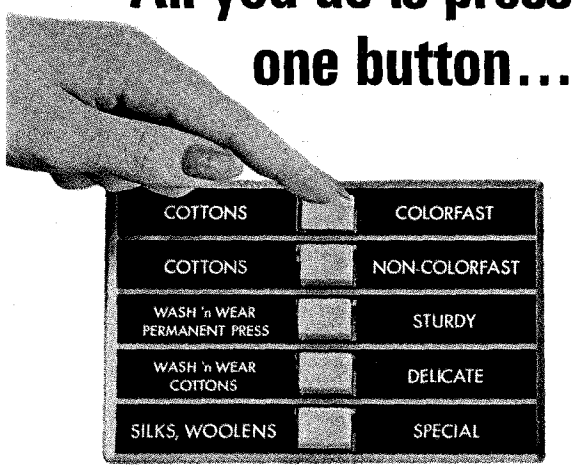
IFE INSURANCE COMPANY Independence Square • Philadelphia, Pa. • Founded 1847

©1967 THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

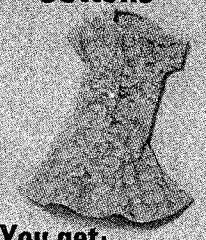
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! WASH ANY FABRIC WITHOUT GUESSWORK

All you do is press one button...

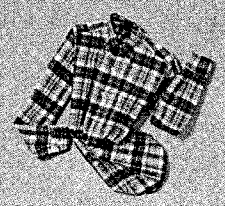


For Colorfast Cottons



You get:
Hot-water wash
Warm-water rinse
Normal wash action
Fast spin speed

For Non-Colorfast Cottons



You get:
Warm-water wash
Warm-water rinse
Normal wash action
Fast spin speed

For Permanent Press

You get:
Warm-water wash
Cold-water rinse
Normal wash action
Slow spin speed plus special cooldown rinse

For Wash 'n Wear Cottons

You get:
Warm-water wash
Cold-water rinse
Gentle wash action
Slow spin speed plus special cooldown rinse

For Silks, Woolens

You get:
Warm-water wash
Cold-water rinse
Gentle wash action
Fast spin speed

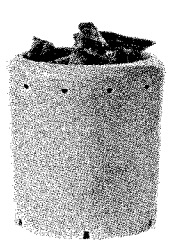
"No Guesswork" WASHER WITH MINI-BASKET®

Model WA1050C

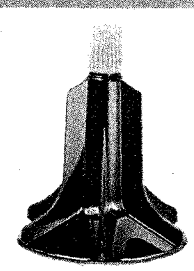
Never before a G-E Washer value like this! The new G-E Washer that takes all the guesswork out of your laundering—and at a popular price, too! Just press one button, and the "No Guesswork" Washer gives you the right combination of wash action, spin speed, wash temperature and rinse temperature—for every type of fabric, including PERMANENT PRESS. You're sure of perfect care for all your washables. Washes up to 16 pounds of mixed heavy fabrics, truly clean. Matching dryer (electric or gas) is available.

ONLY $239.95*

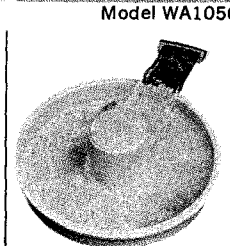
Price optional with dealer. Subject to Fair Trade where applicable.



G-E MINI-BASKET. Exclusive extra basket for leftovers, colored things that run. Saves water and detergent.



Hydropower Washing System. New tub and Activator® design, powerful ½-hp motor give outstanding washability.



Famous Filter-Flo®. Non-clogging, moving filter ends lint fuzz; operates with any size load.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST

THE MAFIA:

SHADOW OF EVIL ON AN ISLAND IN THE SUN

Three centuries ago pirates invaded the Bahamas, and some say they still do. Now a political upset threatens a gambling empire that funnels millions of dollars a year into the hands of American gangsters.

By BILL DAVIDSON

Twice a week a strange little drama is enacted on Grand Bahama Island—a fragment of the British Empire which is described in tourist brochures as "a new horizon, bright with adventure and beauty . . . a New World Riviera which offers unparalleled opportunities to the investor." A man named Dusty Peters rises early on each of those two mornings, breakfasts in one of Grand Bahama's six luxury hotels, nods politely to two U.S. Government agents watching him intently from a nearby table, shoves a huge cigar into his flabby, middle-aged face, and sets about his chores.

He goes to the island's two plush gambling casinos, the Monte Carlo and El Casino, where he collects batches of checks and IOU's representing the losings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Las Vegas splendor and glitter have been imported for the tourist. Ronald Gowlding, vice-president of the company controlling the action, poses in the opulent El Casino, and a young couple dines in the Lucayan Beach Hotel.

of the hapless high-rollers of the preceding two or three nights. He cheerfully shoves the checks and "markers" into a briefcase, exchanges Damon Runyonesque badinage with the casinos' staid British secretaries, and drives to Grand Bahama's Freeport International Airport. The two U.S. agents always follow at a discreet distance.

At the airport Peters and the agents board a plane for Miami, just 70 miles away. When the plane lands in Florida, 35 minutes later, the agents follow Peters to a Miami Beach bank, where he deposits the contents of his briefcase, worth possibly $300,000. From the bank Peters goes to the Fontainebleau Hotel and takes the elevator to the mezzanine-floor card room. Awaiting him in the card room is none other than Meyer Lansky, or his brother Jake, or both. Senate racket hearings have established the Lanskys as notorious American hoodlums who have long been associated with the Mafia. The U.S. agents always see at least one Lansky in the room before the door is locked.

The agents cannot force their way into the room because, on the surface at least, there is nothing illegal in what Peters and the Lanskys are doing. They are merely taking gambling money out of the Bahamas. What frustrates the agents is the fact that Meyer Lansky is known by the Justice Department to represent the gambling investments of five "families" of the Mafia in the United States—Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Buffalo. Federal officials firmly believe that in 1966 Lansky funneled at least six million dollars to the five mobs. The only way that Justice can attack this system is by trying to prove that the recipients of the money are not paying taxes on it—a possibility now being investigated by federal grand juries in New York and Philadelphia.

All this is irritating enough for Justice officials, but what is particularly galling is the knowledge that Lansky, a man they have fought for years, is being allowed to operate just 70 miles off the Florida coast. The gambling operation is legal in the Bahamas, a self-governing British colony. Whatever his connection with the American Mafia, Dusty Peters is listed simply as an employee of Bahamas Amusements, Ltd.—which owns the licenses for both of the casinos on Grand Bahama—and so are the 55 tough, steely-eyed Americans who are the managers, supervisors and "pit bosses" of the operation. After running intelligence checks on the 55, the Justice Department's organized-crime experts discovered that nearly all of them had police records in the United States, and nearly all, in one way or another, have been tied in with the Lansky-Mafia apparatus at some time in the past.

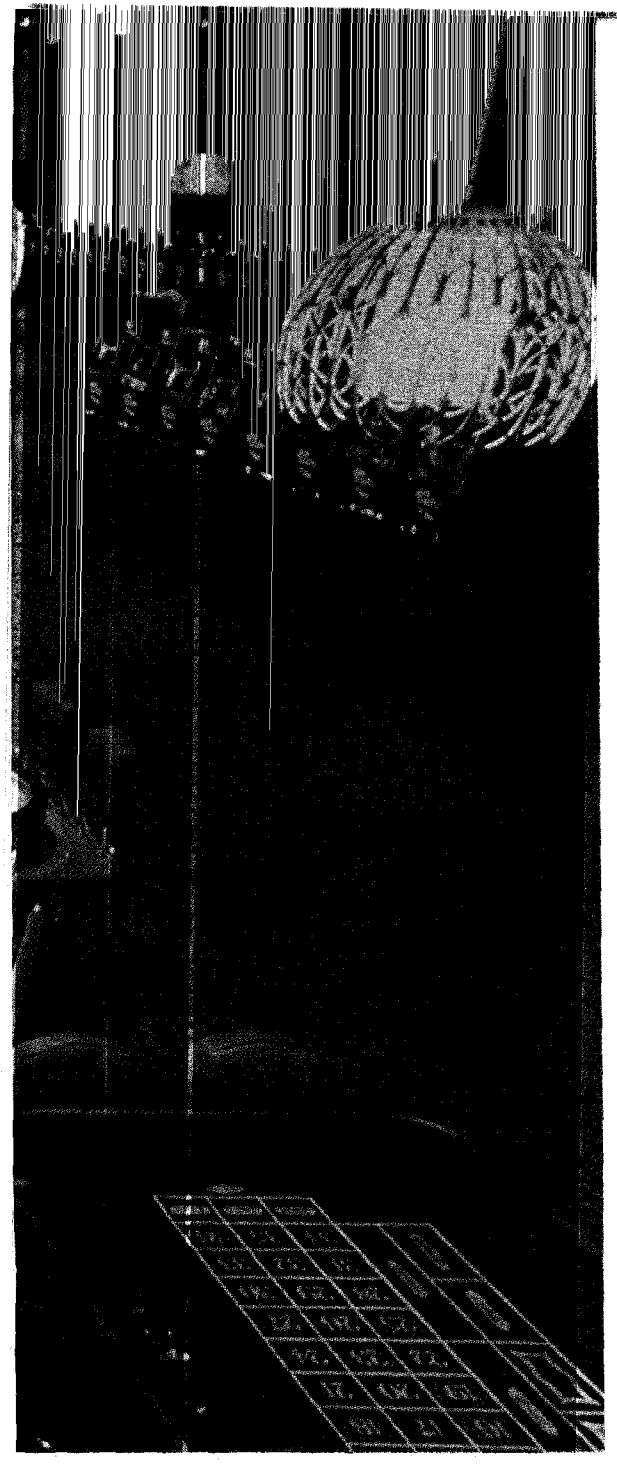
For the past three years Lansky's gambling operation has been completely legal in the Bahamas. It began under the rule of the predominantly white United Bahamian Party. The U.B.P. completely controlled the islands' Negroes, who make up 80 percent of the population. Film star Sidney Poitier, who was raised in the Bahamas and still holds citizenship in the islands, explained to me how the Negroes felt about the U.B.P. politicians: "These people were incapable of governing these islands as a colony, only as a huge, personal plantation."

As the gambling prospered, the casinos became the symbol of a general corruption in the islands, but the U.B.P. seemed to be so firmly in control that the system appeared to be unassailable. When Negro leaders began to complain about the racketeers who were running the gambling, the U.B.P. confidently called an election in January to renew its hold on the islands. Then the impossible happened. The Negroes organized themselves effectively for the first time and threw the U.B.P. out of office. The new premier is a Progressive Liberal named Lynden O. Pindling, but he has a bare majority in the Assembly. When he took over on January 16, Pindling faced the ticklish task of maintaining his power and yet moving against the corruption in the casinos and the 700 islands as a whole. Meanwhile, amid the confusion and the uncertainty, Dusty Peters continues to fly to Miami carrying his fat briefcase.

To one who knew the Bahamas well in the past, a disturbing change has come over one of the world's most beautiful groups of islands in the sun. During my visits in 1966 I found that the physical attractions were still there—the transparent waters, the magnificent white beaches, the superb weather. On my previous trips to the islands there

Photographs by Charles Moore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The tumble of dice and the whirl of the roulette wheel are just 35 minutes from Miami.

also had been great charm and hospitality among both white and Negro Bahamians. Now all this seemed to be gone, including, symbolically, the flowers, which people no longer cared about.

The whites were nervous and withdrawn, the Negroes bitter and hostile. Some of the lesser-known islands, such as Eleuthera and Abaco, still possessed the old charm. Grand Bahama, however, was a vast scar of raw white limestone dust as the bulldozers cleared the way for another, more frenetic Miami Beach. Colorful old Nassau was a chaos of overbooked hotels, an increasing number of cheap souvenir shops, and so many tourists elbowing their way through the milling crowds on the once-picturesque Bay Street that the city was being referred to as the Coney Island of the West Indies.

There was an ominous blight on the islands—a new colonialism in the encroaching presence of the Mafia and its allies. The government of the United Bahamian Party had paid an American public-relations firm, Hill & Knowlton, nearly $5 million a year to play up the virtues of the climate and the sun and the sand and the investment opportunities. Hill & Knowlton (which also numbers the feudal monarchy of Saudi Arabia among its clients) did its job well. Eight hundred thousand tourists visited the Bahamas last year, and with only two daily newspapers and one radio station in Nassau (all solidly pro-government), they were persistently told that all rumors of Mafia infiltration of the chain of beautiful islands were untrue.

"Preposterous!" exclaimed the royal governor, Sir Ralph Grey. "Our police controls are so effective that American gangsters can't possibly insinuate themselves into our gambling." Sir Etienne Dupuch, editor of the Nassau *Tribune*, thundered, "Slander! This is all a plot by Florida tourism interests to keep people from vacationing in the Bahamas, because they want the business for themselves."

The changes in the Bahamas during the past few years involve three remarkably contrasting men. One is Sir Stafford Sands, C.B.E., knighted by the Queen, a cabinet minister in the former government of the United Bahamian Party, a man so powerful in the islands that he has been known as King Stafford I. The second is Wallace Groves, a brilliant American promoter, a multimillionaire, and a man who has served two years in a federal penitentiary for fraud. And the third, of course, is Meyer Lansky himself.

Meyer Lansky, now 65, was born Maier Suchowljansky of Jewish parents in Poland. He first came to prominence in the crime world when he and the late Bugsy Siegel formed the so-called Bug and Meyer Mob, which, according to Kefauver Committee testimony, was "the enforcement branch" for Mafia gambling czar Frank Costello in New York and Louisiana. The Kefauver testimony reveals that Siegel and Lansky performed head-breaking and execution duties for Costello's people on the East Coast in the early 1930's when gamblers failed to make good on their losses.

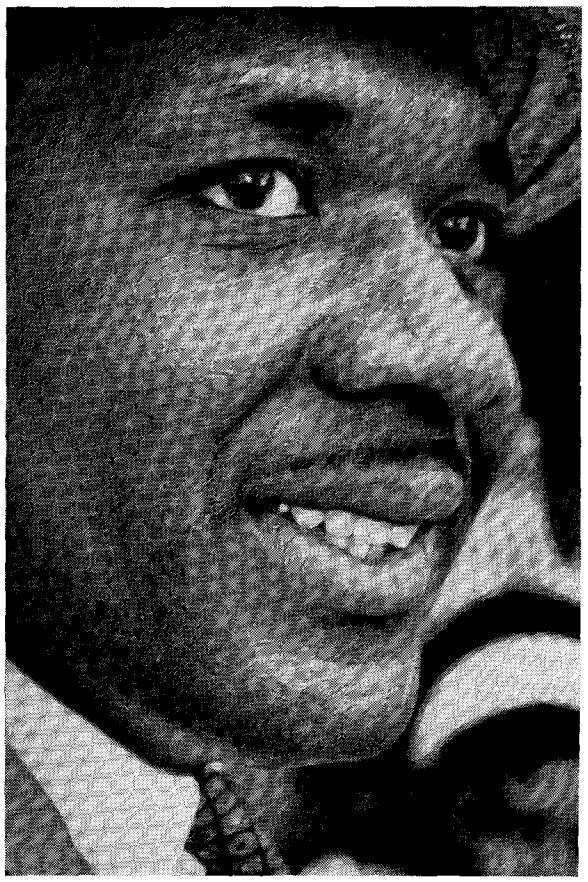
Later, Lansky worked with Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, Jacob (Gurrah) Shapiro and Albert Anastasia in the notorious Italian-Jewish organization called Murder, Inc. Joe Valachi testified to the McClellan Committee that Lansky was a close colleague of Vito Genovese, now in prison on a narcotics conviction but then the boss of bosses of all the Mafia families in the United States. As recently as last September, a Lansky associate, Florida Mafia underboss Santo Trafficante, was among the 13 men arrested at a "Little Apalachin" meeting of Mafia leaders convened in a restaurant located in the Queens section of New York City.

During all this time Lansky was arrested seven times on various charges ranging up to murder, but he was never convicted. Witnesses have a habit of changing their testimony when Lansky is involved. In 1926, for example, a man named John Barrett was taken for a gangland ride, shot in the head and tossed out of the car. He miraculously survived and named Lansky as his would-be assassin. But then someone tried to poison Barrett with strychnine as he lay in his hospital bed, and he clammed up. He flatly refused to sign the complaint against Lansky, and the case eventually had to be dropped.

In 1946 Bugsy Siegel opened Las Vegas to gambling, and Lansky, his old partner, got a piece of the action. In 1955 the Nevada Tax Commission charged that Lansky had a hidden ownership in the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas through his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An experienced pair of "supervisors" quietly watches over the night's play at the Monte Carlo, the first gambling operation to be opened on Grand Bahama. The black-and-white shots of gambling were taken secretly by Post *investigators.*



Lynden Pindling, the new premier of the islands, hopes to keep the casinos going but to throw out the racketeers.

brother, Jake, and a lieutenant named George Sadlo. The commission suspended the Thunderbird's gambling license. The decision was reversed on a technicality by the Nevada Supreme Court, but ever since then Lansky has been on the list of 11 notorious persons whose very presence in a Nevada gambling casino is cause for the revocation of its license.

Long before he moved into Las Vegas, Lansky began to colonize the Caribbean for Mafia gambling interests. He operated in Havana, until the fall in 1944 of his friend, Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista, and he ran profitable illegal casinos in the Colonial Inn and the Club Boheme in the Miami area. With Batista's return to power in 1952, Lansky moved back into Havana in a big way. He determined to make Havana the Las Vegas of the Caribbean, and he succeeded.

Using Mafia money, he directed the building and operation of the $14 million Riviera Hotel and casino in Havana. He installed brother Jake as manager of the competing casino in the Hotel Nacional. The Las Vegas of the Caribbean boomed not only from its gambling business but also from the inevitable Mafia subsidiary enterprises—prostitution, narcotics, extortion. Federal agents estimate that at least a million dollars a month flowed back to the Mafia in the United States through Lansky. The Mafia investors, especially those in the Cleveland family, got quite a return on their money, which, as the FBI knows, was then used for their other traditional investments, such as the purchase of heroin.

Lansky built up a first-class organization in his Havana operation. He had Dusty Peters, the courier par excellence, shuttling the money back and forth from Cuba to Miami. He had George Sadlo, his old Las Vegas partner. He had Dino and Edward Cellini, both wizards at designing and operating casinos. He had Frank Ritter, Max Courtney and Charles Brudner, who have been indicted as three of the biggest sports bookmakers in the United States, with casino experience at an illegal gambling palace in Saratoga, N.Y. He had a whole corps of expert casino "floor men" in Hickey Kamm, Al Jacobs, Dave Geiger, Abe Schwartz, Tony Tabasso, Roy Bell, Jim Baker, Jack Metler and Ricky Ricardo.

The bubble burst in 1959 when Fidel Castro took over the Cuban government and abolished the casinos. The Bahamian government called it a coincidence, but four years later, when it granted an exemption to its anti-gambling laws to the Bahamas Amusements, Ltd. to operate gambling casinos in the islands, who should show up among the casino employees? Dusty Peters, George Sadlo, Dino Cellini, Edward Cellini, plus Ritter, Courtney, Brudner, Kamm, Jacobs, Geiger, Schwartz, Tabasso, Bell, Baker, Metler and Ricky Ricardo.

The story of how gambling came to the Bahamas involves Sir Stafford Sands, 54, the ex-minister of finance and tourism. Tough, profane and brilliant, Sands is right out of an Ian Fleming novel, a huge mountain of a man who weighs more than 300 pounds, and whose left eye is glass (the result of a childhood accident). Like many other white Bahamians, he is descended from the Tories who left the American mainland during the years after George Washington won the Revolutionary War, and his enemies in the U.S. Justice Department sometimes refer to him as "King George's revenge."

The son of a grocer, Sands did not graduate from college but still managed to become a lawyer. He did so well in politics that he was the principal strategist behind the ingenious and complex electoral system that enabled the predominantly white United Bahamian Party to control the Negroes. Sands owes much of his wealth to the convenient fact that the Bahamas had no conflict-of-interest law. As a lawyer, he was constantly involved in litigation with the government which, since he was minister of finance, was often himself. Sands lives in a magnificent mansion—called Waterloo—and he owns one of the finest collections of antique paperweights in the world. His favorite sport is shooting pigeons.

In the 1940's Sands joined forces with an American named Wallace Groves. Now 65 years old, bald and portly, Groves was a dashing figure on Wall Street in the pre-World War II period. A Virginian with two law degrees from Georgetown University, he was deemed a bit *too* dashing in his financial manipulations by the U.S. Justice Department. In 1941 he was convicted of mail fraud in Federal District Court in New York and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, with two additional years suspended. Hill & Knowlton propagandists in the Bahamas used to discount this blemish on Groves's career as a youthful escapade, and they told reporters that "the Government just made an example of him for doing what everyone else was doing on Wall Street."

The record does not bear out this contention, and, in fact, *The United States vs. Groves* is so celebrated a case that it is still studied by students in American law schools. Groves was charged with trying to defraud the General Investment Corp. of some three quarters of a million dollars. As a "front man," he used the company's president, who later turned state's evidence and escaped punishment. Groves's scheme involved stock manipulation and the collection of rakeoffs on commissions unnecessarily paid to one of his henchmen for deals in South America. The U.S. Second Circuit Court of Appeals, which reviewed the case, noted, in upholding his conviction, that the "front man" was necessary to the plans because Groves "had a bad reputation on Wall Street." While the appeal was under consideration, the trial judge, John W. Clancy, deemed it necessary to hold Groves in $125,000 bail, then a record for federal courts in the United States.

When he emerged from the penitentiary in 1943, Groves gravitated to the Bahamas (he had built a home on a private island, Little Whale Cay, before his debacle), and went into the lumber business on Grand Bahama, one of the northernmost of the islands and then pretty much uninhabited.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Mafia the islands were a paradise of white sand, azure waters and legal payoffs.

Except for a few native fishermen and Groves's lumberjacks, no whites had lived there since the days when it was an important exchange point for smuggled whiskey during prohibition. However, as Groves poked around the island, he began to realize Grand Bahama's commercial possibilities. Unlike most of the Bahama Islands, there was plenty of fresh water just below the coral-limestone surface. Another factor, unusual for the Bahamas, was deep water offshore that could accommodate the largest ships.

As he began to develop his plans, Groves naturally wanted the best lawyer in the islands, and, naturally, he ended up with Stafford Sands, who had not yet been knighted but who was already a powerful figure as the boss of the controlling political party and a member of the government's Executive Council. Sands became engrossed in Groves's plans to develop Grand Bahama and helped mightily to guide through the legislature the Hawksbill Creek Act of 1955 (named after a body of water which bisects the island), one of the most peculiar agreements ever concluded between a government and a private individual.

The Hawksbill Creek Act virtually made Groves the Emperor of Grand Bahama, empowered to do pretty much as he wished with 211 square miles of the 430 square miles that comprise the island. He was required only to build a deep-water port and to bring in industrial and commercial enterprises. The government sold him 150,000 acres of land at $2.80 an acre, many of which he later resold for as much as $50,000 an acre. His enclave was given freedom from Bahamian taxes until 1990; he was given the total power to levy license fees on anyone who wanted to do business in his domain; and he was given a strong say in banishing anyone who displeased him, through use of the Bahamian government's no-questions-asked deportation procedures.

The smell of the police state is still on the Groves enclave, which he calls Freeport. A restaurant manager named Rico Heller was fired from his job by a Groves lieutenant one evening after a disagreement. At three o'clock he was awakened by immigration officers pounding on his door. They ordered him to be off the island in four hours, leaving his belongings and property behind. A Negro Bahamian taxi driver named Dennis Hall, who somehow fell into disfavor, received an official notification that he could no longer set foot in the Freeport enclave—half of his own native island—because the Hawksbill Creek Act gave Groves's Grand Bahama Port Authority "the absolute right to exclude any person and vehicle."

Despite such peculiarities, Freeport has developed phenomenally due in large part to a lack of taxes. Many reputable American, Canadian and British investors have poured in money, and the once-barren island now has a cement plant, a ship-refueling station, factories, housing developments, hotels, shops, restaurants, golf courses, churches and schools. All this is mainly for the whites. The Negroes, for the most part, live outside the enclave in wretched settlements like Eight Mile Rock, a shantytown of 10,000 or more people, without running water, sanitation or telephones. The single school is grossly overcrowded with pupils, and Groves is now helping to build another.

In Freeport itself, Groves and his corporations own most of the land, the harbor, the airport, the public utilities, the taxi company—and almost everything else affecting the life of the island. He gets up to 10 percent of the gross receipts of the supermarkets, the theaters and other enterprises. Much of what remains is owned by Groves's friends in the United Bahamian Party, the white merchant princes of Nassau's main commercial avenue, Bay Street (they call themselves "the Bay Street Boys"). One of the main beneficiaries of all this commerce is Sir Stafford Sands. As the lawyer for Groves and many of the Bay Street Boys, he collects legal fees on nearly every important commercial transaction on Grand Bahama—a take that might total in the millions.

High-rollers at the Monte Carlo have dropped as much as $20,000 in a single night. The U.S. Department of Justice estimates that the casino grosses $20 million a year, and that one third is skimmed off for American Mafia "families."

It is unclear whether Groves, Sands or both conceived the idea of sweetening the pot by importing legalized gambling into Grand Bahama. Some U.S. Government officials believe that this objective was in their minds as far back as the early 1950's when they first worked out the Hawksbill Creek agreement. The first *known* discussion of the subject took place at a secret meeting called by Groves on September 26, 1961, at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. Present at the meeting were Bahamian government figures and Louis Chesler, a freewheeling Canadian promoter as massive in size as Sir Stafford himself. Chesler, renowned for his impressive real-estate development activity in Florida, had just joined Groves as a partner in the Grand Bahama Development Co., which was selling building lots in Freeport.

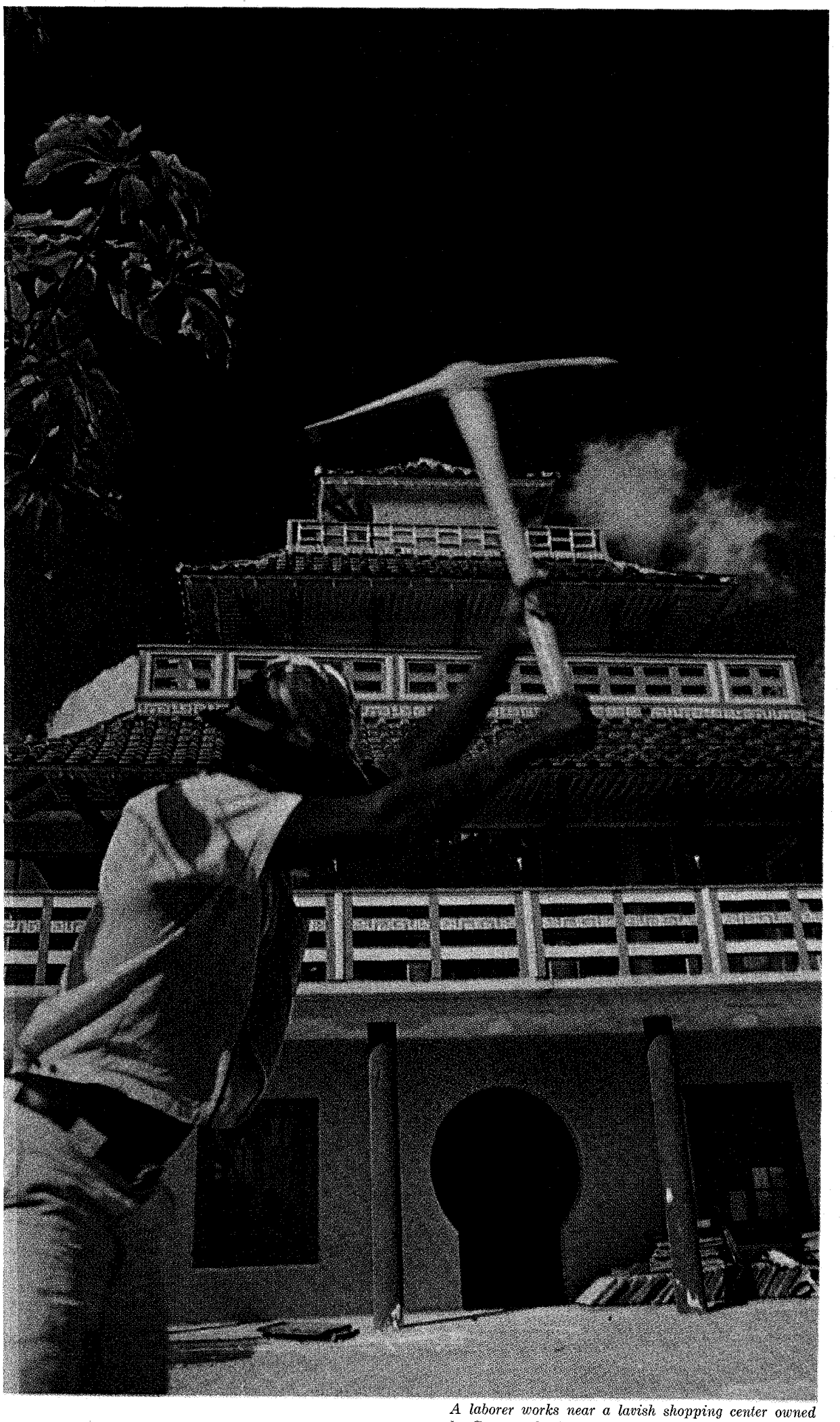
In the winter of 1961–1962 Chesler was constructing the Lucayan Beach Hotel on Grand Bahama, when who should show up one day but Dino Cellini, Meyer Lansky's old right-hand man. Gambling was illegal in the islands, but the men building the Lucayan Beach obviously felt they could get around that problem. One former executive of Chesler's corporation recalls that what is now the Monte Carlo Casino was built ostensibly as a convention hall. The men referred to the room by a special code name—"the handball court." Cellini himself was in charge of designing "the handball court," with proper places reserved for slot machines, crap tables, etc. "They were *that* sure they were going to get an exemption to the anti-gambling laws," says the former executive, "and this was more than a year before the government even acted on it."

The planning of "the handball court" marked the beginning of a series of maneuvers which were strikingly similar to what was done in the 1930's to prepare Nevada for gambling. First, the plans for a large-scale public gambling casino were kept secret while potential sources of opposition were

Three figures prominent in the islands' gambling setup: Politician Sands, Promoter Groves and Hoodlum Lansky.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sure winners were the 'Bay Street Boys,' who ruled the islands like their own plantation.



A laborer works near a lavish shopping center owned by Groves, who in effect has rule over a private fiefdom.

neutralized. In Nevada the out-of-state gambling interests became the most generous financial contributors to churches and church schools. And so it was in the Bahamas. One clergyman, whom I interviewed in his rectory, admitted that he would not say one word against gambling. "How can I?" he said. "The casino people donated my high school." Another minister told us, "I'm not happy about gambling, but it's the law of the land now, and those people have been very helpful to us. The church got a free nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year lease." The most vocal church opponent of gambling, Rev. Philip Blackburn, a Methodist, was recently recalled to England.

In the press, the principal threat to the proposed Bahamas gambling project was Sir Etienne Dupuch, a leathery, part-Negro crusader (now in his 60's and ailing) who owns and edits the colony's leading newspaper, *The Tribune*. For years Dupuch had been thundering editorially against the evils of gambling. In 1955 he had successfully squelched a previous attempt to open a gambling casino on West End, another Grand Bahama resort. In 1961, however, *The Tribune*'s anti-gambling editorials suddenly stopped. Shortly thereafter *The Tribune* began to carry expensive full-page advertisements extolling the tourism and investment virtues of Freeport, which was then still mostly wilderness. The Dupuch family also publishes *The Bahamas Handbook*, a paperback guide to the islands. Although the handbook has a circulation of only about 10,000, the 1962 edition carried an estimated $50,000 worth of Freeport advertising.

Last year the *Wall Street Journal* revealed that Sir Etienne actually was on the payroll of Groves's Grand Bahama Development Co. as a "consultant" at $1,400 a month. In a letter to Groves dated February 20, 1964, Dupuch acknowledged receipt of at least two months' fees—$2,800. To this day no one, including Groves, has been able to tell us exactly what Dupuch was supposed to do as a "consultant."

By March, 1963, the Groves-Chesler-Cellini operation was ready to take its case to the Bahamian government for an exemption to the anti-gambling laws. They went not to the legislature but to the governor's Executive Council, which then functioned as a cabinet. Their case was presented by none other than Sir Stafford Sands, who also happened to sit as a member of the Executive Council. The applicant was Bahamas Amusements, Ltd., whose shares were split equally between Louis Chesler and Groves's wife, Mrs. Georgette Groves. (Chesler resigned from the company in 1964.)

The "exemption" was granted on April 1, 1963. It provided that the company could operate casinos anywhere on Grand Bahama, just so long as they were "in, or in conjunction with, or in the vicinity of an hotel having at least two-hundred bedrooms." The Lucayan Beach Hotel happens to have 250 rooms.

Later Sir Stafford Sands, as attorney for Bahamas Amusements, Ltd., negotiated a license fee for the casinos with Sir Stafford Sands, the minister of finance. It turned out to be only $280,000 per year per casino (no matter how great the volume of business) plus $280 per slot machine. This was a ridiculously small sum. In Puerto Rico, for example, the well-regulated casinos have to pay 30 percent of their total earnings to the government.

The news of the "exemption" and its terms stunned the colony—especially since Huntington Hartford, the A & P multimillionaire, had previously been turned down on his offer to pay 50 percent of the proceeds to the government if he were given a gambling exemption for his Paradise Island resort in Nassau. It wasn't until 1966 that some of the details of the unusual cooperation between the Groves gambling combine and members

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Bahamian government began to leak out. The *Wall Street Journal* charged that it had uncovered records to prove that at least four members of the Executive Council had either been paid off by Groves's companies with "consultant" jobs à la Etienne Dupuch, or had otherwise profited. The four were Sands; the premier, Sir Roland Symonette; a dentist, Dr. Raymond Sawyer; and C. Trevor Kelly, then minister for maritime affairs. A fifth member of the government, Speaker of the House Robert Hallam Symonette (the premier's son), was also named. Sands, Sir Roland, Dr. Sawyer and Kelly all denied the allegations or refused to comment. Robert Symonette, a yachtsman, admitted that he had been retained as a "consultant" at $14,000 a year to advise on marina construction in the Groves enclave.

In a remarkably candid interview with me in November, Groves acknowledged that *all* of these payments *had* been made. The interview came about in a totally unexpected way. Although Groves had steadfastly refused to see any reporters prior to my arrival on Grand Bahama, I was suddenly summoned for an audience through a Hill & Knowlton intermediary. The interview took place in the Grand Bahama Port Authority Building, which is called "the Kremlin" by the local inhabitants.

Groves talked to me in his private office, which is large and luxurious but spare in its decoration. His five college degrees were hung on one wall, and what seemed to be a small, antique treasure chest rested on his desk. Groves himself is a medium-sized, portly man with a bald head, heavy jowls and darting eyes. His cufflinks were made from old Spanish doubloons taken from the wreck of a sunken 17th-century galleon recently discovered in the waters near the Lucayan Beach Hotel.

Seated alongside Groves's desk, wearing almost identical somber-blue clothing and antique cufflinks, was his aide-de-camp, a port-authority vice-president named Martin Dale. Dale is an earnest young man with red hair and moustache who once was a U.S. Foreign Service officer. He resigned a consular post to become privy councilor to Prince Rainier of Monaco. Groves hired Dale away from Rainier, and Dale was still acting as if he were in the presence of royalty. He bowed to Groves and incessantly called him "Sir." Once he slipped up and began to address him as "Your Highness."

Groves was prepared for the interview with pages of closely spaced handwritten notes on a yellow legal pad in front of him. He began by talking about what a small and unimportant part of his half-billion-dollar empire the gambling operation was. He said he hoped I had the good sense to emphasize his industrial and commercial achievements rather than the gambling, "which netted me only one hundred and ninety-three-thousand-odd dollars last year." An hour later, after he had exhausted the topics on his pad, I asked him, "How about the alleged 'consultant fees' to Sir Stafford Sands?" He said, "I pay a ten-thousand-dollar-a-month retainer to Sir Stafford, but I can't tell you where legal fees end and consultant fees begin."

I asked, "What about the 'consultant fees' to Premier Symonette, which he denies receiving?" Sands said, "Well, Sir Roland *did* get paid. He was a consultant on road building and the construction of golf courses here." I asked, "And Dr. Sawyer?" "Oh," said Groves, "Dr. Sawyer just got a few thousand dollars. He advised us on setting up a public-health service. Before you ask me about the minister of maritime affairs, Trevor Kelly, he *did* get the shipping contracts to supply Grand Bahama by sea."

I brought up the subject of Lansky and his henchmen, and Dale said, "If the United States has never been able to indict Lansky, why should *we* worry about him?" Groves hastily began to talk about his island's many golf courses, and with difficulty I got back to the matter of payments to government officials just before the end of the interview. Groves said, "How *else* could I express my gratitude to men like that? Besides, it wasn't that they didn't *do* something for their money."

Under Bahamian law and ethics—as in few other places in the world—such payments to government officials are considered perfectly proper. The full extent of the financial camaraderie between the Groves gambling interests and members of the Bahamian government may not be known until federal grand juries now sitting in New York and Philadelphia complete their investigations of the operations of Americans involved in gambling casinos in the Bahamas and elsewhere. From a former Chesler associate in Miami, the New York grand jury has subpoenaed a series of five payoff contracts between the casino operators and members of the former Bahamian government. The contracts were dated April 2, 1963, through April 25, 1963—the period just after the granting of the first gambling "exemption." If proved to be authentic, these contracts alone represent actual payoffs to government officials totaling $87,808 a year.

Whatever the contractual arrangements, Meyer Lansky and his Mafia backers have been milking the casinos they have helped to set up and run on the islands. Lansky's men have been able to operate literally under the noses of a so-called security system, which consists of routine accounting procedures (paid for and controlled by the casinos) and two inspectors (also paid for and controlled by the casinos) in each of the gambling establishments. The security men are all pleasant, elderly gentlemen retired from British colonial police jobs in outposts like Singapore and Aden. Sgt. Ralph Salerno of the Criminal Intelligence Bureau of the New York Police Department told us, "They're nice old guys who wouldn't recognize a Mafia man if he walked right up to them and offered to sell them a bag of heroin."

The technique used by Lansky is known in the trade as "skimming." U.S. law-enforcement authorities know exactly how it is done. Sgt. Salerno says, "Everyone makes the mistake of thinking that skimming is shoveling cash into briefcases before the authorities can count the night's take in a casino. Even in Las Vegas they don't do it that way. There are much simpler and more subtle methods, and *all* of them are being used in the Bahamas."

The first method is called The Kickback Skim. At the Monte Carlo casino on Grand Bahama, three top Lansky men employed by the establishment (Max Courtney, Frank Ritter and Charles Brudner) each received fantastic bonuses of $165,000 in 1966. These figures were revealed to me by an official high-ranking Bahamian police source. *Un*official sources say the bonuses actually soared to as high as $330,000. U.S. organized-crime experts are convinced that most or all of this sum was "kicked back" to Lansky in Miami.

The second Mafia method of milking the Grand Bahama casinos is known as The Junket Skim. All over the United States—but particularly on the East Coast—there is a thriving group of travel agents and so-called sporting clubs whose specialty is assembling 90 or more "high-roller" gamblers with good credit and dispatching them in a chartered plane for an expenses-paid weekend of gaming on Grand Bahama.

When the high-rollers lose, they often pay not the casino but their junket manager. Thus these casino earnings never show up on the casino's books, except, possibly, for a small amount to pay the junketeers' hotel bills.

Many of the junket managers are known by U.S. law-enforcement authorities to have strong Mafia connections. Typical of them is Henry Shapiro of the Victory Sporting Club in New York. Shapiro is the son of Jacob (Gurrah) Shapiro, a renowned strong-arm man for Murder, Inc., who died in prison. The younger Shapiro has been summoned under subpoena to testify before the New York Federal Grand Jury which is also investigating the "skim" from the off-shore gambling casinos. Recently, as he stepped from a plane at Kennedy Airport with a load of returning gambling junketeers, Shapiro was intercepted and served with a subpoena by U.S. Marshal Bill Gallinaro, supervisor of the special squad of the eastern district of New York. The junket manager was then searched by customs officials under Gallinaro's direction, and

Groves stands on the location of a new school for Negro children, who have been shamefully neglected in the past.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was found to have $30,000 in cash and $90,000 in checks in his pockets.

Sgt. Salerno estimates that at least three planeloads of junketeers per week fly to the Bahamas from the New York-New Jersey-Connecticut area alone. Even if the net gambling losses per plane were as little as $20,000 (and some high-rollers have been known to drop that much individually in a single night at the crap table), the net gain to the mob from just these flights could be over three million dollars a year.

The third and probably most profitable method of funneling money from the Grand Bahama casinos is called The Credit Skim. As with The Junket Skim this technique relies on the fact that American high-rollers do not show up with vast sums of cash, and they ask the casino managers to extend them credit, against which they write personal checks and occasionally IOU's, or "markers." It is this bundle of paper profits that Dusty Peters transports to the Miami Beach bank twice a week—prior to his conference with Meyer or Jake Lansky at the Fontainebleau Hotel.

The checks go through regular bank collections in the United States. Law-enforcement experts are convinced that only part of this money, after it is collected through the banks, ever gets back to the casinos to be recorded on their books. "The rest," a high-ranking U.S. Justice Department official told me, "is bled out of the one bank account in Miami through which most of the money flows. Meyer Lansky takes his cut and sends the rest by courier to the Mafia investors he represents. These are Sam Giancana in Chicago, Angelo Bruno in Philadelphia, Steve Magaddino in Buffalo, Carlo Gambino in New York, and we're not sure, but possibly Joe Zerilli in Detroit." IOU's are collected locally by their "enforcers," if necessary—in cash.

'Corruption!' charged the young Negro leader. 'Corruption is the cancer!'

The official said, "We figure that the gross at the Monte Carlo casino on Grand Bahama in 1966 was twenty million dollars. They'll report a net of a few hundred thousand dollars. They have certain fixed expenses such as salaries, subsidies to hotels and a license fee to the Bahamas government of about three hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. But the 'skim' from the Miami bank might be almost a third of the twenty-million-dollar gross—and we don't like where it's going.

"Their take will double in 1967 with the second casino on Grand Bahama—if the same crowd is allowed to continue to operate—and it will quadruple when the same people open the Paradise Island casino in Nassau later this year. And knowing what they do with that money—bribing cops and public officials, buying heroin, paying off contracts for murder and mayhem—it's pretty damn frustrating."

When he hears charges that the islands are harboring the Mafia, Sir Ralph Grey, Royal Governor of the Bahamas by appointment of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, replies to the critics: "We can't police the world. No one has yet shown me any clear-cut evidence of wrongdoing."

But even the unskilled and bewildered local police on Grand Bahama have discovered that organized prostitution and narcotics—two traditional enterprises of the Mafia—have followed gambling to the island. The authorities recently deported three Americans for trafficking in girls and drugs. The men were Nate Saunders, Rudolph DiBerardino (alias Rudy Apollo) and John Sidoruk (alias John Rush). Both DiBerardino and Sidoruk had police records and Mafia affiliations back in New York.

The main job of the three men was importing girls, but they also indulged in some interesting specialties on the side. Sidoruk, for example, was charged with using two of the Las Vegas-trained girls to lure casino winners to a room in the King's Inn (one of the island's plushest hotels) where Sidoruk would "roll" them and relieve them of their winnings—$1,900 in one case. Sidoruk and his cohorts also inaugurated a Mafia-type extortion business, terrorizing local businessmen with threats and beatings if they did not pay protection money to the gangsters.

The American thugs had a Bahamian Negro partner in these enterprises, a big, muscular, 27-year-old "enforcer" named Gadvill Newton, who, interestingly enough, is the bodyguard and political associate of Sir Stafford Sands. Newton calls himself Skiboo, and the name is known throughout the Bahamas. He wears sharp Miami Beach-type clothes, and he always carries a beautiful black-leather-and-silver riding crop. The riding crop is weighted with lead, and it serves effectively as a blackjack.

The Skiboo-Sidoruk alliance was finally broken up when the gentle and inexperienced local police found they couldn't cope with the flagrantly open

Pindling's supporters at a political rally; although the islands are 80 percent Negro, the whites had always ruled.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racketeering, and they sent to Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, for help. The Bahamas' toughest cop, Assistant Superintendent Paul Thompson, a native of Trinidad, was sent in, and he soon developed cases justifying deportation orders for the Americans. But Skiboo escaped because of his political affiliations and now is a "security officer" at one of the big Grand Bahama hotels. Discussing Saunders, DiBerardino and Sidoruk, Superintendent Thompson, a shrewd realist, says sadly, "They are only the advance guard. And I only have six men and myself."

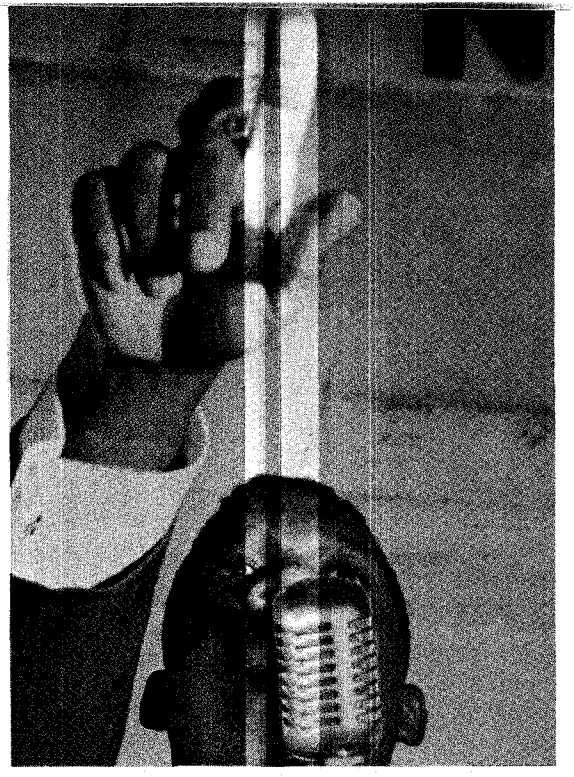
The police-state overtones, with a few Mafia touches added, were growing before the recent election. Prime targets were the American reporters, who are frequently called "muckrakers" on the islands and blamed for stirring up the whole mess "in their quest for sensationalism." The *Post* team of reporters and photographers was under constant harassment. Mail sent by us to reporter Don Richards in Freeport arrived with the envelopes blatantly slit open, and officials in Sands's ministry of tourism revealed to us that they knew the contents of the letters even before Richards had received them. Sands's officials also knew the details of our private phone and hotel-room conversations—indicating that we were both wiretapped and bugged.

The Mafia touches showed up in two attempts at "the frame," a traditional stratagem to trick the reporter into a compromising situation so that he can be later discredited as being unfit to pass moral judgment on others. This is a ploy which has been used before, with varying degrees of success, against reporters investigating organized crime in the United States. Our first exposure to "the frame" came on Grand Bahama, when reporter Richards was invited to a party at an isolated private home at which, he was told, "people inside Bahamas Amusements, Ltd., would reveal all about the company's books." Richards, under orders, did not go. We learned later from an informant that the party was a homosexual affair at which Richards was to be drugged and "set up" for photographs.

The second attempt at "the frame" took place in Nassau, where the *Post* team consisted of myself, my wife (writer Muriel Davidson), and Richards. We returned to our hotel one day after a full schedule of interviews to find that Richards had been checked out of his room by the management and checked into *our* room, without our knowledge or permission. A cot had been squeezed into the already overcrowded cubicle. While we discussed the situation, a key turned in the lock of the door and a man burst in. He surveyed the scene coldly for a moment or two, then left. There was a small camera around his neck, and he obviously had *ménage-à-trois* photography in mind—but Muriel was primly talking on the telephone, Richards was in a chair poring over papers, and I was in the bathroom. We checked Muriel out of the hotel immediately, and since all other Nassau hotels were closed to us, spirited her to the home of a friendly white Bahamian family, where she spent the night.

In the morning her hosts expressed shame and outrage at what had happened. A descendant of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the Bahamas, the husband said, "This gambling situation is a real rat's nest. It's all the decent Bahamian talks about. The government tells us that gambling is increasing tourism, but most of us feel the number of tourists would have increased anyway. Gambling is just bringing in the wrong *kind* of tourist and driving the respectable ones away. It's all so incredibly stupid and incredibly crooked."

Then the man who had helped my wife pleaded with us: "Please don't judge *all* of us Bahamians by the few who are doing this. It happens because



A vigorous campaigner, Pindling bitterly attacked the activities of the government and the "Bay Street Boys."

the white people fear them. The colored people hate their guts."

Up until that time—December, 1966—the Negroes of the Bahamas had been able to mount only a weak threat to the white rulers because of the voting provisions of the Bahamian constitution, which was cleverly engineered by Sir Stafford Sands. As in Great Britain, the government is formed by the party that wins the most seats in the legislature. Under a Boundaries Commission authorized by the constitution, the ruling white United Bahamian Party had gerrymandered the election districts so that it takes as little as 150 votes to win a seat from the thinly populated "out islands," where the poorest Negroes live, and as many as 2,500 votes in the heavily populated districts of Nassau, where the better-educated Negroes are centered. By granting small favors—money, whiskey, a new roof, a pair of shoes, occasional medical care—white politicians had always been able to carry enough of the "out islands" to more than offset their losses in Nassau.

In the 1962 elections the Negro opposition parties scored heavily in Nassau and the rest of the island of New Providence and won nearly 65 percent of the total popular vote in the Bahamas, yet because of the misapportioned constituencies they ended up with only 9 of the 33 seats in the House of Assembly. The United Bahamian Party was firmly in control with 24 seats.

Actually, however, that 1962 defeat proved to be fateful for the Bahamas, because it brought to the fore an aggressive young Negro, Lynden O. Pindling, who won a seat in New Providence and became leader of the opposition. A chunky, tiny man of boundless energy, Pindling, 36, is the son of a policeman. He is a lawyer, educated in England at the University of London. In the 1962–1966 period he became the firebrand leader the Bahamian Negro population had always lacked.

Pindling railed against the iniquities of the U.B.P.'s electoral system and carried his complaints to the United Nations. When the Meyer Lansky situation emerged into the open, he went to England to request a Royal Commission to investigate not only the gambling operations but also the alleged white-ruler corruption which had fostered them. He told the British government, "We do not wish violence; nor do we condone it. We do not wish the fate of China or Cuba or Nigeria to befall us in the Bahamas. The time is now for skillful surgeons to wield a sharp scalpel to save the Bahamian body politic from cancer. The cancer is corruption."

At home Pindling gleefully cooperated with any American and British reporter investigating gambling in the islands. By December, 1966, Sir Stafford Sands and his fellow ministers in the U.B.P. apparently decided to crush Pindling and his Progressive Liberal Party (P.L.P.) once and for all. Although they were not required to call an election until as late as November, 1967, the U.B.P. decided to conduct one on January 10.

Pindling, at first stunned by the premature election campaign, soon turned it to his advantage. He told his people, who are deeply religious, "In the Bible, in the Book of Exodus, the Lord said to the Children of Israel that He would begin to deliver them from the Egyptians on the tenth day of the first month, and when is our election? The tenth day of the first month." He warned them that this would be their last chance to save themselves from the fate of the Negroes in Rhodesia. "The U.B.P. already is filling civil-service positions in the government with Negro-hating whites from South Africa and Rhodesia," he said (which was true), "and they're playing South African government programs on the Bahamas radio station. They are planning to set up an independent white republic." Wherever he went, he talked about the Meyer Lansky infiltration of the gambling casinos.

The white U.B.P. candidates ran a routine campaign, reminding the people of the prosperity they were enjoying. They did not even seem perturbed when Pindling acquired a helicopter from an American supporter and hopped from island to island, matching the best they could do with their own air transport. On the eve of the election they predicted the U.B.P. would win at least 25 of the 38 seats in the legislature. All American political observers in the island agreed with them. Barring a miracle, Sands and his party seemed sure to continue their control over the Bahamas and life would go on as much as before.

Then the miracle happened. On election day the Negroes poured out to go to the polls with a purpose they never had exhibited before. Pindling's P.L.P. workers performed their duties like Bobby Kennedy men. Even the taxi drivers organized a communications system for the P.L.P. through their car radios. When the results came in, there literally was dancing in the streets. The P.L.P. had won 18 seats. The U.B.P. had also won 18 seats, but the other two seats were taken by a Labor Party candidate and by a white independent. The Labor Party man, at least, could be counted on to vote with the P.L.P., giving it a majority of one. But by January 13 Pindling felt that he had the support of the independent. On January 14 Sands and the rest of the U.B.P. government resigned. On January 16 Pindling and his party took over. A British warship, nervously standing by in the harbor, withdrew. There were no riots or recriminations against the former white rulers. A British newspaperman told me, "I guess you'd have to call this a triumph of basic democracy. It was quite a change for this part of the world—a peaceful revolution."

The peaceful revolution was evident, on the surface at least, when I returned to the Bahamas immediately after the election. Wherever I walked in Nassau, the entire Negro population seemed to be smiling again—for the first time in years. Sidney Poitier, a strong Pindling supporter, told me, "Even the flowers will be back."

But in the hard world of realistic politics the "triumph of basic democracy" was not that clear-cut. The white merchant princes of the U.B.P. still hold all the economic power. On the day Pindling took office, the former premier, Sir Roland Symonette, closed down his shipyard, throwing all of his Negro employees out of work. The U.B.P.-controlled newspapers ran stories indicating that foreign investors, fearful of Pindling's mildly socialist party, were pulling out of the islands—thus posing the threat of a severe eco-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomic depression. Pindling reacted by doing everything he could to allay the fears of the white community. Instead of firing the American public-relations firm, Hill & Knowlton—as he had promised—Pindling retained the company, and it began to grind out publicity for him as it had for his archenemy, Sir Stafford Sands, just a few days before. Many Pindling supporters felt this was a serious mistake. It then turned out that Pindling had made other "mistakes." For example, it was discovered that—unknown to Pindling—the American who had loaned him the helicopter for his campaign was Mike McLaney, a former associate of Meyer Lansky in the gangster's Havana gambling empire. Pindling vehemently denies knowing that McLaney was his benefactor.

I spent considerable time with Pindling in the first troubled days of his administration. One interview took place in his home, a tastefully furnished ranch house exactly like those in hundreds of American suburbs. Pindling's wife, Marguerite, a beautiful, intelligent young woman, served us a native lunch of "market fish" on magnificent Jamaican china. Then Pindling and I talked. "I've got to go slow," he said. "I've got to dispel the radical 'black power' image our enemies have created. I want all the economic and agricultural help I can get from the United Nations. I want all the help I can get from the United States."

"Are you also going to go slow in rooting the Mafia out of Bahamas gambling?" I asked.

"Yes and no," he said. "In the first place, I feel that the basis of Mafia power lies in the corruption of public officials, and we've already taken

A victory for the Negroes, but uncertainty about the new course of the islands.

steps to make it a conflict of interests for a government official to profit from the casinos. All of my ministers have given up their businesses and professions. We will be a full-time government.

"In the second place," he continued, "I'm going to renew my request to the British to send in a Royal Commission to investigate thoroughly the entire mess—and at the same time let them investigate the U.B.P. charge that my party is infiltrated with Communists. I also will ask the United States Justice Department to give us full information on the Americans working in the casinos. There will be no compromise on the undesirable element. They must go. But I don't want to close the casinos right away. That might be disastrous to the economy of the islands. I want to make a careful study of the well-regulated, government-controlled gambling system in Puerto Rico, and if it can be adopted here, eventually we'll probably adopt it."

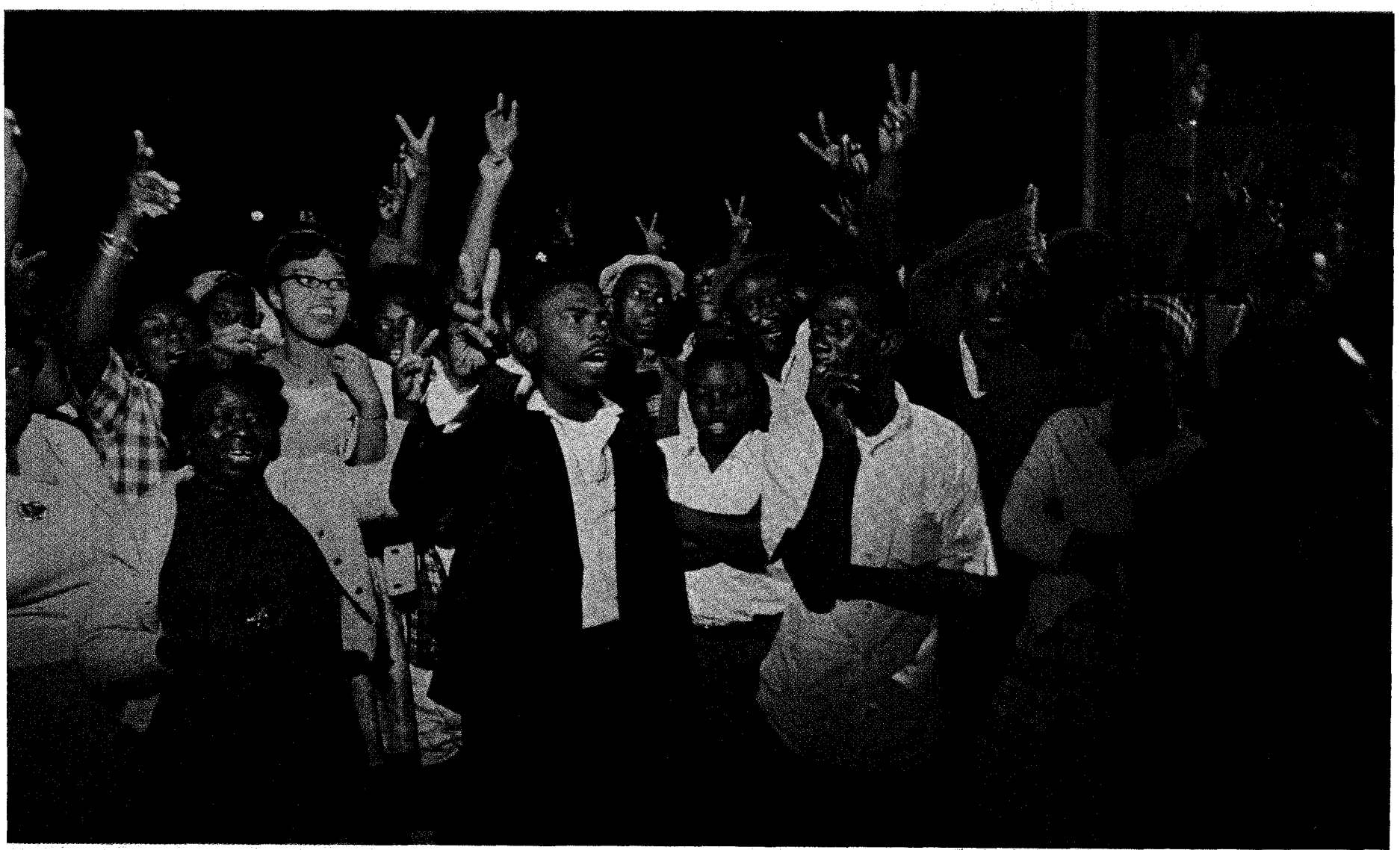
The *Post* team of reporters investigated the Puerto Rican casinos as thoroughly as those in the Bahamas, and we could find no evidence of malfeasance in the American island commonwealth. The casinos are administered under the tight control of a Government department, and George M. Moll, director of the Division of Games and Chance, has the power to withhold licenses and to close down casinos on a moment's notice if anything suspicious occurs.

The management of the casinos must be investigated and approved by the FBI to make sure that there is no Mafia or otherwise malodorous association through hidden ownership. One hotel lost its gambling license within 24 hours after an associate of Teamsters Union President James R. Hoffa was found to be a hidden owner.

All casino personnel—croupiers, dealers, supervisors, managers—must also be cleared by the FBI, as well as by the local police. No one is allowed to work in any capacity in a casino unless he has been a *bona fide* resident of Puerto Rico for ten years. "This provision alone has totally discouraged the Mafia," says Moll. "Even they wouldn't wait ten years just to infiltrate a man into a casino, provided he could get past the FBI check."

A Justice Department official, who admires the Puerto Rican setup, says: "One thing that has always amused me about the Bahamian situation is that the government there always claimed that it had to use the Lansky men as supervisors because no one else knew how to run American-style casinos. The Puerto Rican gambling personnel are the best and cleanest in the world, but the Bahamas people never made any attempt to hire *them*."

In the Bahamas the unexpected results of the January 10 election have stirred up anxiety—if nothing else—among the Americans who work in the casinos. On Grand Bahama the Meyer Lansky men confine themselves to their hotel rooms and the beaches by day, and they do not speak to the patrons of the casinos any more than they have to at night. Every arriving convention group is sus-



There was dancing in the streets after Pindling won the election, but the islands' power struggle is not over yet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pected of harboring FBI men in disguise. There are rumors that Scotland Yard men from England are working undercover within the Groves organization. It remains to be seen what will happen to the prostitutes, who now shuttle over from Miami on the weekends.

But there's also a feeling of cautious optimism among the Lansky men. The gamblers seem to feel that this is just an interlude; that after a period of depression and economic uncertainty in the islands, Sir Stafford Sands will return. They are aware of a curious division of sentiment in the United States Government, and the fact that they might have an unwilling ally in, strangely enough, the State Department.

Before the Pindling victory on January 10, there was serious disagreement in Washington as to how to handle the developing crisis in the Bahamas. The State Department was for maintaining the status quo, preferring to deal with the Sir Stafford Sands-dominated white government rather than risk another Congo, or worse, just 70 miles from our shores. On the other hand the Justice Department—making one of its rare forays into the foreign-policy area—felt that it was highly dangerous to have a major Mafia stronghold so close to Florida. They pointed to a similar, though less drastic situation in Jamaica, where a Negro government took over—after a British Royal Commission investigation of white corruption—and has ruled ably and well ever since.

The hard-nosed gambling men on Grand Bahama are betting on the eventual triumph of the State Department's point of view. So far the Justice Department has been able to do little to get at the gamblers, other than to call the federal grand juries in New York and Philadelphia to try to trace the flow of casino money to specific members of the Mafia in the United States.

The only Americans in the operation to receive any punishment recently, however mild, were three close associates of Meyer Lansky who were key employees of the Monte Carlo casino—Max Courtney, the chief supervisor; Charles Brudner, the floor manager; and Frank Ritter, the credit manager. After the *Wall Street Journal* called attention to their identities, and noted that all three were fugitives from justice in the United States, the Bahamian government moved against them, more or less. They were allowed to remain in the islands as residents. ("I've heard of political asylum," Lynden Pindling said at the time, "but this is the first time I've ever heard of *criminal* asylum.") The three men were told to get out of the casinos by January 15.

It so happened that the islands' newest gambling establishment, the $2.5 million El Casino, gaudier than anything in Las Vegas, opened on January 1, and Courtney, Ritter and Brudner were on hand to give a two-weeks' cram course in running the place to the new boys who, it so happens, were also friends of Lansky's from the old days.

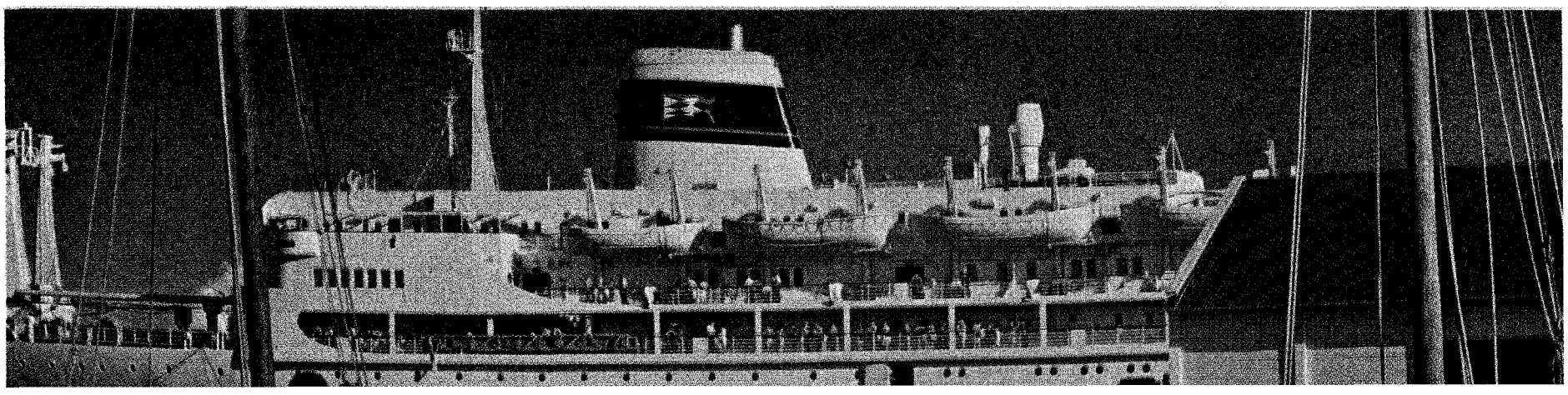
El Casino is a garish structure built to resemble a Moslem mosque. Its exterior is illuminated at night with multiple-colored floodlights, and it was described by one opening-night patron as looking like "a high-class bordello in the Casbah." Another said he expected to see an Arab in one of the minarets, summoning the faithful with the cry of "Come seven, come eleven."

In Nassau, the small, dignified Bahamian Club, a club that has been taken over by the Groves people, had a full house on New Year's Eve. The Bahamian Club will be closed when Paradise Enterprises Ltd. begins to operate Groves's third casino—another mammoth structure now rising on Paradise Island, just across Nassau Harbor. "It will have a high dome and look just like St. Paul's church in London," says Ronald Gowlding, Groves's executive vice-president. Workers are halfway through building a multimillion-dollar bridge to Paradise Island, which can now be reached only by ferry.

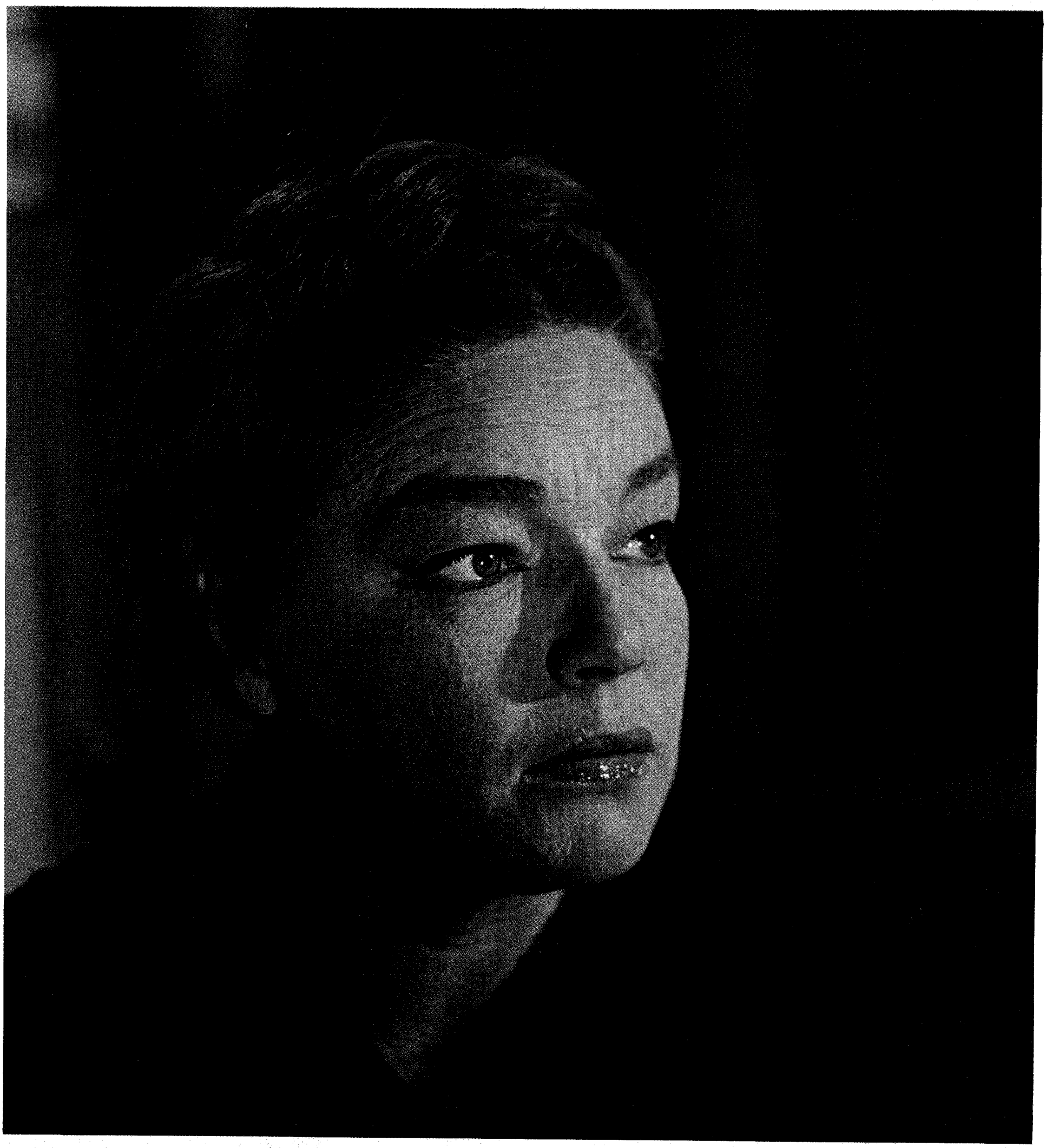
In addition to all this, several new hotels are under construction both in Nassau and on Grand Bahama. Each is eagerly planning a "convention hall" that could easily be converted into a casino. In his campaign, Pindling said, "How long will it be before we have a Mafia-run casino in every hotel? It could be Las Vegas all over again—but at least in Las Vegas a good deal of the money gets back to the people."

Every morning in the hovels of Eight Mile Rock on Grand Bahama and "over-the-hill" in Nassau, native Negro workers get up and go to work on the various construction projects. They appreciate the money the work has brought them, but they have mixed sentiments about the future of the structures they are erecting. We talked with one native worker recently as he was putting the finishing touches on the landscaping around El Casino. He looked up at the flamboyant building and frowned. "I don't know," he said in his lilting Bahamian accent, "there's a powerful feelin' of evil here."

Just then a car went by on the highway called The Mall. In it was Dusty Peters, cigar in face, on his way to the airport for his twice-weekly conference with Meyer Lansky in Miami Beach. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In "The Deadly Affair," Simone was made up to play a 55-year-old ex-prisoner. "You don't take something like this lightly," she says.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'You can see that I'm not 20 years old.'

Still at the top at 45, Simone Signoret discovers middle age is not at all a deadly affair.

By Bernard Weinraub

At 45, Simone Signoret moves restlessly from London to Paris to Rome to Hollywood, playing only in films that interest her, staying with friends who are clever, alive and—a favorite word—amusing. A funny joke, a funny postcard, a funny line captivate her. She claps her hands once and rears her head back and bursts into laughter. Her soft wide-set eyes suddenly glitter. She claps once more.

Her life is good now. She travels first class. The hotel rooms are suites. Limousines wait. The phone rings from across the Atlantic. The scripts pile up. When she is exhausted or bored or simply wants to rest, she returns to the apartment on the Place Dauphine or the country home in Normandy that can house 22 people. But she is restless.

She has just completed a film, *The Deadly Affair*, and is in her final week playing Lady Macbeth in a London stage production with Sir Alec Guinness. She will return to Paris at the end of the week. A waiter knocks at the suite in the Savoy Hotel and enters with Simone's 4:30 P.M. pre-theater dinner: an order of steak tartare. She grimaces and pours a Scotch whiskey.

"I hate it. I *hate* it. I must eat this as quickly as possible. Awful. Look how I eat it. I attach virtue to this steak. I didn't eat it yesterday, and I felt weak. I need it for the performance. At least I *think* I need it. It's probably all up here." She drums her temples.

The phone rings—a long-distance call from New York. "Hello . . . yes . . . yes, how are you, my dear . . . I asked, how *are* you . . . don't worry, you don't have to come here to see the play. I'll do the sleepwalking scene for you in your living room. In Yiddish." She bursts into laughter.

The morning after the opening of the William Gaskill production of *Macbeth*, Simone read the reviews, folded the newspapers and refused to read the evening critics. The reviews were disastrous—the critics said the production was absurd. Simone was called miscast and unintelligible. That night Simone appeared on stage, and for the first time in her career became distraught and uncontrollable. She began trembling.

"I got onstage thinking I'm the worst actress in the world. I can't do it. Every word I'm saying is a crime toward the oh-so-blessed memory of Shakespeare. I couldn't control myself. I was physically weak. I felt like the ground was leaving me, and I wanted to say 'good-bye, I'm leaving.' I was on the edge of fainting. Alec saw it."

Simone forgot the lines of a first-act speech and stood for 10 nightmare seconds without saying a word. Guinness took her in his arms, gave her a cue and Simone nodded lazily. She pushed him away gently and stepped forward to deliver the speech. The audience broke into applause when she finished. From that moment Simone never faltered. She worked on the role, experimented, tried new makeup, new moves. She emerged confident and just a little hurt.

"I don't know if it's pride or innocence or conceit, but I enjoyed it," she says. "I suffered, yes, but perhaps I enjoy suffering. I might be a little bit of a masochist, who knows? It's been the most difficult job of my life. And it's been more difficult because of the reviews. When I enter that stage, I know the people have read the reviews. I know they think I will be terrible. They think, 'Here she comes. Oh, God! She's put on weight. She's older. Is that a wig she's wearing?' They come to see not Lady Macbeth but a woman who was in *Room at the Top*."

That night the Royal Court Theatre is packed, and at the end of the performance some members of the audience slip backstage. Tom Courtenay, the actor, looks in, and then Sir Laurence Olivier enters Simone's dressing room and hugs her. "Darling, you were superb," he says. She shrugs.

She is up early the next morning to meet a representative from Universal Pictures, which has signed her to a film. Simone has refused to fill out a visitor's form for entry into the United States—a form she has signed on earlier visits. The Universal representative, a youthful American, pours a drink and explains patiently to Simone that every foreigner must fill out the form on each U. S. visit.

Early screen success included streetwalker role in "Dédée d'Anvers" (1948), directed by her ex-husband, Yves Allegret.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'What Simone wanted to have in life, in love, she's had. . .'

Despite long separations and violent tempers, Simone Signoret and Montand have been married for 17 years.

She cuts him off. "No. This is a form I will not fill out again. Listen: (she holds it up) 'Do you take dope,' they ask. 'Are you a member of the Communist Party?' Not the Nazi Party, mind you. That's very funny, no?"

Simone paces the living room, smoking, running her hand through her short, blond-flecked hair. "I have filled all this out before, several times before, but no, not now. No."

He throws his arms up in the air and begins cajoling her in French. "Look," she says excitedly, "if they don't want to give me a visa, well. . . ." She rises and pours a drink. "With what's going on now in the world, I won't do it. The last time I filled it out, my dear, I was there for Columbia for *Ship of Fools*. I filled it out in Paris. Now it's a question of pride, a silly question of pride. It's insulting. After going there as often as I have, I have to fill this out. Enough, right? Enough is enough.

"Look, my love," she says quietly. "I don't need the money. I don't need the fame. There's one thing I have. My name. I've answered all those questions already."

He leaves. She bites her lip and runs her hand through her hair again. "We've been—ninety-nine percent of my country—involved in taking stands which the American government didn't like at all. It was enough to sign peace appeals to be barred. People of my generation have always been more or less involved with the Communists. I've never been a member—neither has my husband. But the war was a time of fighting, right? If you weren't a Nazi, and your friends weren't Nazis, who were you mixed with? You were with a mixture of people who were right, left, everything." She rubs the morning out of her eyes.

Her hands are tough—almost a worker's hands—and she uses them with swift, expressive strokes. Her voice is smoky and somehow lingers, as if the words and sentences echo. Her legs remain sleek, sturdy. Her eyes are liquid blue and move relentlessly on a stranger or friend and lock in. The eyes are unflinching. She has gained weight, but it hardly matters. Her movements, her voice, her hands, her eyes are linked as one—and evoke hunger, life.

She stares thoughtfully out of the hotel window. "I've been very lucky," she says. "I've never had to do things I didn't like for money. I can do this because we are both working, and we are both making enough money to be completely free to choose and free to refuse, which is an even bigger luxury.

"What's important in my life—the people I love, the things I love—has not changed at all. As a French actress, I work mostly outside of France now because of the *Room at the Top* success. It's been a nice change. But I'm still Simone. My views are unchanged. I'm still Simone when I work in London, in Hollywood. I like Hollywood. Yes. Only the bitter people have bad things to say. If you're old enough not to take any nonsense, you can have a clever life and see the clever people."

She sits. "I try to go with Yves. It's very seldom we're not together. But we have different pictures—he travels one way, I travel another. After seventeen years of marriage, we can survive that. It's not unbearable. When we get together, we laugh. He makes me laugh. He's a very funny man. And he is a tender and a good man too."

She has not seen him in weeks—first she made the Columbia film, *The Deadly Affair*, then she appeared in *Macbeth*, and both experiences disturbed her. The film, which is an adaptation of a John Le Carré spy novel, concerns an investigation into the apparent suicide of a British diplomat. Simone plays the diplomat's widow—a 55-year-old Jewish woman who has been ravaged by her years in concentration camps. She wears little makeup, is pudgy, exhausted-looking and empty of sex. On the first day of filming, she saw the rushes of herself and gasped. She continued morose and upset through the eight weeks of filming.

"It was difficult, something that women of my age pretend to take well but don't," she says. "I had to look older. You don't take this lightly. You don't say, 'how charming, how wonderful.' It isn't. You have to respect and love the people you work for—in my case it was Sidney Lumet" (the producer and director of the film).

By now it is lunchtime, and Simone places the raincoat over her shoulder and wraps the black kerchief around her head. She walks quickly to the elevator—"Hello, my love," she smiles to the elevator man—and climbs into a taxi outside for the ride to Mayfair. In the cab Simone says yes, she has very few women friends.

"There are very few women with whom I enjoy being," she says, gazing outside at shoppers on the Strand. "Let's face it. I don't think I share their preoccupations and their fun, and they don't share my preoccupations. The typical female preoccupations are not for me."

Rain begins pelting the cab, and the shoppers scurry for cover. She turns. "I suppose *Room at the Top* and the others make me sympathetic to many women. They see—you can see—I am not twenty years old. They see I am not a *Harper's Bazaar* creature. I am, you know, the oldest discovered actress around." She laughs. . . .

A few mornings later she starts packing to catch the 4:30 P.M. plane from Heathrow Airport to Paris. The limousine arrives at the airport just 10 minutes before the flight is scheduled to depart.

"*Merde!*" says Simone. She rushes out, and heads turn at the airport as she checks in quickly and moves down the corridor to Gate No. 1. "*Merde! Merde!*" she cries, out of breath. "Half my life is spent running in airports."

The stewardess shuts the door. Simone settles back, out of breath.

The plane roars off, and the stewardess distributes newspapers. Simone glances at the headline: POLLS PREDICT BIG VOTE FOR NAZIS. She shakes her head. "Isn't that nice?" she says. "Isn't that very, very nice?"

Outside, the lights of London shimmer in the dusk. Simone peers silently out the window.

She was born of French parents in Wiesbaden, Germany, on March 25, 1921, during the French occupation after World War I. André Kaminker, her father, was Jewish; her mother, Georgette, Catholic. At the age of two Simone left Germany with her parents. She has never gone back.

For Simone World War II marked a major and irrevocable break with the past. "At nineteen I would have wanted to go dancing. I didn't. I couldn't. It was all a matter of constant survival. It was learning day to day to face situations that were frightening. It was a constant choice between good and bad. No gray, no mauve, no light blue. It was a terrible period, but, in a way, it was a great comfort for the soul and the heart to know exactly where you were standing, because it makes life easy. Even if life is very bad, it's an easy life to know what's right and what's wrong."

She began tutoring in English and Latin and then began working as a typist.

As she worked, Simone met a group of actors, writers and artists at the Café de Flore in Saint-Germain-des-Prés."

At 20, shy and very uncertain, she became an extra in films. "Something broke inside my shyness. My new friends taught me to regard acting as an honest job. Before that I had never said anything to anybody about acting. It was stirring in me, but it was a secret."

The first film she worked on as an extra was *Le Prince Charmant*, in 1941. She was paid 175 francs a day for a week's work. With her hair tumbling to her shoulders, her soft, cool and very sensual smile and her ample figure, Simone soon became a popular extra. She appeared in both films and on the stage—and in 1945 was given her first speaking role, as a prostitute, in *Des Demons de l'Aube*. She was then married to Yves Allegret, the director, and pregnant. Twenty-one days after Simone gave birth to her daughter, Catherine, she was hired by Jacques Feyder for the film, *Macadam*, with his wife Françoise Rosay. It was Simone's first part.

With her career on the rise, a successful husband, a young daughter, a comfortable life, Simone went on vacation in 1949 in Saint-Paul-de-Vence, in the mountains between Cannes and Nice. Yves Montand, one of the most popular postwar French singers, was on tour there. "As soon as I met him, I fell in love with him," she says. "I left my husband and my home, which was bad. I left my daughter, which was worse. People didn't like it, but I had to do it."

Simone traveled with Montand, and on June 15, 1950, soon after her divorce from Allegret, she married him. "What he was bringing as a singer was so new," she says. "It was new blood after four years of occupation. In France a popular singer is a big hero, each has his own songs, and nobody touches them. Songs are in everybody in France, in the daily life of everybody.

"Very few women can really survive with a man, working on a one-man show. You realize, for example, that you can't make any noise because he has to take a nap before a show, that the man can only eat certain foods, drink certain things, that the first night is a serious, horrible thing. My daughter grew up in this atmosphere. She thinks it is absolutely normal." Simone smiles.

"She loves Yves, and he loves her, and they have a wonderful relationship. Wonderful. If I had a boy I think, perhaps, it would be more difficult. Yves is a tender man, and with children he is marvelous, fantastic. At the same time he is very typically Mediterranean. Violent. We are really very different people. He's one type, I'm another. If we were alike, we wouldn't fight. That's what makes the whole thing so precious."

With her remarriage Simone began making about a film a year—most of them highly successful. Her first international triumph was in Henri-Georges Clouzot's thriller, *Diabolique*, playing the mistress of a schoolmaster whom she helps to murder. In contrast, she then played Elizabeth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proctor, the Puritan wife in *Les Sorcières de Salem* (*The Witches of Salem*), which was directed by Raymond Rouleau and adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre from Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*.

Her work in *The Crucible*, and Montand's film with Marilyn Monroe, *Let's Make Love*, led both Simone and Montand to a close friendship with Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe. She is now annoyed at Miller for his treatment of Miss Monroe in *After the Fall*, and somewhat ambivalent about Miss Monroe herself for her involvement with Montand. "I know too much about her," she says. "It's been a thick page in my life."

She pauses for a moment. "In a certain way, when someone like Marilyn dies, it's terribly reassuring for many people. She proves to many people that by that gesture there is nothing . . . nothing at all. It reassures many people with dreary lives. They say, 'Well I'm not handsome, I'm not very rich or famous, but I have my life.' There's a certain strange sense of justice. They say, 'She had it all, and look what she did, and we should be content with what we have.' It's a hideous image."

The stewardess announces that in 10 minutes the plane will land at Orly. Simone buckles her seat belt. "Ah, look at that view. The most beautiful view in the world." She laughs. "We are the best—or at least we think we are the best in the world." She laughs again. "Even the most conformist, the most gray, the most bourgeois French are so—you know—so sure that to be French is to be the best. We have our own little legends that we must maintain. We have to like red wine, we have to say our women are the most beautiful and the most well-dressed, we have to say we don't like priests. It's part of the whole legendary thing. Lots of families make jokes about the priests—ha, ha, they laugh at them—and then afterward force their children to go to confession."

At customs she walks up to a North African officer with whom she has played an Alphonse and Gaston routine for many years. He has checked her baggage, and the routine is basically the same.

"You have nothing to declare?" he asks her.

"No."

"Not even that coat?" (pointing to her suede coat).

Simone shrugs innocently.

"Didn't you buy that in London?"

"Certainly, but a long time ago."

"It looks new to me."

"My dear, I've worn this many times."

He frowns. She appears sad. He waves her on. Simone walks two steps, and standing in the crowd, towering over most of the others, is Yves. He also wears a suede coat with a sheepskin collar. Simone flushes.

"Darling," she says.

"Darling," he says.

They embrace.

That evening Simone sees her daughter, Catherine, who is now 20 and an actress, and returns to her apartment in the 16th-century house on the Place Dauphine. The next day is cold and gray and Simone, tired and happy to be home, wears her robe all day, sips cognac in front of the fireplace, meets and telephones friends, and loafs. She finally gets her permit to enter the U.S.

Simone steps out of the room to make a phone call. Yves watches her. "I was lucky when I met this woman," he says. "She is a real woman, a real person. A marriage, you know, can be very difficult in show business. The man could be down in his career, and the woman could be up. It is difficult, no? When we met, I was a singing personality, and Simone was starting in movies. We grew. I did one-man shows. She did *Room at the Top*. It all came at the right moment, and place."

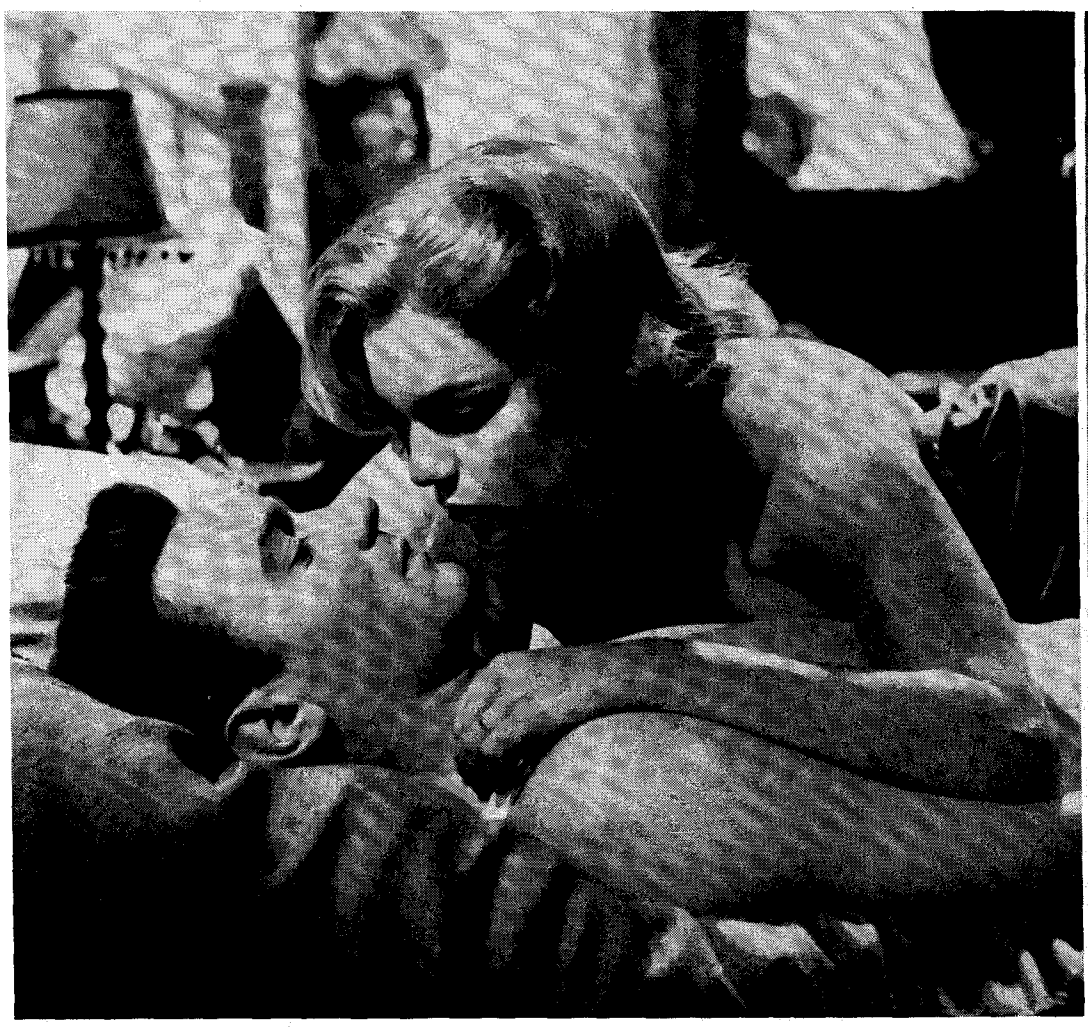
He clenches his fist. "My wife is a strong person. She represents on the screen a real woman, no ooh-la-la French girl. She represents a real woman with problems. Simone is a woman who stays with a man because she loves him. If we are together, it's not because we are married. It is because we want to be together.

"I think now, she's forty-five years old, I think now I have to let her do what she wants to do. Maybe she works too hard, but I realize she has to work hard. A woman who is forty-five is not a woman who is twenty-two. What Simone has wanted to have in life, in love, she has had. We met, you know, we have a passion, she divorces, we marry, we fight, we laugh, we live. This is with us. To be an actress like Simone, you have to experience life—the good and the bad, everything.

"Now she wants to work, talk with friends, relax. Our relationship is different now. We're older people. A man forty-five is still young. A woman—well, for me, Simone will never grow old. Who knows, maybe she will be fat, but I will love her because she is young inside.

"There are problems now, sure there are problems. We stay too much alone or separated because of work. This I don't like. Dangers can happen. We have different careers. We travel different places. The danger is that I build my own life in my own place. I can't stay in my hotel room and say, 'Where is my Simone?'"

Outside the afternoon sky is turning to dusk. It is raining harder now. Simone places the phone on the hook and returns to the living room. "Those people who can spend more than a week at a time with their husbands or wives are lucky," she says sadly. The next day she will leave for Hollywood; he will leave soon to make a new movie in North Africa. □



Famous bedroom scene with Laurence Harvey from "Room at the Top" won Simone her 1959 Academy Award. Right: She embraces Sir Laurence Olivier in "Term of Trial" (1963).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

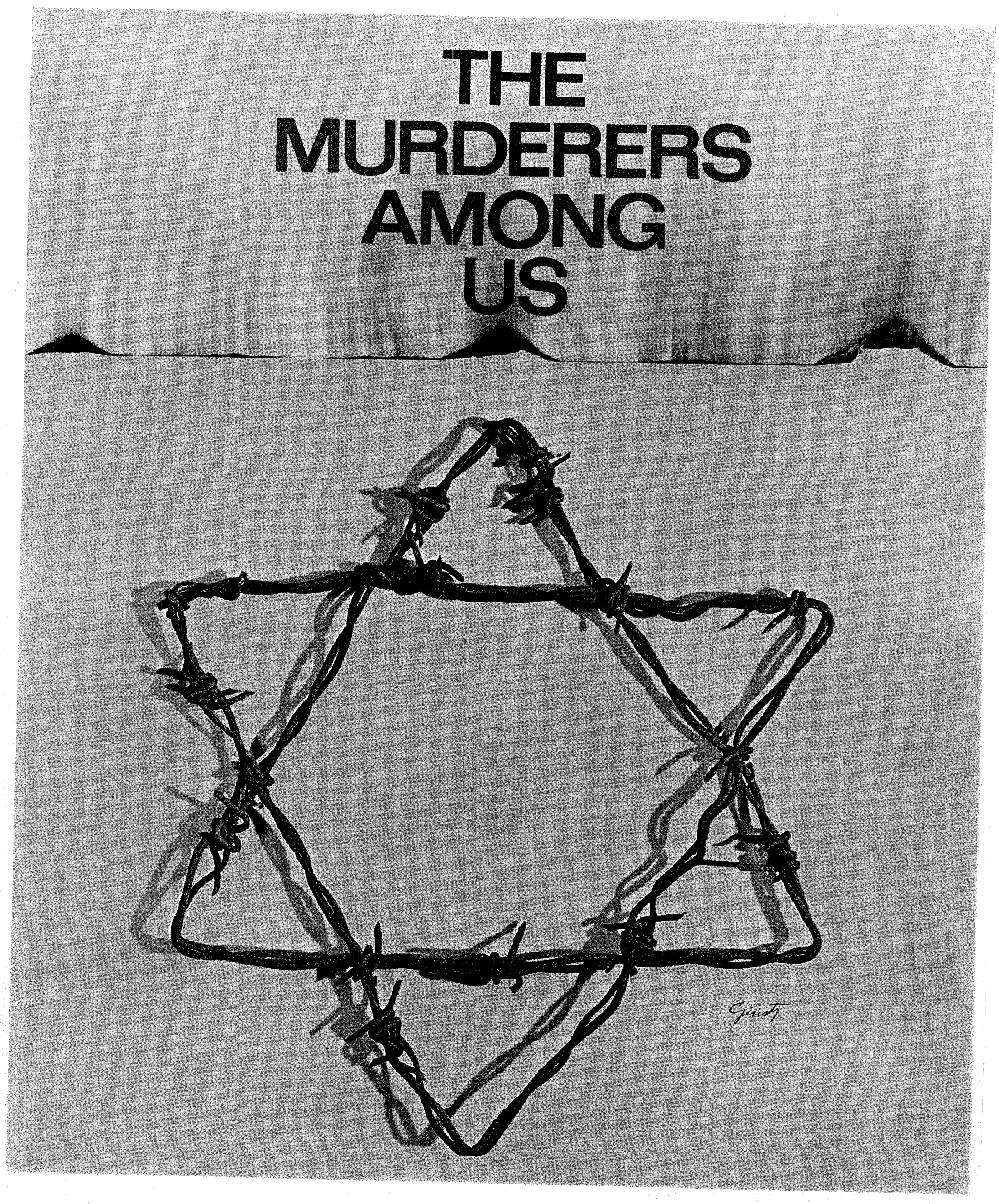


Illustration by George Giusti

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part 1.

By Simon Wiesenthal

It was 10 o'clock in the morning of May 5, 1945, when I saw a big tank with a white star on its side and the American flag waving from its turret. I stood on the windswept square that had been, until an hour earlier, the courtyard of the Mauthausen concentration camp in Upper Austria. The day was sunny, with a scent of spring in the air. Gone was the sweetish smell of burned flesh that had always hovered over the yard. The night before, the last SS men had run away. The machinery of death had come to a stop. In my room a few dead people were lying on their bunks. They hadn't been taken away this morning. The crematorium no longer operated.

I don't remember how I got from my room into the courtyard. I was hardly able to walk. I was wearing my faded striped uniform with a yellow "J" in a yellow-red double-triangle. Around me I saw other men in striped dungarees. Some were holding small flags, waving at the Americans. Where had they got the flags? Did the Americans bring them? The tank with the white star was about a hundred yards in front of me. I wanted to touch the star, but I was too weak. I had survived to see this day, but I couldn't make the last hundred yards. I remember taking a few steps, and then I fell on my face.

Somebody lifted me up. I felt the rough texture of an olive-drab American uniform brush against my bare arms. I couldn't speak; I couldn't even open my mouth. I pointed toward the white star, I touched the cold, dusty armor with my hands, and then I fainted.

When I opened my eyes, after what seemed a long time, I was back on my bunk. The room seemed changed. There was only one man on each bunk, no longer three or four, and the dead had been taken away. There was an unfamiliar smell in the air—DDT. They brought in big kettles of soup. This was *real* soup, and it tasted delicious. I took too much of it. My stomach wasn't used to such nourishing fare, and I got violently sick.

The next days went by in a pleasant apathy. Most of the time, I dozed on my bunk. I made an effort to get up and walk. Friends accompanied me to the building that had formerly been the camp headquarters. A handwritten sign, WAR CRIMES, was on the open door. Through it I saw American officers at their desks interrogating SS men who stood at attention in front of them. Several former prisoners were at work as typists.

An SS man was brought into the room. Instinctively I turned my head so he wouldn't see me. He had been a brutal guard. When he walked through a corridor, and a prisoner did not quickly step aside, the SS man would strike the prisoner's face with the riding crop he always carried. The sight of this man had always brought cold sweat to the back of my neck.

Now I stared. I couldn't believe it. The SS man was trembling, just as we had trembled before him. His shoulders were hunched, and I noticed that he wiped his palms on his pants. He was escorted by a Jewish prisoner—a *former* prisoner. He was no longer a superman. He made me think of a trapped animal. I kept staring, fascinated. Lying in my bunk later, it took me a long time to understand what I had seen: The supermen became cowards the moment they were no longer protected by their guns. They were through.

I got up from my bunk and walked to the office, where I offered my services. I hoped they wouldn't notice my appearance. The lieutenant listened to me and shook his head. What could they do with me? He said I had neither training nor experience.

"And, incidentally, how much do you weigh?" he asked.

I lied. "Fifty-six kilos [123 pounds]."

The lieutenant laughed. "Wiesenthal, go and take it easy for a while, and come to see me when you *really* weigh fifty-six kilos."

Ten days later I'd gained some weight. Now I put on some makeup. I'd found a piece of red paper and used it to redden my pale cheeks. A friend asked me whether I was going out to look for a bride.

"Some people won't like that bride," I said.

The lieutenant must have sensed how much the job meant to me, for he said I could start at once and assigned me to accompany an American captain in looking for SS guards hiding nearby.

I'll never forget our first case. We drove to a small house where one of our former guards, an SS man named Schmidt, lived. I walked up to the second floor, found him, and arrested him. He didn't even try to resist. He was trembling. So was I, but for a different reason. I was weak from getting up the stairs and from the excitement. I had to sit down for a while.

Schmidt helped me as we walked down the stairway together. He could have easily run away. If he'd given me a shove, I would have fallen down the stairway, and he might have escaped through the back of the house.

But Schmidt didn't run away. On the contrary, he held me by the arm and helped me down the stairs. It was absurd; it was like the rabbit carrying the hunting dog. He sat in the jeep behind the captain and me and pleaded for mercy. He was crying. Why pick on him? He'd done nothing bad. He'd acted strictly under orders. He swore that he'd helped many prisoners.

I said to Schmidt, "Yes, you helped the prisoners. I've often seen you help them to the crematorium."

Then he didn't talk any more. He just sat hunched on the back seat until we handed him over to the War Crimes people.

Schmidt was my first "client," and there were many others in the weeks that followed. You didn't have to go far. You almost stumbled over them. During the next months I helped to line up some of the testimony used later at the war-crimes trials in Dachau before a U.S. military court.

After the establishment of the four military zones of Austria in 1945, Mauthausen became part of the Soviet zone. Our War Crimes group moved to Linz, in the U.S. zone, and many of the former inmates of Mauthausen were brought to a displaced-persons camp in Leonding, a small town near Linz. I spent the mornings at the War Crimes office, and the afternoons at the newly established Jewish Committee in Linz, which was later expanded into the Jewish Central Committee of the U.S. zone in Austria, of which I became vice chairman. The committee set up a makeshift office in two small rooms.

The rooms were always crowded. In the months after the war our visitors were human wrecks who always seemed to be wearing somebody else's clothes. They acted like people who had just survived an earthquake and could not grasp that they had been saved. They would ask each other, "Who else is alive?" One couldn't understand why one had survived, and it was beyond comprehension that others should still be alive. "Can it be that my wife, my mother, my child is alive?"

There was no mail service. The few available telephone lines were restricted to military use. The only way to find out whether someone was alive was to go and look. (*Continued on next page*)

Copyright ©1967 by Opera Mundi, Paris. Reproduction even in part strictly prohibited. Published by arrangement with McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Simon Wiesenthal, head of the Jewish Documentation Center in Vienna, has often been called "the Eichmann hunter"—for it was Wiesenthal's relentless search for the notorious Nazi that led to Eichmann's capture.

On file in Wiesenthal's Center—which operates on a monthly budget of about $1,500, provided chiefly by small, regular contributions from his supporters around the world—are the names of about 22,500 Nazi criminals. In the past 20 years he has brought 900 to justice. Wiesenthal says, "My work is my life. My reaction toward Nazi criminals today is a mixture of disgust and contempt: I don't hate them, but I cannot forgive them."

There is much to forgive. Eighty-nine of Wiesenthal's own relatives died at Nazi hands. Once he watched helplessly as the SS crammed old Jewish women into freight cars, 100 to a car. For three days the cars stood in the blazing sun while the women begged for water. Wiesenthal's 63-year-old mother was among them. She died in the Belsec concentration camp. His wife's mother was shot on the stairway of her home. Wiesenthal himself was for four years hounded across Europe from Poland to Austria through more than a dozen camps. His almost unbelievable escapes from death—on no fewer than four occasions he miraculously remained alive when those around him perished—caused a friend to say: "Simon's story reminds you of the secret agents in fiction who get out of impossible predicaments with the help of their resourceful authors. He has seen so many people killed that he inevitably asks himself why he was spared. He feels he owes an enormous debt that he can pay off only in symbolic installments." Accused of "opening old wounds," Wiesenthal answers that history must decide whether his work is for the good. "But I believe it is necessary," he explains. "Children must not grow up to become infected with theories of inferior races, with theories that there are races to be exterminated like vermin. They must become immunized by learning the truth. The young people of Germany and Austria deserve a chance to live without guilt." Wiesenthal pursues his task despite frequent threats to his safety. He has several times been assaulted. "In Germany," he observes, "my efforts are appreciated. In Austria they are unhappily tolerated, and that's why I'm going to stay here."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three women were each claiming to be my wife.

Across Europe a wild tide of frantic survivors was flowing. People were hitchhiking, getting short jeep rides or hanging on to dilapidated railway coaches without windows or doors. Many of them didn't really know where to go. To the place where one had been with his family before the war? To the concentration camp where the family had last been heard of?

The first thing we did at the committee in Linz was to make up lists of known survivors. People who came to ask about someone were themselves asked where they were from. Slowly the lists grew. Early in the morning, the first people would arrive to look up names. Some waited all night to get in. Once two men started to argue, their eyes glued to the list in the hands of a third man. Each wanted it next. Suddenly they gasped, and the next moment they were embracing. They were brothers and had been trying to find each other for weeks.

I hardly ever looked at the lists. I knew that all my family were dead. My mother had been taken away before my eyes. I had no hope that my wife was alive. She had assumed a Polish identity, and I had learned from a Polish prisoner who had lived next door to her that she was killed in the street fighting in Warsaw. In a moment of illogical hope I had written to the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva. They promptly answered that my wife was dead.

One night, when I had nothing else to do, I looked at a list of survivors from the Polish city of Cracow and found the name of an old friend from my hometown, Buczacz, a Dr. Biener. I wrote him a letter asking him to go to Warsaw and look at what was left of the house where my wife had lived.

I didn't know then that a miracle had happened. My wife told me all about it later; how, when the German flamethrower squads had closed in, she and a few other people had managed to get away. After the battle, the few survivors were assigned to forced labor in Germany. My wife was sent to a machine-gun factory near Gelsenkirchen. She was liberated when the British marched into Gelsenkirchen on April 11, 1945. (That day I was lying on my bunk in the death block of Mauthausen.) My wife reported to the authorities that she was Cyla Wiesenthal, a Jewish woman from Poland. Six women in her group turned out to be Jewish, but they had not known of one another. One told my wife that she was going home.

"Home?" asked my wife. "Where is home?"

"To Poland, of course. Why don't you come with me?"

"What for? My husband was killed by the Gestapo. Poland is a large cemetery to me."

"Have you proof that he's dead?"

"No," said my wife, "but . . ."

"Don't believe it. Now, suppose he were alive: Where is he likely to be?"

Cyla thought it over. "In Lvov, I would think. We spent the years before the war there."

"Lvov is now in the Soviet Union," said her friend. "Let's go there."

The two women left Gelsenkirchen in June, 1945. While waiting between trains at the Cracow railroad station, my wife heard her name called out. She turned and recognized a man named Landek who had been a dentist in Lvov. For a while they exchanged hectic questions and unfinished sentences, as always happened when survivors met. Landek had heard that Simon Wiesenthal was dead. He told my wife to talk to Dr. Biener. He might know more.

"Dr. Biener, from Buczacz?" asked my wife.

"He lives five minutes away, here in Cracow." Landek gave her the address and hurried away.

When they came to Dr. Biener's house, my wife rang the bell. The door was opened. Dr. Biener was pale, as if he were seeing a ghost.

"But—you are dead," he said. "I just got a letter yesterday from your husband. Simon writes that you died in the ruins of a house in Warsaw."

Now my wife got pale. "Simon? But I've been told he's dead. He's been dead for over a year."

Dr. Biener shook his head. "No, no, Cyla. Simon is alive, in Austria. Here, read the letter."

My wife stayed in Cracow and tried to get in touch with me. She wrote three letters and gave them to three illegal couriers working different routes. I received one. I'll never forget the moment when I saw Cyla's handwriting on the envelope. I read the letter until I knew it by heart.

I didn't go to the Jewish Committee that afternoon. I was feeling a little guilty about being happy among so many unhappy people. I wanted to be alone. I arranged to have a horse for an hour. I forgot that I was not yet in good physical condition. I was thrown by the horse and landed in a potato field with a broken ankle.

That settled the matter of my projected journey to Poland. I asked a friend, Dr. Felix Weisberg, to go to Cracow and bring my wife to Linz. After a difficult journey across Czechoslovakia, Dr. Weisberg arrived in Cracow, where he realized that he had lost my wife's address. He went to the local Jewish Committee and put a notice on the bulletin board: Mrs. Cyla Wiesenthal, the wife of Simon Wiesenthal, was asked to get in touch with Dr. Felix Weisberg, who would take her to her husband in Linz.

My wife saw the notice the next morning and went to see Dr. Weisberg. Two other women were already there, each claiming to be Cyla Wiesenthal. Poor Felix Weisberg faced the unpleasant possibility of bringing back the wrong Mrs. Wiesenthal. Weisberg asked each woman to describe me. Two seemed rather vague, but one knew a lot of details.

One evening late in 1945 I was in bed when Felix Weisberg came in, confused and embarrassed. It took him quite a while to explain his dilemma, choosing among three women, each claiming to be Mrs. Cyla Wiesenthal.

"I brought one of them with me. She's waiting downstairs. Now, don't get excited, Simon. If she isn't your wife, I'm going to marry her myself."

"You?"

"Yes, my word of honor. You're under no obligation whatsoever. To tell the truth, I thought it safest to bring the one I liked best. That way, I knew even if she was not your wife, I would—"

But then she came into the room, and Felix, God bless him, knew that he could not marry her.

Cyla and I, together again after so long a time apart, found ourselves an apartment larger than the place where I'd been living. The following year our daughter Paulinka was born in Linz. I kept working for various American agencies, the War Crimes Commission, later the OSS and the CIC. As long as those Americans who had won the war in Europe were around, de-Nazification was carried out with justice and efficiency. But eventually these men went home, and were replaced by others who had been stationed in the United States or the Far East. An American captain who had an important job in the reeducation of Germany told me, "There'll always be people with different viewpoints. At home we have Republicans and Democrats. Here you have Nazis and anti-Nazis. That's what makes the world go round. Try not to worry too much about it."

It was difficult not to worry. My work kept me occupied all day until late at night. When I tried to sleep, things I'd read and heard during the day would fuse with memories of the past. One night, in September, 1947, after one of these bad dreams, I heard the sound of fists on the door.

I switched on the light and the nightmare was gone. I was a free man, here in Linz, with my wife and daughter. I got up and walked to the door. Through the peephole I saw Misha Lewin, the head of the association of former Jewish partisan fighters in the Soviet Union. Two men were with

Wiesenthal, a leader in postwar Jewish organizations of concentration-camp survivors, addresses a refugee meeting in 1947.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strengthens a stew

Sauces a casserole

Lights up a lunch

Only Campbell's Tomato Soup does so much—so deliciously!

Stew need a tastier flavor, a richer, thicker gravy? Reach for Campbell's Tomato Soup. Casserole call for the tang of tomato in a smooth, pre-seasoned sauce? Reach for the Campbell's. Straight from the can, Campbell's Tomato Soup makes a double-rich, superbly flavored tomato sauce that turns an everyday dish into something wonderful. Served as soup, it's so warmly delicious it lights up any meal. Any wonder it's America's favorite soup?

You always eat better with Campbell's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. "Open up, Simon!" he called. "We've got news for you!"

They came in, and Misha introduced Mair Blitz and Moses Kussowitzki. They'd been with him during the war. "These boys have hooked the big fish," Misha said. "Eichmann!" He looked at me triumphantly. "Go on, tell him."

Blitz and Kussowitzki were living in Camp Admont, the largest displaced-persons center in the British occupation zone of Austria. They had decided to barter a few cans of the food they'd been given by the British for a couple of chickens. A farmer said, "Try the fellow up on the hill there. He's got a large place, at least two thousand chickens. Don't know, though, whether he won't have you thrown out. He hates all Jews. They say he was a big Nazi."

The boys looked at each other. "That must be *him*," Blitz said. Kussowitzki nodded. They took a train to Linz and reported their findings to Misha Lewin, who decided that I was the man to see.

"What makes you think he's Eichmann?" I said.

"The man has two thousand chickens, he hates the Jews, he was a big Nazi. Why shouldn't it be Eichmann?" Blitz didn't convince me, but I decided to go with them. I was quite sure the man wasn't Eichmann, but he might be another big Nazi.

The next morning we drove to the village of Gaishorn, about 12 miles from Camp Admont. We stopped at the gendarmerie post in Gaishorn. The post commander was an old man with a drooping white moustache. We asked about the big farm on the hill. He got up and looked at a map on the wall.

"Must be Gaishorn 66. Belongs to Murer. He was in Poland and Russia during the war. He's very popular around the village."

I was stunned. "Murer? *Franz* Murer?"

"That's right," said the old man. "Know him?"

I managed to shake my head. We quickly walked out. In the past two years I had collected much testimony about Franz Murer, deputy commissar for the Wilna district in Lithuania, where 80,000 Jews had lived before the war. Exactly 250 were alive when the Nazis got through. Murer was the man mainly responsible, known among the refugees as "the butcher of Wilna."

We drove to Camp Admont. They announced by loudspeaker that persons who had knowledge about Franz Murer from Wilna should report to me at once. Seven people came. One witness remembered the day when Murer had ordered the inhabitants of a street in the ghetto of Wilna loaded on trucks, driven to the nearby Ponary Woods and shot by Lithuanian auxiliary police.

The testimony included one incident that I shall never forget. Two groups of men had been waiting at the ghetto exit. One was to be marched off to work; the other group was to be executed in the Ponary Woods. Among them was Daniel Brodi, a 17-year-old boy. His father stood in the work group, helpless. When Daniel thought he wasn't observed, he slipped out of the death group and ran over to his father in the other group. Murer saw him. He took the boy roughly by the neck and struck him hard. Daniel fell to the ground. Then Murer took out his revolver and shot Daniel in front of his father.

I took four affidavits, had the signatures certified, and went back to the gendarmerie post. I gave the old commander the statements without a word. He seemed aghast as he read, lifted his eyes in a helpless gesture to the wooden madonna on the wall. He told two of his gendarmes to go up the hill and arrest Murer, and then he telephoned the British authorities. We went with them to the farm and waited some distance away. The gendarmes went into the house just in time. Murer had packed suitcases near the door. His overcoat and hat were lying on a chair.

He was 35 at the time of his arrest. Nine years earlier he had joined the Nazi Party, had been selected for the SS and sent to Wilna. There he became master over life and death, mostly death. But no one in Gaishorn would believe *that*. Franz Murer was a nice man and a helpful neighbor. Everybody liked him. No one would bother such an upright citizen with unpleasant questions after his return from the war.

The Austrian gendarmes turned Murer over to the British. I went back to Camp Admont and spent the night writing a survey of the case, including affidavits. The people in camp couldn't understand how Murer had avoided arrest under the nose of the British. I myself was less surprised. I'd asked the British several times for assistance in tracking down criminals in their zone and had never got any help. At that time, the troubled months before Israel became a nation independent of the British Mandate, the British were more concerned about illegal immigration to Palestine than about Nazi criminals.

The next morning, I drove to the British post in Admont. A friendly-looking British sergeant asked me what I wanted. I handed him the memorandum on the Murer case. His behavior changed at once. He put my paper aside and asked me why I had not come directly to the British authorities. After more questions about my work, he got to his real question: "What do you know about the illegal transports to Palestine by way of Italy?"

"Sergeant, I came here to discuss the case of Murer."

"In this place," he said, "I ask the questions, and you tell me the answers."

"Am I under arrest, sergeant?"

"No, but you're going to stay here until the major arrives from Graz."

So here I was in custody, having just helped the British to capture an important war criminal whom they should have caught long ago. At noon there was the sudden sound of many voices outside, first disconnected, then forming a chorus: "We want Wiesenthal." I stepped to the window. The street was filled with several hundred angry people. The British barricaded the entrance and placed two machine guns on the balcony. The crowd became furious.

A young lieutenant came into the room and called up the major in Graz. I was asked to come to the phone. "What's the matter, Herr Wiesenthal?" the major asked. "Why are you discourteous to my men?"

"Sir, I came here to talk about Murer. If you think I did anything wrong, why don't you have me arrested?"

There was a pause, and then the major asked to speak to the lieutenant. In a few moments I was told that I was free to leave.

A terrific shout went up as I stepped outside. People lifted me onto their shoulders. Back at Camp Admont there was schnapps to celebrate the arrest of Murer. I was almost happy that night.

In December, 1948, the British extradited Murer to the Russians. His crimes had been committed in an area that was now part of the Lithuanian S.S.R. The trial against Murer took place in Wilna in the spring of 1949. The depositions of all witnesses in Austria were sent to the Soviet authorities, who had also collected their own witnesses. Murer was found guilty of "killing Soviet citizens" and sentenced to 25 years of hard labor.

I thought this was the end of the case. Five years later, in 1954, I closed up the Documentation Center in Linz. The consequences of the cold war had brought an end to my work. Sentences for convicted Nazis were being commuted and pending prosecutions were being suspended. There seemed no point in going on. I shipped the entire material, half a ton of documents, to the Yad Vashem (Memorial Authority) Archives in Jerusalem.

After the Austrian State Treaty of 1955, the Soviets agreed to return all convicted war criminals. Austria pledged to bring these criminals to trial in its own courts. When I saw the list of repatriated prisoners, the name of Murer was not on it. Either he had not been released by the Russians because his crimes were considered too serious, or he was dead.

After Adolf Eichmann's capture in May, 1960, I needed some data on Murer to complete my files. I called the gendarmerie post in Gaishorn and asked for some details on Murer's arrest in 1947. The official in charge suggested that I call him back in a while—he would ask Murer about it.

"What? Isn't Murer dead?"

"Not at all. He came back four years ago, and he's lived on his farm here ever since."

I thanked him and put down the phone. I had to take a deep breath. Murer was free. I began to investigate what had happened to the other war criminals who had been repatriated after the State Treaty. Of 200 persons on the list, only three of them—all top SS men—had been put on trial by the Austrians. Of the three, Hermann Gabriel and Leopold Mitas were sentenced to life, Johann Poll to 20 years in prison. Mitas had been set free after two years, Poll after 18 months. Only Gabriel—one out of 200—was still in jail. All other trials had been quashed by presidential decree. And Murer? He was back home, a respected member of the Catholic People's Party. He had been elected chairman of the district's agricultural bureau. He had once decorated several farmers in the presence of a member of the government.

I wrote to the Austrian minister of justice and asked what he intended to do about Murer. An extended bureaucratic tangle ensued. Austrian courts refused to consider the evidence collected back in 1947. It was claimed that this evidence had led to Murer's conviction in Russia. I would have to find new witnesses—18 years after Murer had been in Wilna.

I contacted the associations of former residents of Wilna that had been formed in Israel, Canada, the United States, South Africa and New Zealand. The astonishing response was almost 20 new depositions with specific statements.

Szymon Bastocki, a former resident of Wilna then living in New York City, testified about a day in March, 1943, when Murer assembled women and children in the square of the local labor camp and told the police to tear the children away from their mothers and load them on waiting trucks.

"Babies were thrown through the air like parcels. Heartrending scenes took place, but Murer remained inflexible. One woman clasped her child to her chest and fought the SS men. They threw the mother and child on the truck. She was a pharmacist who had studied in Berlin. She cried, '*Ist das die deutsche Kultur* [Is this German civilization]?' Murer ordered her taken off the truck and told his adjutant, Martin Weiss, to shoot her. Her body was left hanging on the barbed-wire fence."

The new evidence was submitted to the Austrian ministry of justice. Several weeks went by. Murer was on his farm in Gaishorn, enjoying life, freedom and the strange fruits of Austria's political system. There would be elections soon, and the two big parties apparently didn't like the idea of another Nazi trial that might irritate the former Nazis in Austria. They were, after all, half a million votes.

A direct appeal to the conscience of the world seemed the only way of getting things done. On February 2, 1961, the Jewish Congregation in Vienna announced a press conference, and I gave detailed information on the case of Franz Murer. A few weeks later, the story of the Wilna ghetto was mentioned at the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem and printed in newspapers all over the world. As more editorials appeared on the Murer case and public pressure mounted, the authorities had to act. Murer was arrested and charged with murder. Murer's arrest caused disorders in Gaishorn. Friendly peasants marched to nearby Liezen and threatened to storm the seat of the provincial government. Fiery speeches were made in defense of Murer. A protest delegation was sent to the ministry of justice.

The trial against Murer opened in Graz on June 10, 1963. The indictment charged him with having committed "murder by his own hands" in 15 specific cases; later the public prosecutor added two more cases. Over a dozen witnesses had arrived from Germany, Israel and the United States. One of the most important witnesses for the prosecution was Jacob Brodi, who had seen Murer shoot his son Daniel at the exit of the Wilna ghetto. Brodi was then 68, and he lived by himself on a small isolated farm in New Jersey. He was a lonely man, led a simple life, and had refused to accept German restitution money to which he was entitled. Twenty years had gone by since the day when he had seen his son killed by Murer, but the passage of time had not helped Brodi to forget.

When I first wrote to ask him to come to Graz to testify, he had flatly refused. He explained he couldn't bear the thought of facing the murderer. I wrote him several letters. I said we owed it to our dead to tell the living what had happened. I explained that his silence would no longer help his boy, but his testimony might help boys of Daniel Brodi's age who knew these crimes only from history books. A courtroom with a jury, a judge, a prosecutor would make the defendant look real, not like a character from history, and certainly not like a hero. There was no answer. I didn't expect

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pontiac Motor Division

Somebody else is bound to come up with a car that looks this good.

Given a year or two.

But why wait? Especially when there's a 1967 Wide-Track with such year-after-next innovations as disappearing windshield wipers waiting for you at your Pontiac dealer's right now.

Why be patient, when powerful new 400 cubic inch V-8s are standard on all the big Pontiacs this year? When you can order new options like front-wheel disc brakes, a hood-mounted tach and an eight-track stereo tape system?

Why wait, when we've surrounded you with a host of new standard safety features like passenger-guard door locks, a four-way hazard warning flasher, a dual master cylinder brake system with warning lamp and General Motors' new energy absorbing steering column?

In fact, when you stop to consider all you get in a Pontiac now, patience is hardly a virtue.

Pontiac 67/Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak

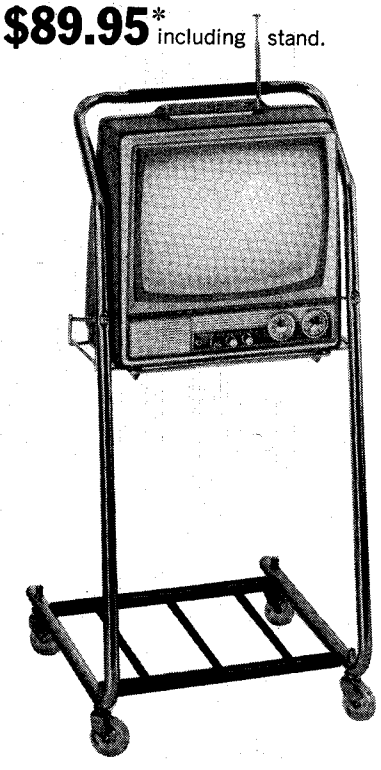
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your deal.

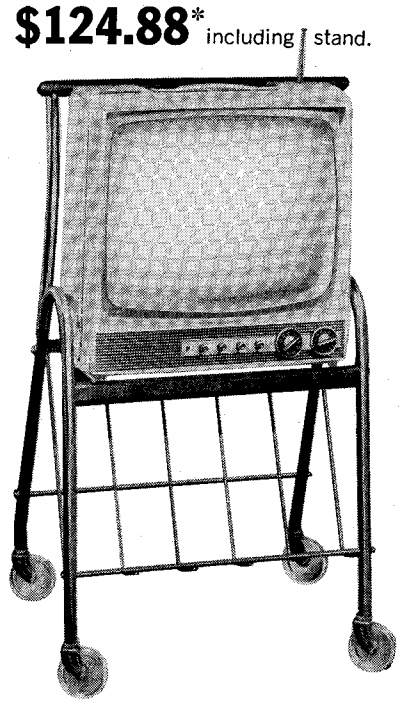
General Electric's Personal Portable in avocado. 12″ diagonal picture size. It weighs just 15 pounds and even comes with a roll-around stand. This Red Tag Special for:

$89.95* including stand.



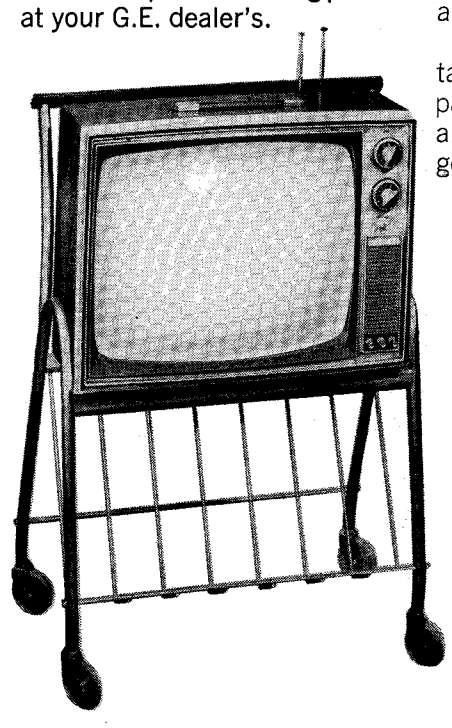
The Adventurer in ivory with 18″ diagonal picture. Features "Insta-View" (no warmup) and private earphone and jack. A roll-around stand comes with this Red Tag Special:

$124.88* including stand.



The Designer by General Electric. 20″ diagonal picture size in a slim cabinet. Its handsome, modern styling is echoed in a matching roll-around stand.

See its special Red Tag price at your G.E. dealer's.



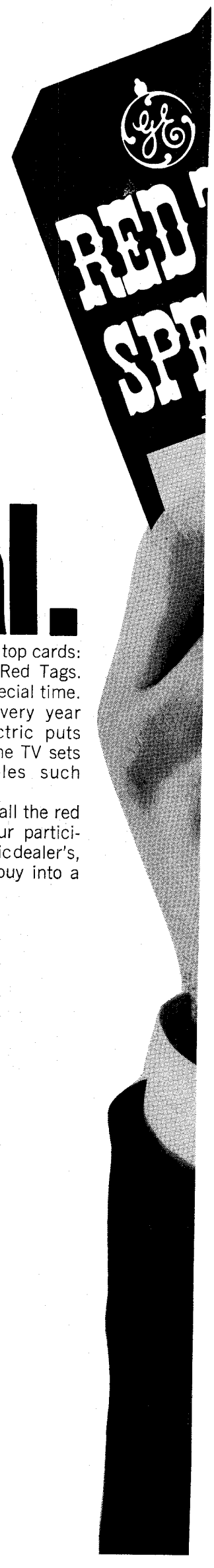
And here are all the top cards:

General Electric Red Tags. It's G.E. Red Tag Special time.

The one time every year when General Electric puts special prices on fine TV sets and stereo consoles such as these.

So drop in to see all the red tagged items at your participating General Electric dealer's, and parlay a good buy into a good bargain.

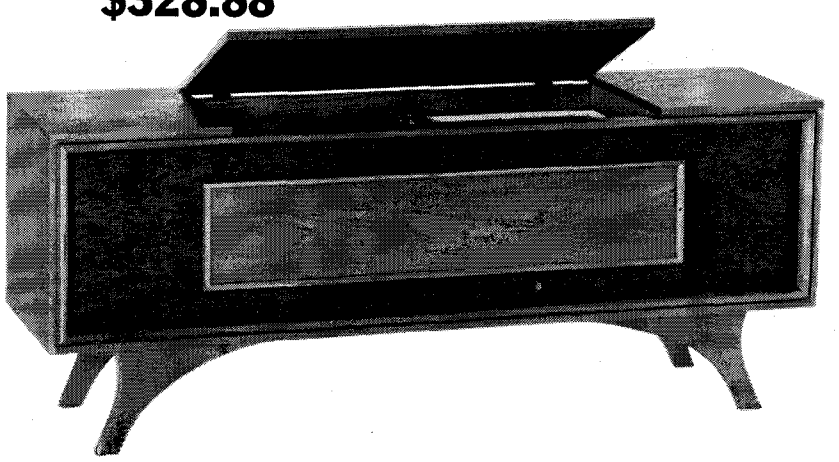
He'll play along.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Stereo Console is styled to blend with any decor. Solid state AM/FM/FM Stereo tuner (no tubes) and automatic 4-speed record changer. Red Tag Special price: **$198.88***

A Stereo Console with contemporary styling. AM/FM/FM Stereo tuner that's solid state with 6-speaker system and a deluxe 4-speed automatic record changer. Red Tag price: **$328.88***



GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Price optional with dealer; subject to Fair Trade where applicable.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to hear from Brodi again. The day before the trial he sent me a cable. He would take a plane and would be there.

Four days later I met Jacob Brodi in his room at the Hotel Sonne in Graz, where all witnesses had been put up. He was a tired man with white hair and deep circles around his eyes. With his sunburned, wrinkled face, he looked more like an American farmer from the Middle West than like a refugee from the Wilna ghetto. I told him I was glad he had come. He would be a key witness. His testimony couldn't fail to sway the jury. The trial was not going well. After four days, Murer still cynically denied everything. One witness after another had stepped forward and identified him, but Murer said they were taking him for somebody else. He had never so much as touched a Jew. He had never seen a dead Jew. He was a victim of a monstrous error.

Now Brodi said to me, "I hear that Murer's two sons sit in the front row of the courtroom with his wife and sneer at the witnesses. They'll stop sneering when I am called to the stand." He looked at me piercingly and said, "I didn't come here to testify. I came to *act*." He opened his waistcoat and pulled out a long knife. Brodi spoke without emotion, a man who had made up his mind. "Murer killed my child before my eyes. Now I'm going to kill him before the eyes of his wife and children."

I said, "If you try to kill Murer, the Nazis will say, 'Look at these Jews who always talk so much about justice. They accuse Murer of murder, and they are murderers themselves. So Murer killed Jews, and a Jew killed him. What's different about that?' That's the way they will argue."

Brodi gave a shrug, unconvinced.

"Think of Eichmann," I said. "He could have been executed without a trace in Argentina. But the Israelis knew Eichmann *had to be tried*. Millions of people saw the seedy, bald man in the glass box who had engineered the 'final solution'—the killing of six million people. They heard the evidence, and at long last they knew not only that it was true but that it was much worse than anyone could imagine."

Brodi shook his head. "I am not here for the State of Israel. I am not here for the Jewish people. I came here as the father of my murdered child."

I said, "If you try to harm Murer, all our work will have become useless. We cannot achieve our purpose by using *their* methods."

He shook his head. "Words, Mr. Wiesenthal, nothing but words. It's so easy for you. Your child was not murdered. My boy was murdered. I told you I did not want to come. You said it was necessary. Well, I am here now. And you know why I came."

I turned away. I couldn't bear the expression in his eyes. I talked for a long time, about myself: Why I had decided to do what I had done for the past 20 years—because someone had to do it, for our children and for *their* children—but not out of hatred.

I said, "I still cry sometimes, Mr. Brodi, when I hear what happened to children in the concentration camps. I did cry when I heard about your boy. Because he could have been my boy. Your child was also my child. Do you really believe that I could go on with my work if I did not feel that way?"

I grasped his shoulders. Suddenly Jacob Brodi put his head on my shoulder. I felt a convulsion go through his body. He cried. We stood there for a while, without saying a word. When I left his room, a few minutes later, I carried his knife with me.

Jacob Brodi was called to the stand the following day. He never glanced at Murer. He told his experience in a toneless voice, as though it had happened to someone else. It was very quiet in the courtroom. Even Murer's sons sensed what this lonely man went through during his testimony. They didn't sneer at him. The defense didn't want to question Brodi. He was dismissed. After Brodi left the courtroom, Murer got up and once more said that the witness must have been mistaken. Murer had not shot the boy. Maybe it was someone else.

The trial lasted a week. Some jurors, dressed in traditional green loden clothes, watched Murer with unconcealed sympathy. Some tried to follow the proceedings fairly, but they seemed to be in the minority. The leading paper in Graz supported the arguments of Murer's defense attorneys. He was said to have received many sympathetic letters from political friends.

The audience was pleased when the defense succeeded in confusing one prosecution witness. He became carried away by emotion as he told the court what had happened, and erred on a detail. Among the witnesses for the defense was Martin Weiss, Murer's former assistant in the ghetto. When Weiss pointed out that "some Lithuanian officers wore uniforms similar to Murer's," there was a satisfied murmur among the audience. The testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution was received with icy silence. Mrs. Tova Rajzman of Tel Aviv swore that Murer had shot her sister because she had taken a piece of bread from a Polish woman. In his rage, she said, he had later killed three other women and a man who happened to be standing nearby. As Mrs. Rajzman recalled the scene, she was overcome by the memory and began to scream.

"Don't scream in the courtroom!" said Dr. Peyer, the presiding judge.

"Forgive me, Your Honor," said Mrs. Rajzman. "But it was terrible. My sister's blood spilled over my feet."

After four hours, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. People in the courtroom cheered and applauded. Some had brought in flowers while the jury was still deliberating. Now they rushed up to Murer with flowers. An American diplomat who visited friends in Graz the following day and wanted to send flowers to his hostess was told in three flower shops that there was nothing left. Everything had been bought up for the trial. Murer left the courtroom a triumphant hero.

The prosecutor appealed the verdict, as is possible under Austrian law. Murer will be tried once more. Justice may yet prevail.

I met Jacob Brodi in the lobby of a Vienna hotel a few days after Murer's acquittal. He looked through me as if I hadn't been there. I understood. I may have saved Murer's life. It is not a very pleasant thought, but there was nothing else I could have done.

About four weeks after my liberation, while I was working for the War Crimes Commission in Linz, a Jewish soldier asked me whether I had heard of an SS man named Adolf Eichmann. I said I'd heard the name from Hungarian Jews at the Mauthausen concentration camp. It meant nothing to me. I was more interested in people whose crimes I had witnessed. "Better look up the name," he said.

At the War Crimes office, I went through the lists and found the name "Eichmann." He was said to have been active in Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, Hungary. No first name was given, only his rank: SS *Obersturmbannführer*. In July, 1945, I received a copy of a list of war criminals that had been made up by the Jewish Agency's political department. Dated June 8, 1945, it described Eichmann (no first name), as "married, one child, nickname: Eichie . . . high official of Gestapo H.Q., Department for Jewish Affairs, member of the Nazi Party." The next bit of information came from Capt. O'Meara, then my boss at the Office of Strategic Services, for which I was working after the War Crimes people had left Linz. The Captain was very interested in Eichmann, whom he called "head of the Jewish branch of the Gestapo," and he asked me to work on the case. I wrote the name "Eichmann" in a little black book in which I kept my own private "wanted" list.

The OSS office was at Landstrasse 36, in Linz. I lived just two houses away, at Landstrasse 40. One night in July as I sat in my room, looking over my lists, my landlady came in, and pretending to make my bed, glanced over my shoulder.

"Eichmann!" she said. "That must be the SS General Eichmann who commanded (*kommandierte*) the Jews. Do you know that his parents live in our street, at No. 32, just four houses away?" I thought it was absurd that Frau Sturm should know more than the investigators of the political department of the Jewish Agency. But Frau Sturm was right, just as she was right when she said that Eichmann had "commanded" the Jews. The following day—I believe it was July 24—two members of the OSS searched the house at No. 32. The search yielded nothing. Eichmann's father admitted that his son Adolf had been with the SS, but he knew nothing else. Adolf had rarely been home on leave and he never discussed his activities with the family. He had not returned from the war. His last message had been received from Prague, "several months ago." Was there a picture? Herr Eichmann shook his head. He told the OSS men that his son had never liked to be photographed. They didn't believe it, but ultimately it turned out to be true.

On August 1, a friend came to me. He was very excited. He'd just heard rumors that Eichmann was hiding in the village of Altaussee. We called up the CIC in nearby Bad Aussee and asked them to search the house. An American went there and found Frau Veronika Liebl, who admitted that she was the former wife of Adolf Eichmann. She'd divorced him in Prague in March, 1945, she said, and had reassumed her maiden name. She had not seen him since, and had no picture of him. She'd come to Altaussee on April 25, lived first at the Seehotel, later at the Parkhotel, and now rented these accommodations. Her three sons—Klaus, Dieter, Horst—were with her.

I went to Altaussee and spoke to Frau Maria Pucher, who owned the Parkhotel. She admitted that Adolf Eichmann had stayed there "around May first." One night he had broken into the clothes closet of Frau Pucher's deceased husband and had taken a civilian suit. He hadn't even bothered to give her any money, Frau Pucher grumbled. Two or three other people also claimed to have seen Eichmann in the first days of May. The CIC went back to Frau Eichmann-Liebl to confront her with this testimony. She stuck to her earlier story. She had not seen Eichmann since their divorce in Prague. Early in 1946, the name of Adolf Eichmann appeared on the Austrian "Wanted" list, No. 1654/46.

During the trials at Nuremberg, I studied thousands of documents, reading there day and night. Eichmann emerged as a top executive of the annihilation machinery. In the interrogations, one Rudolf Scheide, a German who had been in charge of the American internment camp at Cham—which held about 3,000 SS men—testified that Eichmann had been present at the American camp in June, 1945, listed as "Eckmann." At the camp, Eichmann served on a construction group assigned to work in the nearby town. Every morning the company marched into town under American escort, and every night it returned to camp. On June 30, Scheide found out what Eichmann had done during the war and informed a CIC man assigned to the camp. When Eichmann's group returned that night, he was not among them. Such an escape was not unusual in the early postwar months. We now had proof that Eichmann had been alive on June 30, 1945—a fact that was later of great importance.

A member of Eichmann's staff, SS *Führer* Dieter Wisliceny, sentenced to death and trying to save his neck by turning informer, provided the addresses of several women Eichmann had been involved with. I thought that one of Eichmann's former women friends might have something we needed very much—a picture of him. I learned of someone who just might manage to get one for us: Manus Diamant, a survivor of the concentration camps, who had lost his whole family. He wanted to help us, and he happened to be a handsome young man. It was decided to make Manus "Herr van Diamant," a Dutch collaborator and former member of the Dutch SS Division "*Nederland*," who didn't dare return to his homeland. We hoped that he might become a romantic success with the lonely grass widows of jailed or hiding SS men. He said he would try to get acquainted with Eichmann's wife, and also with some other women who had known Eichmann.

"Van Diamant" did not become acquainted with Frau Eichmann, who wouldn't talk to anyone, but he did become friendly with the three Eichmann boys, and often took them out in a rowboat on the lake of Altaussee. One afternoon Manus said that he was going to take the Eichmann boys on a boat ride the next day. His voice was unnaturally tense. I thought I'd better talk to him. I said I knew that he'd lost his family, and that there had been children among them.

"Two boys and a girl," he said, not looking at me.

"I understand, Manus. But remember, we Jews are not Nazis. We don't wage war on innocent children. And i

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You may have just won
a $100 Night-on-the-town

It's the $1,000,000 Night People Sweepstakes

10,000 winners!

Match this stencil to a Parliament package
(or a facsimile sheet per rule #1).
If the stencil matches exactly, start making plans.
You've just won $100!
Spend it all in one night...or any way you wish.
10,000 winners! $100 each!
A million dollars in all.
And you may already be a winner!

Night People smoke Parliament. They like the style of this cigare

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you think you could really hurt Eichmann by . . . having an accident out there, you are wrong. Some time ago, two of our people wanted to kidnap Eichmann's sons and announce that the boys would be killed unless the father would give himself up. I had many arguments against their plan, but only one convinced them: A man who unemotionally ordered the death of one million children would show no emotion for his own children. Even if he were deeply hurt by their plan, he would not save the boys by giving himself up. He is not that kind of man."

Diamant didn't answer. I hoped I'd been able to convince him, but my associates and I agreed to relieve Diamant from his assignment in Altaussee. Instead, he was asked to investigate several of Eichmann's former girl friends and to try to bring back a photograph of their elusive lover. In 1947, we found a girl in Urfahr, a northern suburb of Linz across the Danube. Manus became acquainted with her, was invited to her place, found a "family album" and discovered a photograph of Adolf Eichmann that had been made in 1934. He jubilantly brought me the photograph, was relieved of his assignment, and went back to a more normal life. We made copies of this outdated picture, and it was put on the Eichmann "Wanted" notice.

One day late in 1947, I had a telephone call from Bad Ischl. An American friend who used the name Stevens asked me to come there at once. In Bad Ischl, Stevens told me that Frau Veronika Liebl had applied to the local district court for a *Todeserklärung* (declaration of death) of her divorced husband, Eichmann, "in the interest of the children." At that time courts in Austria and Germany were deluged with such requests. Until a woman was able to prove that her husband was dead or declared dead, she could not get a pension and could not remarry. The courts issued such declarations perfunctorily, without close investigation.

When Stevens told me the news, I was shocked. We looked at each other in silence, aware that once Adolf Eichmann was officially declared dead, his name would automatically disappear from all "Wanted" lists. The worldwide search for him would come to an end. I was convinced that Eichmann himself had engineered this move.

Stevens learned from the judge handling Frau Eichmann's application that a certain Karl Lukas living in Prague had sent in an affidavit stating that he had been present when Eichmann was shot dead in Prague on April 30, 1945.

In my thick Eichmann file I had an SS man's sworn affidavit that he'd seen Eichmann in Aussee on May 2, 1945. Other witnesses had seen him the day before near Bad Ischl. Stevens told the judge that Eichmann was a wanted Nazi criminal and that he had been seen in Austria, very much alive, after April 30. The judge was flabbergasted and extended the usual two-week waiting period for such cases to four weeks.

I sent one of my men to Prague. Nine days later I had the information that Karl Lukas was married to Maria Lukas, whose maiden name was Liebl and who happened to be the sister of Eichmann's wife. I gave the information to Stevens, who went to see the judge once more. The judge summoned Frau Eichmann and assured her he would notify the district attorney if she tried any such deceptions again. She left in dismay. We had destroyed the legend of Eichmann's alleged death.

Before long I was able to reconstruct exactly Eichmann's journey at the end of the war. He had arrived at the Theresienstadt concentration camp on April 20 and stayed until the 27th. The following day he was in Prague, on the 29th in Budweis, on May 1 at the Ebensee camp near Bad Ischl, and on the 2nd in Altaussee, where he stayed until May 9. Afterward he voluntarily hid in American internment camps until the end of June, when he escaped from the camp at Cham. Then for a while he hid somewhere in North Germany. From there Eichmann went to stay with an uncle in Solingen. On one occasion the British came to interrogate Eichmann's uncle while Eichmann was hiding in the house. Eichmann decided he would go back to the Aussee region, where he felt safer than he did anywhere else.

On December 20, 1949, a high-ranking Austrian police official came to see me in Linz. He believed that Eichmann was hiding near the village of Grundlsee, two miles or so from Altaussee. The police had found out that Eichmann was going to spend New Year's Eve with his family in Altaussee. They planned to raid the house while he was there and asked me to come along. New Year's Eve is my birthday, and I couldn't think of a nicer birthday gift than Eichmann's arrest.

At that time a young Israeli on an educational trip in Europe was a frequent visitor at our Documentation Center. He was fascinated by the Eichmann case. I told him—rather foolishly, I now realize—that we might soon have Eichmann in prison. When he heard that I was going to Altaussee where Frau Eichmann lived, he asked me to take him along. "You can always use two strong arms there," he said. We left on December 28. We stayed at the Erzherzog Johann Hotel in Bad Aussee, two miles from Altaussee. The Austrian police had six detectives posted in various inns. I warned the young Israeli not to talk to people.

On the morning of December 31, I met the police officer in charge. His men were already guarding the road from Grundlsee to Altaussee, and the house where Frau Eichmann lived. Back at my hotel I told the young Israeli not to leave his room before midnight. At nine o'clock I joined the police officer and another man. There were New Year's celebrations in all the inns and hotels and in many homes—voices, music and loud laughter. We alone were waiting to have our celebration.

At 10 o'clock we inspected the detectives at all posts and looked into the inns along the road. It was very cold, and we went back to my hotel for a cup of hot tea. I opened the door of the hotel tavern, and stood transfixed. The young Israeli sat at a large table, drinking with a group of local people, and talking about the heroic achievements of the Israeli Army.

The police officer was irritated. "I don't like it. If word gets around that a young Israeli is in town, it may ——"

"It's past ten," I said. "Nothing can go wrong now."

"I certainly hope so," he said sharply.

At half-past we left again. When we came to the next inn, the detective reported that people were talking about the group of Israelis that had arrived. The police officer glared at me but said nothing. I cursed myself.

Eleven o'clock. If Eichmann wanted to be with his family at midnight, he would soon have to leave Grundlsee. A little after 11:30, a detective came running from Grundlsee.

"At half-past eleven," he said, "two men approached on the road from Grundlsee. It is quite dark there, but I could see them against the snow. They were about a hundred and fifty meters from me—I was hiding behind the trees along the road. Suddenly another man came running from Grundlsee and shouted something. They stopped and he joined them, and a few seconds later all three ran back."

The officer saw how miserable I was. "Don't take it so hard. We now know which group of houses they came from. We have no warrants to search the houses, but we've got him covered. I'll leave two men here and return to Linz and ask for further instructions." He shrugged and said, "Maybe it was a mistake to bring the young Israeli here. Or maybe Eichmann was warned for another reason. I don't know."

At ten minutes past midnight we came back to Bad Aussee. The streets were full of noisy people. Happy drunks shouted "Happy New Year." There were the sounds of music, of glasses being broken. I didn't want to see anyone. My birthday gift had been just 150 meters away. We'd lost him, and now I felt sure we would never get him.

In January, 1951, I met a former member of German Army Intelligence who told me that Eichmann had been seen in Rome late in the summer of 1950, a few months after he'd left the Aussee region. "There are different accounts of Eichmann's escape," he said. "All agree that he reached Rome with the help of a Croatian committee that was run by former friends of Ante Pavelich, the leader of the collaborationist Croatian government. We believe he was hidden in a monastery. There he received a Vatican identity card, which he had to have if he wanted a visa to a South American country."

I said, "Are you sure it's South America? Didn't he go to the Near East?" My informant shook his head. "Most Nazis who found temporary asylum in Rome were later sent to South America. We believe that Eichmann joined a group of several people, probably under an assumed name. These group transports go to Brazil and Argentina."

I didn't have the resources to look in Brazil or Argentina for a man whose present name I didn't know and whom I couldn't even describe exactly because the latest photograph of him had been taken years before. My only hope remained Eichmann's family. Some day he would try to establish contact with his wife in Altaussee, where the children were going to school. Some day he might try to get them all over to South America. I could only wait.

On August 1, 1944, a 15-year-old girl named Anne Frank, who had been hiding two years in an attic in Amsterdam, confided to her diary,

". . . If I'm watched to that extent, I start by getting snappy, then unhappy, and finally I twist my heart round again, so that the bad is on the outside and the good is on the inside, and keep on trying to find a way of becoming what I would so like to be, and what I could be if . . . there weren't any other people living in the world."

Those were the last words Anne Frank wrote in her diary. Three days later the attic door was broken down and five men in German uniforms entered, led by an SS *Unterscharführer*. The people in the attic—Anne Frank, her father, mother, sister and four friends—were arrested and sent to concentration camps. Only one of the eight survived. Otto Frank, Anne's father, who now lives in Switzerland, later told the world what had happened.

"The SS man picked up a portfolio and asked me whether there were any jewels in it. I told him there were only papers. He threw the papers, and Anne's diary, on the floor, and put our silverware and a Hanukkah candlestick into his briefcase. If he had taken the diary with him, no one would ever have heard of my daughter."

Anne Frank died in the concentration camp of Bergen-Belsen in March, 1945. A year later her father returned to the attic of the Amsterdam house. The diary was still lying on the floor where the SS man had thrown it. *The Diary of Anne Frank* roused the conscience of the world. It was translated into 32 languages, became a stage play and later a motion picture.

At half-past nine one night in October, 1958, a friend called me in great excitement at my apartment in Linz. A performance of *The Diary of Anne Frank* had just been interrupted by anti-Semitic demonstrations. Groups of young people in the balcony had showered leaflets upon the people below. The leaflets said:

"This play is a big swindle. Anne Frank never existed. The Jews have invented the whole story because they want to extract more restitution money. Don't believe a word of it! It's a fake!"

When I arrived at the Landestheatre, the play had just ended, but there was much excitement. Young people stood around discussing the incident. The consensus seemed to be that the demonstrators had been right.

A few days after the demonstrations in Linz, a professor reported an incident that had happened to a priest who taught religion in Wels, not far from Linz. The priest had been talking about Nazi atrocities at Mauthausen. One of the students stood up.

"Father, it's no use talking about those things," the boy said. "We know that the gas chambers of Mauthausen served only for the disinfection of clothes, that the bodies shown in newsreels were made of paper-mache. Everybody knows it's just clever propaganda to make the Nazis look guilty."

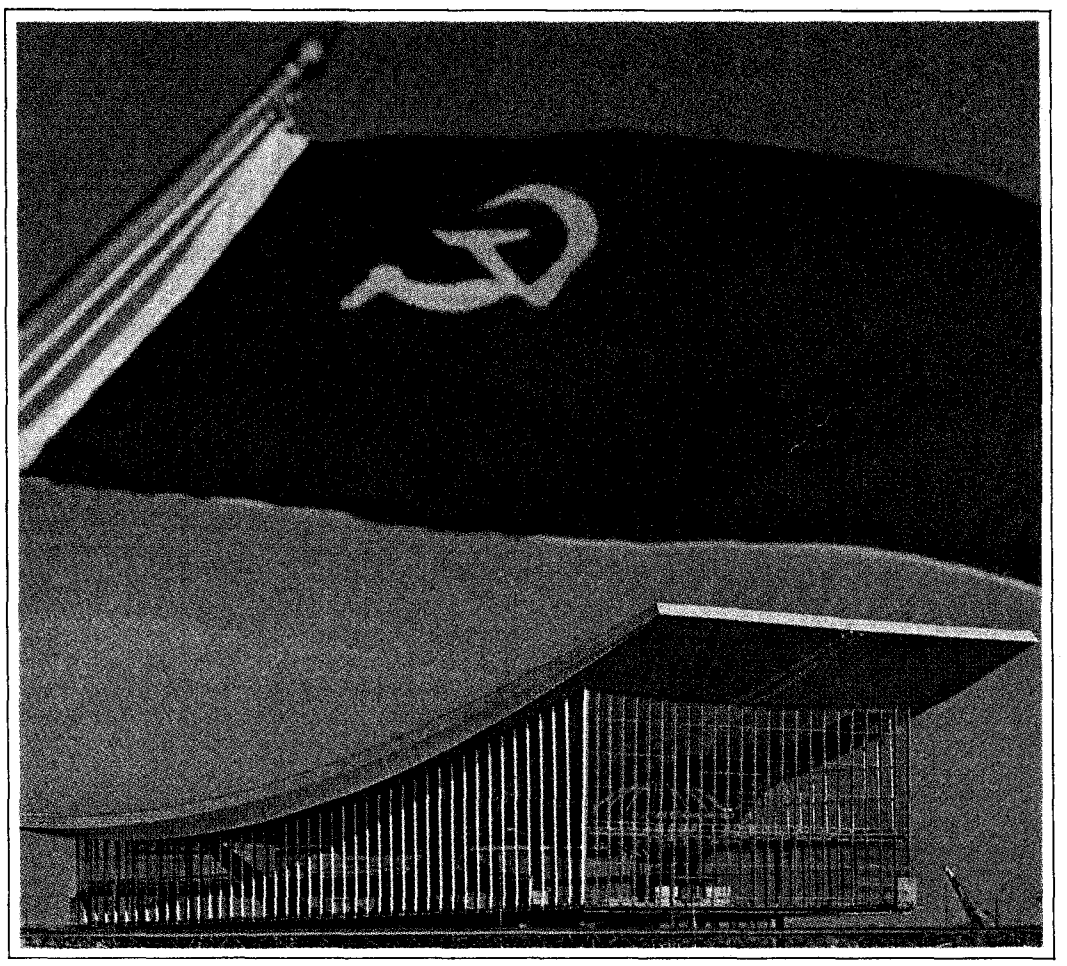
The priest had reported the incident to the school principal. A survey showed that 50 percent of the students in that class had parents who had been active in the Nazi movement. Their fathers loved to tell their sons about the heroism and glory of their past—how they had joined the Nazi Party in Austria in the early 1930's when it was illegal, and had helped to blow up trains. Their fathers had been afraid, and quiet, during the early postwar years, but in the late 1950's they were once more talking nostalgically about the past. The boys' teachers, many of them former Nazis, did nothing to challenge the glorious stories told by the students' fathers.

I was with a friend in a coffeehouse in Linz when a group of students sat down at the next table. My friend

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look what the Russians are building, just 40 miles from the U.S.A.

As an American, you should look into it.



The U.S.S.R. hopes you will. You're invited to step in, and take a look at life in the Soviet Union. Meet the people, see what they do for a living in Vladivostok or Minsk, and how they have fun.

What kind of ideas do the Russians have, about education, medicine, housing, industrial development, space exploration? You'll find out here. In the great Lunar Hall, they'll treat you to an eerie expedition to the moon. On the way, you'll discover what the feeling of weightlessness is like (just *how* is their secret).

And on the lighter side of things, you can see what the Moscow miss is wearing, at a fashion parade. Browse through nearby stores that sell the identical items you'd find in shops in Leningrad or Kiev. Drop into the 600-seat cinema and watch a Russian movie. And wind up in one of the restaurants, where you can take your pick of specialties from every part of the country. (Incidentally, they've ordered 20 tons of sturgeon, eight tons of caviar and 28,000 litres of vodka, just for starters.)

The place to come for this fascinating experience is the U.S.S.R. Pavilion at Expo 67, Montreal, Canada. It's just across the way from the giant U.S.A. Pavilion — another world of wonders. And a few steps away, the French, British, Italians, Japanese, Canadians — more than two thirds of all the nations on earth — spread before you the best of their arts and culture. The latest in science and technology. Their past, present and future.

In all, some 70 governments have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to make Expo 67 the greatest world exhibition of them all, and the *first of its kind* on this continent. It opens on April 28th, for six wonderful months only. You'll find it the experience of a lifetime.

Start planning now. Expo 67 admission tickets and Bonus Books *at reduced advance prices* save you up to 29%, are on sale at banks, department stores, American Express offices, and wherever you see the Expo 67 sign.

Accommodations in Montreal? No need to worry. LOGEXPO, the official accommodation bureau, guarantees you a place to stay, at government controlled prices. Reserve now — just write, mentioning dates, type of accommodations preferred, and the number in your party, to LOGEXPO, Expo 67, Harbor City, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Or see your travel agent.

Or write for free Expo 67 vacation planning information to Expo 67 Information Services, 150 Kent St., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

expo67
MONTRÉAL, CANADA
The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967
Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967

© Copyright, 1963, by the Canadian Corporation for the 1967 World Exhibition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called over a boy whose parents he knew well.

"Fritz, were you at the theater during the demonstrations?"

"Unfortunately not, but some boys in my class were there. Two were even arrested," Fritz said proudly.

"What do you think about it?" my friend asked.

"Well—it's easy. There is no evidence that Anne Frank lived."

I said, "But the diary?"

"The diary may be a clever forgery. Certainly it doesn't prove that Anne Frank existed."

"Suppose the Gestapo officer who actually arrested Anne Frank were found. Would *that* be accepted as proof?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, very reluctantly. "If the man himself admitted it."

It was simple: I had to find the man who had arrested Anne Frank and her family 14 years before.

There was almost nothing to go on. A Dutch employee of Anne's father's had helped the Franks to hide in the attic. After the arrest of the Franks he had spoken with the officer who arrested the family, a Viennese SS man who, the employee said in an annex to the *Diary*, was named "Silvernagl." The report caused ironic comment among Austrian Nazis: It was well known that the name "Silvernagl" did not exist in Austria—further proof that the Anne Frank story was a fake.

I began my search. The "v" in "Silvernagl" was probably an error; it could have been "Silbernagel," a common name in Austria. Among all the Silbernagels there must have been one who had served in Holland with the Gestapo. Names were investigated and eliminated. Rumors were sifted, facts were checked. It was a long, tedious process, and I had to be extremely careful not to implicate an innocent man. I found eight men named Silbernagel who had been Nazi Party members or SS men and were of the right age. None of them had ever been in Holland. The process went on and on. I came close to giving up the search, but then I remembered the arrogance of the boys in Linz. I wanted them to go to their fathers and tell them, "You lied. Anne Frank did exist. What other lies did you tell me?"

In 1963, I was invited to Amsterdam to appear on a Dutch television program. As I got ready to return home, a friend brought me a photostatic copy of the 1943 telephone directory of the Gestapo in Holland as "travel literature." There were about 300 names in it.

"Read it on the plane," he said. "That will put you to sleep."

The flight to Vienna lasted about two hours. I settled back in my seat and looked through the Gestapo directory. I was almost asleep when I turned to the page headed, "IV, *Sonderkommando*." Under "IV B 4, *Juden* (Jews)" I read:

Kempin
Buschmann
Scherf
Silberbauer

I was wide-awake. Section IV B 4 had handled the roundup and transport of Jews to death camps. If anyone had tipped off the Gestapo about Jews hiding out somewhere in Holland, the report would inevitably reach Section IV B 4 in Amsterdam. All of a sudden, the plane seemed to be very slow. I could hardly wait to get to Vienna.

I knew that most officials of Section IV B 4 had been recruited from police forces in Germany and Austria, mostly among the *Kriminalpolizei* (detectives). (And although only eight percent of the citizens of the Third Reich were Austrians, one third of the SS executioners were Austrians.) I called up *Polizeirat* Dr. Josef Wiesinger, head of the section at the ministry of interior that deals with Nazi crimes. On June 2, 1963, I mailed him a detailed report. Several weeks went by. When I went to see Wiesinger in July, he said the files of all policemen named Silberbauer were "still being examined." In September, when I was back from a vacation, I called him again. I was told that "so far nothing concrete has become known."

On the morning of November 11, *Volksstimme*, the official organ of Austria's Communist Party, came out with a sensational story. *Inspektor* Karl Silberbauer of the Vienna police force had been suspended, "pending investigation and possible prosecution," for his role in the Anne Frank case. I called up Dr. Wiesinger. He was very embarrassed. "Naturally we would have preferred to have the story disclosed by you, and not by the Communists. How could we know that Silberbauer was going to talk? He was supposed to keep his mouth shut." I decided not to keep mine shut either. I called a Dutch newspaper editor in Amsterdam and gave him the story. It made front-page news all over the world.

The Austrian authorities found no evidence that Silberbauer was guilty of the deportation of the Franks. Disciplinary proceedings followed, however, because Silberbauer had concealed from the de-Nazification board the fact that he had worked for the Jewish Affairs Section of the Gestapo in Holland. A police review board exonerated Silberbauer of guilt. He is back on duty with the Vienna police force, assigned to the *Erkennungsamt* (identification office).

Of course, Silberbauer doesn't matter at all. Compared to other names in my files, he is a nobody, a zero. But the figure before the zero was Anne Frank.

Nowadays, people come to me with all sorts of problems connected with the Nazi regime. One girl—I shall call her Ruth—was about 25 years old when I met her late in 1963. Young and pretty and vivacious, Ruth told me she was "an incurable romantic" who had been bored with her office job. She had read and answered a classified ad in the "Marriages" column of the Vienna *Kurier:* "PHYSICIAN, 42, excellent position overseas, wishes to exchange letters with nice girl. Purpose: marriage. Write to Box No. . . ."

Three weeks later an engineer named Babor wrote, in a courtly, old-fashioned style, that he wanted to tell her all about his son Karl, a well known doctor in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. The following week Herr Ingenieur Babor paid a call on her. He and his wife lived quietly in Vienna, he told her. Their only son, Karl, had gone to Ethiopia with his wife, a former Baroness Babo—"very curious, the similarity of our names"—who had died there in an automobile accident in 1960. His son's only daughter, Dagmar, was now 20 years old and was studying in Paris. Dr. Karl Babor was a gynecologist—"the best in Addis Ababa," his father said. Once in a while he was invited to the emperor's palace.

"Herr Ingenieur," Ruth said quickly. "I must repeat to you what I wrote in my letter. I am Jewish. . . ."

"But my *dear* young lady, that makes not the slightest difference. In our house, anti-Semitism was unknown, believe me." He looked at Ruth, and said, "You will write him, won't you?"

That was the beginning of a long, intensive mail romance. After a few weeks, Babor enclosed his photograph. After two months he sent "hand kisses" to his "dear Ruth." She wrote back, "dear Karl." She thought she knew him quite well. At the office they were no longer joking about her going to Africa.

About a year after his first letter Dr. Babor wrote that he'd made arrangements for her ticket from Vienna to Addis Ababa and return—"in case you shouldn't like it here—which I hope will not happen." He said he had also asked his daughter Dagmar to meet Ruth in Vienna "so that you and the girl can come out together."

A few days later Dagmar arrived and came to see Ruth. They liked each other at once. A week later the two flew from Vienna to Addis Ababa.

Dr. Babor was waiting at the airport. He was polite and kissed her hand, and he embraced Dagmar. But there was something about him that was strange and almost frightening.

He was a very bad driver. On the road from the airport Ruth asked, half-jokingly, whether he wanted to kill himself, and he said, very seriously, that he'd tried to do that for years, that he'd had five automobile accidents in the past two years.

He stopped the car in front of a dark, deserted-looking house. The place was cool and Ruth wanted to relax. It had been a long flight and she was tired.

"Let's go into the bush for an hour," he said.

"Now?" She was surprised.

"Why not? It's only a short ride. Just change your shoes."

He said he was taking her to his favorite river. "It's infested with crocodiles." She thought he was joking. But when he stopped the car and they walked down the narrow path to the river, she saw the crocodiles in the dark, muddy water.

"Aren't they lovely animals?" he said. Ruth moved away.

"Let's go back," he said. "I want you to meet my best friend in Ethiopia."

"We stopped in front of the local police compound and walked in," Ruth told me. "An old lion was lying under a tree. I was terrified, but Karl said there was nothing to be afraid of. And then he put his hand into the lion's mouth. When he stood up, I saw that blood was trickling down his arm. I said, 'My God, he bit you!' Karl chuckled, and said, 'I don't mind. He's my best friend. . . . Come on, let's go home.'"

When they reached Dr. Babor's house, the icebox was empty. Dagmar opened a can of corned beef. Dr. Babor said he was tired, and he went up to his room, without apology. There was an uncomfortable silence. Dagmar said her father's depressions were getting worse all the time.

"He must have had some frightful experiences during the war. He never talks about it. He needed Mother very much. Then came the accident. And now—you've seen him. I'm frightened."

The next night, the wife of a local official brought a sick baby to Dr. Babor. Dagmar opened the door. The woman said that the baby was feverish and she couldn't reach her children's doctor. Would Dr. Babor please look at the baby?

Dagmar came in and said a patient was outside with a baby. Dr. Babor jumped up.

"His eyes were bloodshot and his face was almost distorted with hatred," Ruth told me. "It was horrible. 'I've never treated a child and never will,' he shouted. Dagmar stood transfixed, silently pleading with me, and I said, 'Karl, you are a doctor, aren't you? That child is sick. Please go out and take care of the baby.'

"Then he turned on me. He told me not to interfere. He said he needed no advice from a dirty, fat Jewess. I was speechless. He screamed at me, 'Don't stare at me like that! I hate children. I hate all human beings. People ought to be gassed—killed as quickly as possible. We don't need people. Animals are much better than people.'"

He turned away and ran out into the night. The woman left with her child. The old servant told Ruth that Dr. Babor had probably gone to the zoo, that when Dr. Babor was "ill and worried," he liked to go and play with the leopard in the zoo. The next morning Ruth noticed that Babor's left hand was bandaged.

"I knew he was a sick man," she said to me. "I told him, quietly, that I was going back to Vienna. He got into a wild rage. He shouted that no one had the right to talk to him like that. He was a great man, the greatest doctor in Addis Ababa. I smiled and said, quietly, 'Karl, I think you are the worst fool in Addis Ababa,' and turned around. I heard a sharp intake of breath behind me. He'd got up, and I sensed that he might strangle me. Something made me shout, 'Get out, you brute! Get out of here at once! Don't dare touch me!'

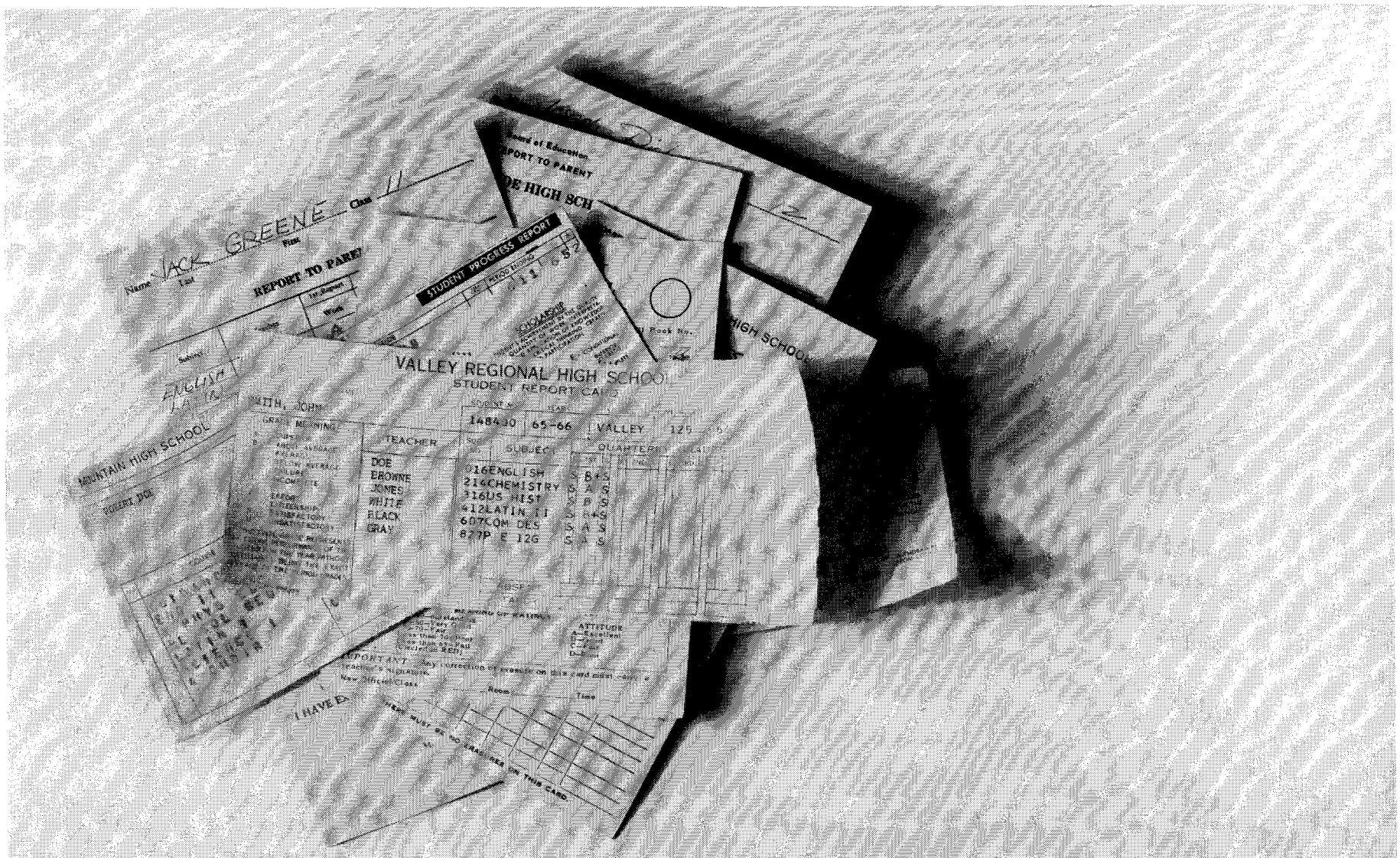
"It was strange. The moment I shouted at him, he moved back. His shoulders hunched; his figure seemed to collapse. He made me think of an inflated rubber doll when you let the air out. He turned around and left. Not a word. The old servant waited until Babor had gone. Then he came in and bowed to me deeply. The servant told me that Babor's wife had always slapped his face when he got 'one of these attacks,' and then he would be silent and 'very nice.' I called up the airport and made a reservation for the first flight out the following day."

The next morning, the plane was to leave at 10. When Ruth came down with her bags, Dagmar told her that she and her father had been invited to the emperor's palace for breakfast, and they couldn't take her to the airport. Ruth said to Dagmar, "I'm sorry, but you and your father will have to drive me first to the airport; then you can go to your emperor.

"Then," Ruth told me, "I heard a sound in the doorway and saw him. I thought he was going to kill me. I slapped his face hard—twice, three times, I don't remember. He stood there and let himself be hit. I think he actually enjoyed it, that was the worst part of it. He said I should beat him, he didn't deserve anything else, he was no good, he wanted to die, he'd wanted to die ever since his wife got killed."

Ruth closed her eyes. "Oh, it was terrible—all this right in front of his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When your son's grades go up... your auto insurance goes down 25% with SAFECO'S Good Student Policy.*

Safeco discovered good students make good drivers. Alert, safe drivers. The result may add up to a substantial savings for you parents. And that's on top of any rate reduction you now enjoy. Compact car, multiple car, driver training.

If your son or sons are full-time high school or college students... are in the upper 20% of their class... have a "B" or 3.0 average... or make the Dean's Honor List... you may qualify for up to 25% savings on car insurance.

If your son does not achieve grades that high, but *does* take driver training courses, you still qualify for substantial savings.

Safeco is the first major company to offer this unusual plan through independent agents. Ask your Safeco agent about Safeco's Good Student Policy. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

As you've always told your son... it pays to study.

SAFECO INSURANCE
Home office
Seattle, Washington

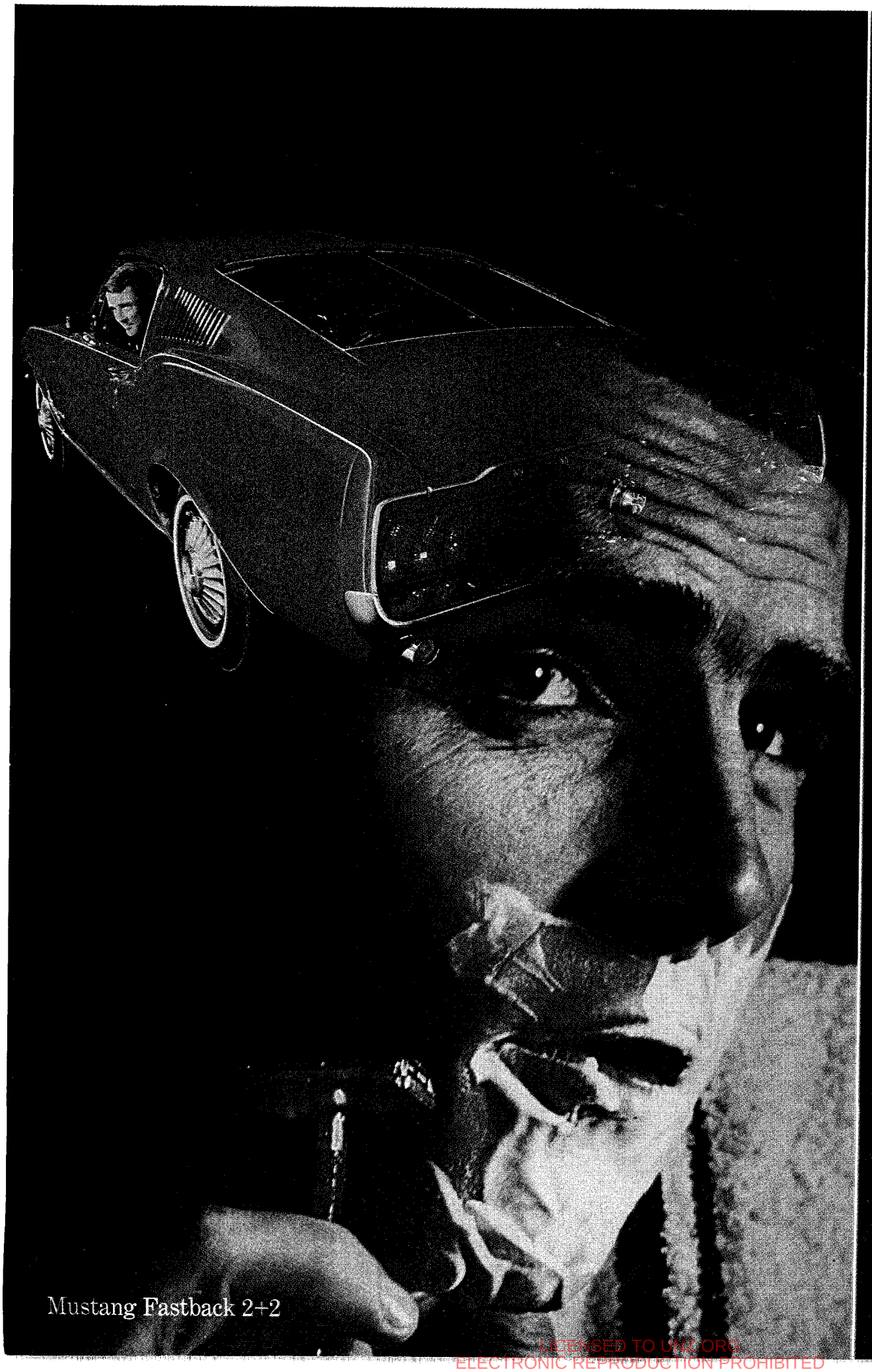
Good students make good drivers... and smart parents save with SAFECO.

*This Policy is not available in all states. Check your Safeco agent for availability.

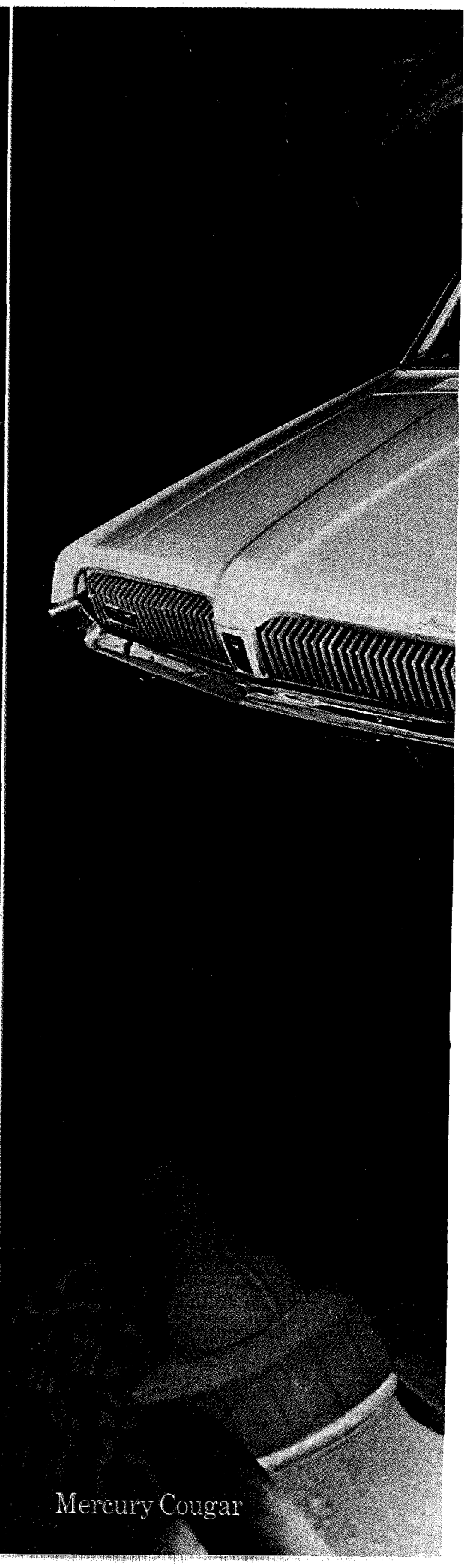
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ½ cars. Cars that

Mustang. Thunderbird. Lincoln Continental Coupé. And the new Cougar. The ½ cars. Look 'em over...all of 'em. You'll recog
they'll say: "That's him." Look...you've lived *this* long...worked *that* hard...isn't it about time you had something you can
and bodies...options that make your car you...on wheels. You've come to the right cars. The ½ cars. Made by us. And only



Mustang Fastback 2+2



Mercury Cougar

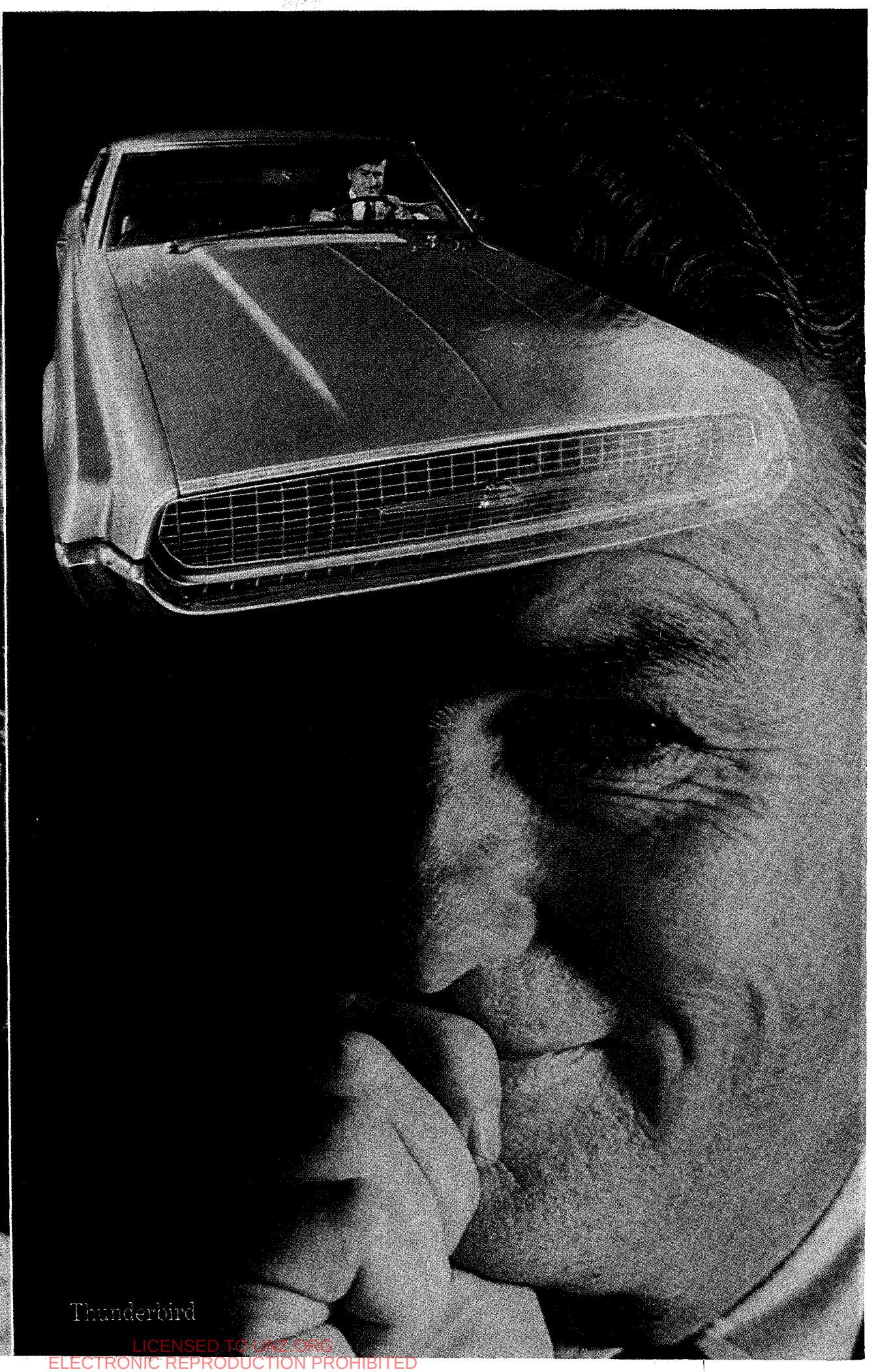
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

re ½ car...½ you.

Ford

...has a better idea

elf in one of 'em. Slide behind the wheel and you'll say: "This is *me*!" Drive one and very own? Something you can build yourself into? Something with features, engines Motor Company. Ford has a better idea...the ½ cars, cars that are ½ car...½ you.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

daughter. Afterward, they took me to the airport and I got on the plane."

From the airport in Vienna, Ruth went to see Babor's father to tell him what had happened. "I told him he should never have let me go there. Didn't he know that his son was very sick and should be in an asylum? The old man apologized. He said Karl had suffered a breakdown during the war and they'd hoped he was better now. He so needed somebody who was strong and would take care of him. "I'm sorry, my dear. I hope you'll be able to forget the whole thing," said the elder Babor.

But she couldn't forget it. Now Ruth gave a helpless shrug. "I know the whole thing sounds unbelievable, Herr Wiesenthal. But it's true, I swear it."

I said I knew it was true. "I've known Dr. Karl Babor for years. I saw him long before you did."

While Ruth had been telling me her story, I'd been thinking of something else—a certain scene I shall never forget. There is a small room with dark gray walls. The entrance is on the left side. The exit is in the middle of the back wall. The exit leads into the crematorium of the Grossrosen concentration camp, near what was then Breslau and is now Wroclaw, Poland.

In the otherwise empty room is a small table with several syringes and a few bottles filled with a colorless liquid. There is a chair—just one. The faint smell of burned flesh is in the air. The year is 1944. The time might be any time of the day or night. This is the antechamber of the Grossrosen crematorium. The crematorium is served by a prisoner who carries the ashes to a nearby field, where they are used as fertilizer. In this field the camp gardeners plant vegetables for the kitchen. I know all this because I was a prisoner assigned to work in the vegetable garden.

Now a young man stands in the middle of the room. He wears a white doctor's coat on top of his SS uniform. He fills the syringe, tells the patient (who is stripped to the waist) to sit down on the chair. The patient is held by two SS men. The young man quickly steps in front of him, injects the needle into the heart with a quick thrust. The needle contains phenol. Other patients are waiting. The bodies of the dead are speedily dragged out through the exit door. A little later people will see smoke come out of the chimney.

After Ruth had told me her story, I sat for a long, long time at my desk. How often had I seen the smoke come out of the chimney while I worked in the camp garden? It was only the will of God that I didn't have to sit down on the chair in front of Karl Babor.

There is no extradition treaty between Austria and Ethiopia. According to Ethiopian law, Babor's crimes could no longer be prosecuted because the statute of limitations had expired. Since I knew that no Ethiopian court would try Dr. Karl Babor, and he would not come voluntarily to Vienna to stand trial, I called up the Vienna correspondent of *The New York Times*. The resulting story had repercussions in America and Ethiopia.

In Addis Ababa, German and Austrian correspondents asked Dr. Babor to defend himself against my accusations. At a press conference, Babor indignantly told the correspondents that he had "never been active in any concentration camp." One of the reporters said, "Dr. Babor, why don't you sue Wiesenthal for libel?"

"I can't afford it. I would have to fly to Vienna, and I haven't the money."

When I read about this in German and Austrian papers, I cabled Babor, PLEASE CLAIM YOUR FLIGHT TICKET ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES ADDIS ABABA STOP ROOM AND BOARD IN VIENNA PROVIDED STOP WIESENTHAL. I gave the cable to the local newspapers. I wanted to be sure that Babor couldn't say he hadn't received it.

There was no answer. Babor did not want to come to Vienna. He decided to make another journey. He wrote his will, paid his bills, meticulously put all his papers in order, and drove out into the bush to his favorite spot near the crocodile-infested river where he had taken Ruth on that first evening.

There he stopped the car and took off all his clothes and put them into his car. He carried only his gun. Slowly he waded into the river, surrounded by the animals of which he was so fond. He kept going until the water reached almost to his breast, and then he shot himself in the heart.

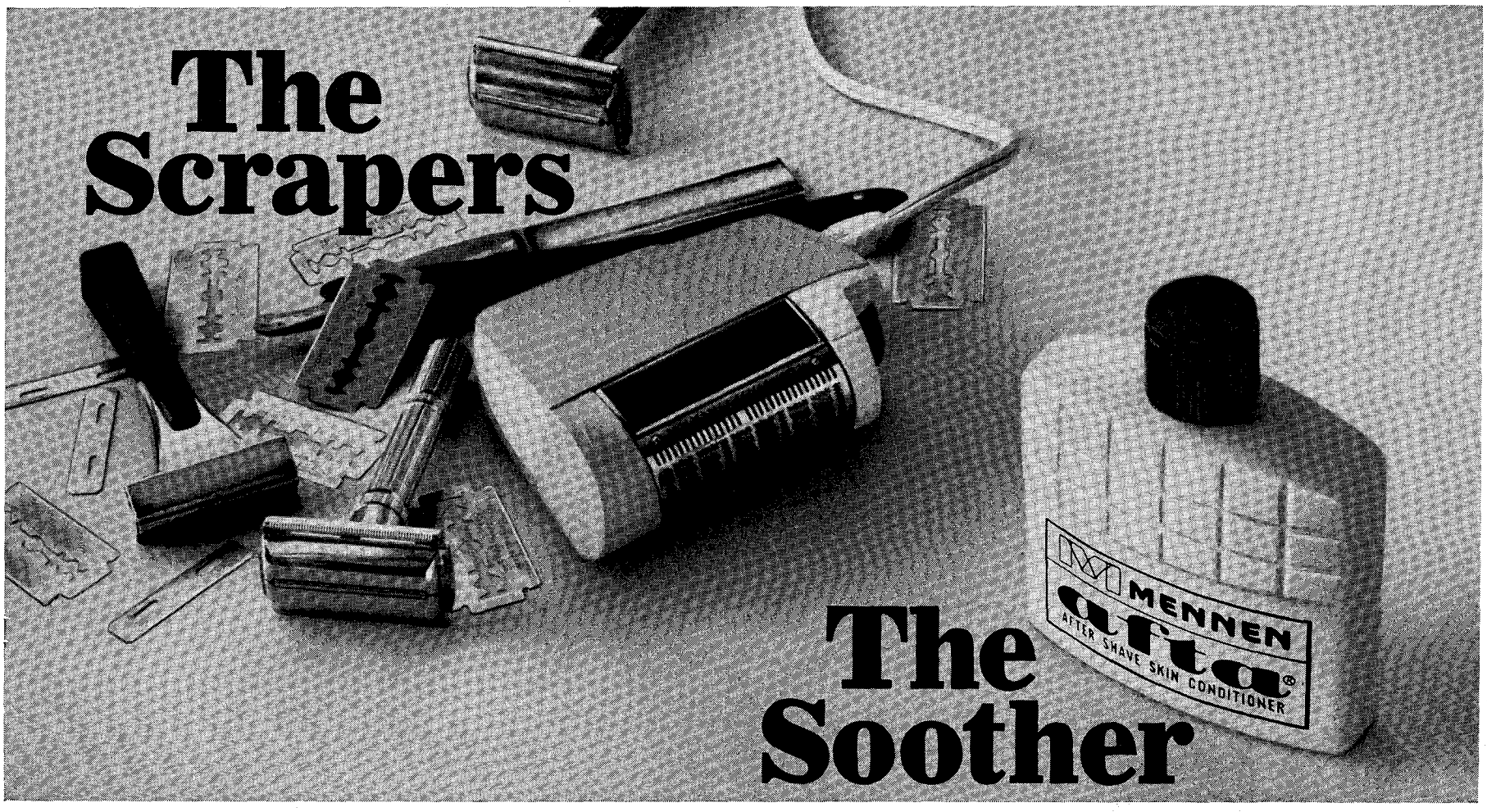
Perhaps he had hoped the crocodiles would notice him, but they didn't. A few days later American tourists on a safari saw the body floating in the dark river. The funeral took place a few days later. Many members of the Austrian and German colony in Addis Ababa were present. The Austrian consul general placed a wreath on the grave.

As a young student, I often spent a few weeks in the Polish mountain resort of Zakopane in the Carpathians. In winter there was good skiing. Today Zakopane is again a popular place for skiers. Not far away is the small town of Rabka. And here once lived a little Jewish boy named Sammy Rosenbaum. I first heard of Sammy Rosenbaum one morning in September, 1965, when a lady from Rabka came into my office.

Sammy Rosenbaum, she said, had been "a frail boy, with a pale, thin face, and big, dark eyes, who looked much older than his age." Sammy was nine years old in 1939, when the Germans came to Rabka in the early days of the Polish campaign, and life became a nightmare for the Jews in Rabka. Until then life had been fairly good. Sammy's father was a tailor who worked long hours and made little money. The family lived in two musty rooms and a tiny kitchen in an old, dark house. But they were happy, and very religious. Sammy learned to say his prayers. Every Friday night he would go with his father to the synagogue, after lighting the candles at home. Mother and Sammy's sister Paula, three years older, stayed at home and prepared dinner.

In 1940 the SS set up what it called a "police school" in former Polish army barracks in the woods outside Rabka. It was a training center where executions were carried out by SS men who shot perhaps 150 people a day. SS men at Rabka were being hardened so they would become insensitive to the agonized shouts of women and children.

SS *Untersturmführer* Wilhelm Rosenbaum from Hamburg was made school commander. Rosenbaum was a true SS type: cynical, brutal, convinced of his



Every razor removes more than just your beard. Because no matter how carefully you shave, or how good the razor is, it scrapes away skin and natural oils that keep your face comfortable. Then you splash on an after shave that dries your face even more.

So every time you shave you make your face dry, irritated, and sore.

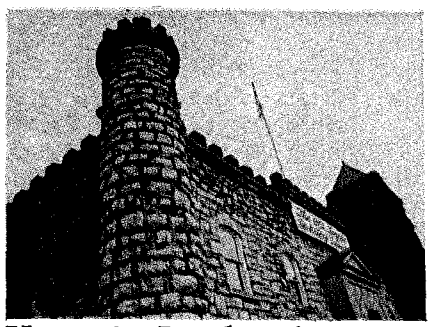
It's time you met the soother.

Mennen Afta, the after shave that soothes, protects, and helps heal... It replaces oils shaving scrapes away.

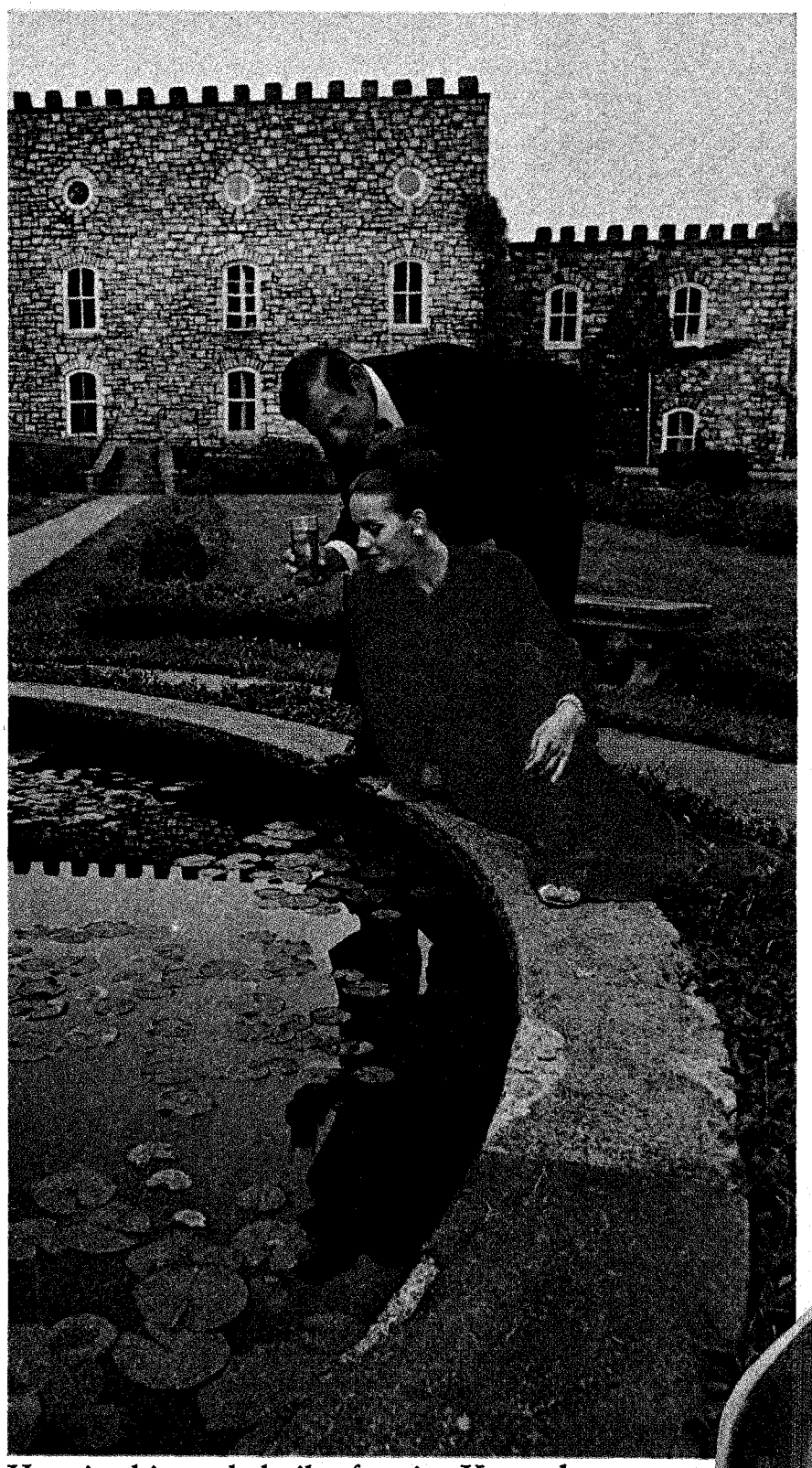
What other after shave can make that statement?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

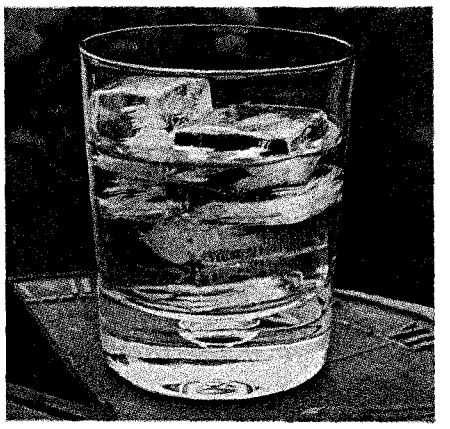
Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



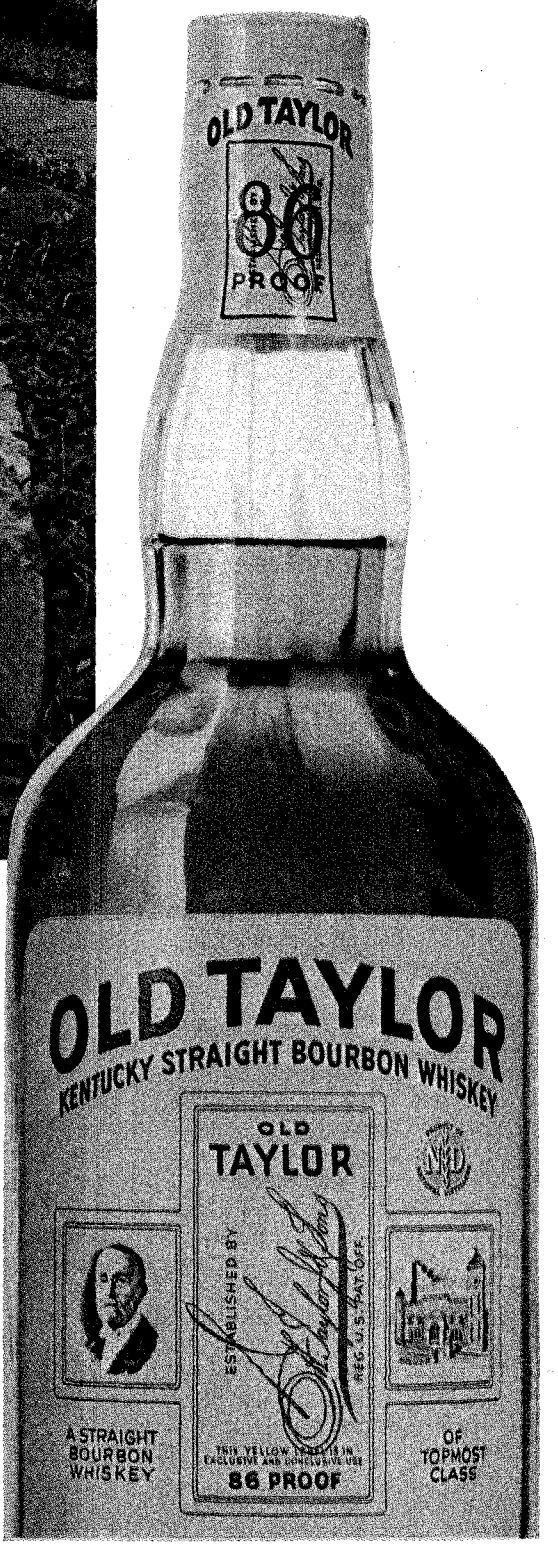
Kentucky Landmark:
The Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, built in 1887 by Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr.



Here in this castle built of native Kentucky limestone, a great Bourbon was created...and continues to be made in the grand tradition. A Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns, who seek out the best in taste, make it their own. Shouldn't you?



Old Taylor's timeless flavor is a 19th-century secret. Enjoy the secret with us!



Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"mission." He would walk around town with a riding crop. "When we saw him in the street we got so frightened that we would hide in the nearest house entrance," the woman from Rabka remembered. Early in 1942 SS man Rosenbaum ordered all Jews in Rabka to appear at the local school to "register." Rosenbaum looked through the names of the Jews. "Suddenly he beat his riding crop hard on the table," the woman from Rabka told me. "Each of us winced, as though we had been whipped. SS man Rosenbaum shouted, 'What's that? Rosenbaum? Jews! How dare these *verdammte Juden* have my good German name? Well, I'm going to take care of it!' He threw the list back on the table and strode out. From that day on, everybody in Rabka knew that the Rosenbaums would be killed; it was only a question of time."

The time came on a Friday morning, in June, 1942. The eyewitnesses, two of whom now live in Israel, cannot remember the exact date, but they know it was a Friday. One of the witnesses had been working behind the school. He saw what happened. Two SS men escorted "the Jew Rosenbaum," his wife, and their daughter Paula, then 15. Behind them came SS *Führer* Rosenbaum.

"The woman and the girl were marched around the corner of the schoolhouse, and then I heard shots," the witness has said under oath. "I saw how SS man Rosenbaum began to beat our Rosenbaum with his riding crop. He shouted, 'You dirty Jew, I'll teach you to have my German name!' Then the SS man took his revolver and shot Rosenbaum the tailor. He shot him twice or three times. I couldn't count the shots, I was too horrified."

When the SS men had gone to the Rosenbaum home, Sammy was already at a large stone quarry in nearby Zakryty, where he'd been sent as a forced laborer after his 12th birthday. The SS sent an unarmed Jewish policeman to the quarry for Sammy. The policeman had gone out to Zakryty in a small horse-drawn cart. He'd stopped the horse and waved at Sammy Rosenbaum. Everybody in the quarry stopped working and stared—the Jewish laborers and the two SS men who guarded them. Sammy put the big stone he was carrying onto a truck, and walked toward the cart. Sammy knew what was going to happen.

Sammy looked up at the Jewish policeman. "Where are they?" he asked. "Father, Mother and Paula. Where?"

The policeman said nothing, just shook his head.

Sammy understood. "They're dead." His voice was low. "I've known for a long time that it was going to happen. Because our name is Rosenbaum." There was no emotion in his voice. He stepped up and sat down on the seat next to the Jewish policeman.

Sammy asked if they could stop for a moment at his house. When they got there, he stepped down and walked into the front room, leaving the door open. When the SS had come for them in a small truck, the Rosenbaums had been sitting at breakfast. Sammy looked over the table with the half-filled teacups. He looked at the clock. It was half-past three. Father, Mother and Paula were already buried, and no one had lit a candle for them. Slowly, methodically, Sammy cleaned off the table and put the family's candlesticks on it.

"I could see Sammy from outside," the policeman later told the woman from Rabka. "He put on his skullcap, and started to light the candles. Two for his father, two for his mother, two for his sister. And he prayed. I saw his lips moving. He said *Kaddish* [the prayer for the dead] for them."

Sammy stood quietly, looking at the six candles. The Jewish policeman outside saw Sammy slowly shaking his head, as though he'd suddenly remembered something. Then Sammy placed two more candles on the table, took a match and lit them, and prayed.

"The boy knew that he was already dead," the policeman said later. "So he lit the candles and said *Kaddish* for himself."

Then Sammy came out, leaving the door open, and quietly sat down on the cart next to the policeman, who was crying. The boy didn't cry. The policeman wiped the tears with the back of his hand and pulled the reins. But the tears kept coming. The boy didn't say a word. Gently he touched the older man's arm, as if he wanted to comfort him—to forgive him for taking him away. Then they rode out to the clearing in the woods. SS *Führer* Rosenbaum and his "students" were waiting for the little boy. . . .

"About time!" said the SS man.

I told the woman from Rabka that I had known about the SS police school since 1946. Several years earlier I had given the authorities in Hamburg all the facts and testimony in the case against SS man Wilhelm Rosenbaum. Now there would be testimony for an additional case.

She asked, "Where is SS man Rosenbaum now?"

"Wilhelm Rosenbaum was arrested in 1964, and is now in a prison in Hamburg awaiting trial."

She gave a sigh. "What's the use? They are all dead. And the murderer is alive." She signed the affidavit. "It makes no sense."

No tombstone bears Sammy Rosenbaum's name. No one might have remembered him if the woman from Rabka hadn't come to me. But every year, one day in June, I'm going to light two candles for him and say *Kaddish.*

At the Eastern Railroad Repair Works in Lvov where I was in 1943, there were always a few hundred Jewish forced laborers. One of us, a quiet little man named Chasin, worked in the stable next to the German canteen. Chasin's job was to take care of a few horses, and he was given special permission to sleep in the stable. Chasin's wife had been killed in the spring of 1943 during one of the SS annihilation actions in the ghetto. Their eight-year-old son escaped and was hidden by neighbors. Somehow Chasin obtained a pass to the ghetto and smuggled his son into the repair works. There was a big oat bin in the stable, a sort of wooden box with a lid on top. Chasin put his son into the bin and drilled a few holes in its sides so that the child could breathe. The boy stayed there almost three months. Only at night, after the Germans had gone home, did Chasin permit his child to come out for fresh air. Several Germans knew about the child, but they kept quiet.

One day in the summer of 1943 *Oberinspektor* Peter Arnolds discovered the secret. Arnolds alerted the SS guards at the Janowska concentration camp, and SS *Scharführer* Schönbach, a member of the camp's special execution commando, came to the repair works.

When I saw him with Arnolds in front of the German canteen, I ran to the stable. Chasin stood crying next to the body of his son, which lay on top of the manure heap behind the stable. Chasin told me that Arnolds and Schönbach had come into the stable, and Arnolds had opened the bin and pointed at the child. Schönbach took the boy out, lifted him up, and told the father to turn around. He shot the child, threw the body on the manure heap, and said to Chasin, "Throw a horse blanket over the body. Quick!" Arnolds and Schönbach spent two hours at the canteen getting drunk.

For years after the war I'd been looking for Arnolds without success. In January, 1958, when I had some business in Düsseldorf, Cologne and Frankfurt, I discovered accidentally that Peter Arnolds was now a high-ranking official of the German Federal Railroads in Paderborn. I notified the court in Paderborn, and I was asked to come there and confront Herr Arnolds.

The confrontation took place in the office of the district attorney. I accused Arnolds of being responsible for the death of the little Jewish boy. Arnolds didn't deny it. Finally he said, "Herr Wiesenthal, maybe we could come to an agreement in this matter."

I said, "Herr Arnolds, there can be no agreement when the death of a child is the issue."

Then Arnolds told the district attorney an involved story. It wasn't really he who had told the SS about the child in the bin. It had been done by one Schulze, the manager of the German canteen. Conveniently for Arnolds, Schulze was dead and could not defend himself. I found another key witness, *Inspektor* Eugen Jetter, one of the German officials at the Lvov repair works. Jetter admitted that he had known about the little boy in the bin, as had many others, and had kept his mouth shut. He told the district attorney that it was common knowledge at the repair works that Arnolds had handed the boy over to his murderer. After his testimony, Jetter, who now lives in Stuttgart, began receiving anonymous phone calls at night. Strange voices called him "*Judenknecht*" (defender of the Jews) and hung up.

Reluctantly the authorities had to suspend the case against Arnolds. He is lucky. Of the 1,200 Jews who worked at the Lvov repair works at the time, only three survived—and I have not been able to find the other two, who might serve as witnesses against Arnolds. SS man Schönbach, however, was eventually arrested. Schönbach admitted at once that he'd shot the little boy. He is now in jail.

In the tragedy of my native Galicia, the massacres at Stanislav form one of the most moving chapters. In 1939, Stanislav had almost 100,000 inhabitants. Half were Jews, the other half Poles and Ukrainians. According to the Nazi schedule, German-ruled Poland was to be "*judenrein*"—"cleansed of Jews"—by the end of 1942. In Stanislav, the schedule was fulfilled.

On October 12, 1941, the Jewish districts were surrounded, and approximately 20,000 Jews were herded to a point near the Jewish cemetery. Everybody had to hand over money, jewelry, fur coats, and then all clothes. The naked Jews were driven to the edge of large ditches and shot with submachine guns. According to a bill of indictment ultimately handed down in Salzburg against the SS men in charge of this crime—two brothers named Johann and Wilhelm Mauer—"the action began in the early morning and lasted until darkness. Motorized vehicles were posted around the cemetery, and their lights illuminated the liquidation. At least 12,000 Jews were murdered. The rest were driven back, stark naked, into the city. . . ."

The few survivors of Stanislav told terrible stories about the Polish-born brothers, but unfortunately they gave their name as "Maurer," with an "r." Consequently, Prosecutor Sichting, who investigated the case in Ludwigsburg, was looking for two men named "Maurer." His investigators found many Maurers, but none who had been born in Poland. When I met Sichting in 1963, I suggested that the name of the brothers might be "Mauer" instead. The prosecutor asked me to make a search in Austria. I discovered that two brothers, Johann and Wilhelm Mauer, were in Salzburg working for the Evangelical Auxiliary Service, a charitable organization. Johann was "refugee adviser," and Wilhelm was in charge of a youth home—perfect jobs for two mass murderers. The arrest of the Mauers caused a sensation in Salzburg.

At their trial last February, it seemed almost impossible to form a jury. Many people asked to be excused for sickness or for other reasons. Strange things happened in the crowded courtroom. The audience applauded the defendants and laughed when Jewish witnesses were sworn on the Bible.

All witnesses recognized the brothers. The testimony was considered by courtroom observers to be very convincing. After many hours of deliberation, the jury conceded that the defendants had committed murder, but it ruled that they had acted under duress in carrying out orders from above. The court had to acquit the defendants. But the presiding judge informed them, in accordance with the Austrian penal code, that the verdict of the jury was "an obvious error," and therefore there would be a new trial against them. Until then, the defendants would remain in prison.

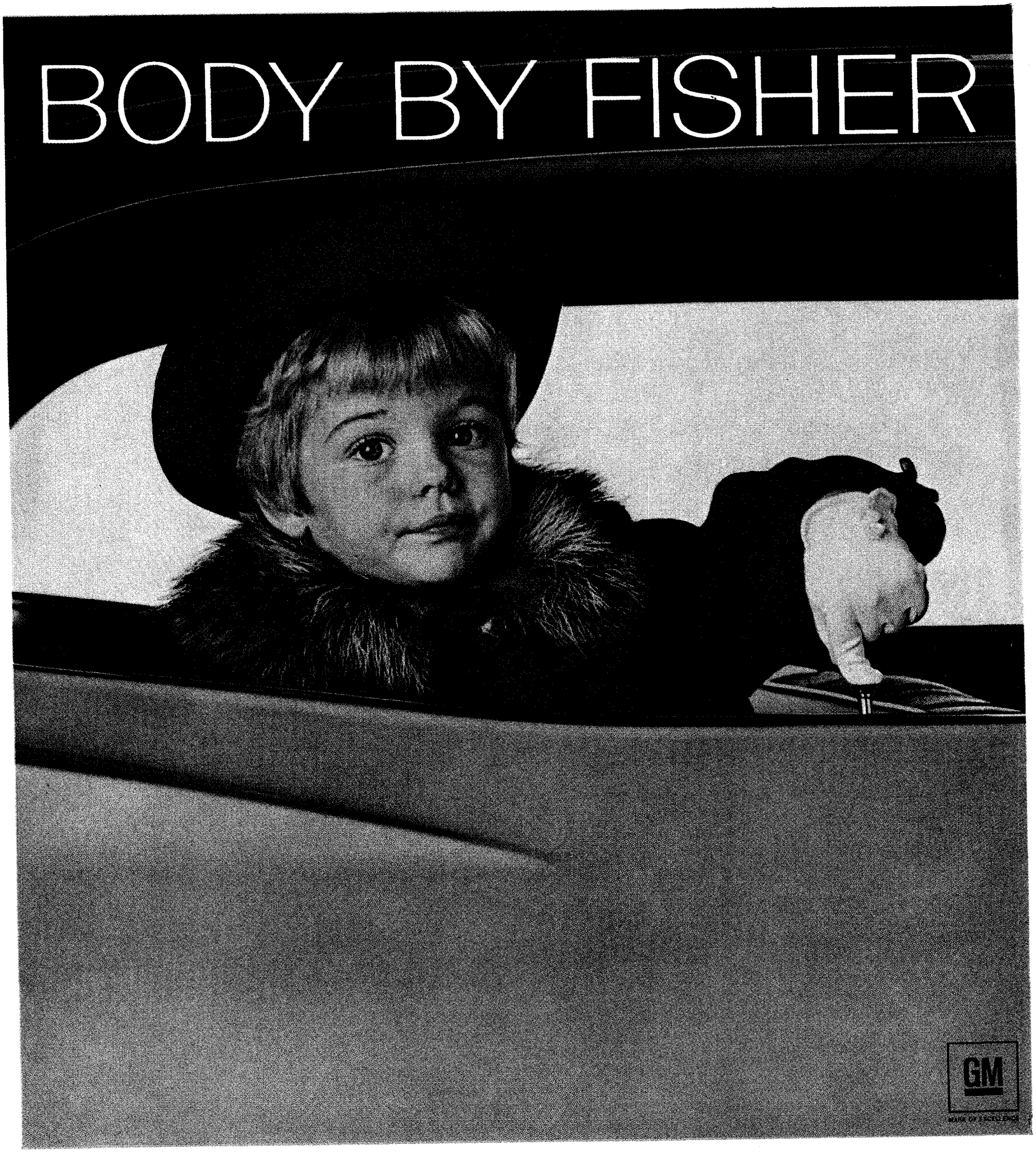
The verdict at Salzburg and the anti-Semitic behavior of the courtroom audience shocked responsible people in Austria. *Wiener Zeitung* spoke of a "shameful verdict." Catholic and Socialist students marched through Vienna carrying placards reading, "Austria, National Park for Nazi Criminals." I didn't help matters when I discovered—too late, unfortunately—that the foreman of the jury had been an illegal Austrian Nazi and a storm trooper.

After a three-week retrial last fall, Wilhelm Mauer was found guilty of murder and sentenced to 12 years in prison. His brother Johann received an eight-year sentence. *To Be Concluded*

In the next issue. Simon Wiesenthal tells how the major Nazi criminals, including Adolf Eichmann, escaped from Germany to South America, and precisely where three of the most notorious Nazis are known to be hiding.

—The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lots of lock.

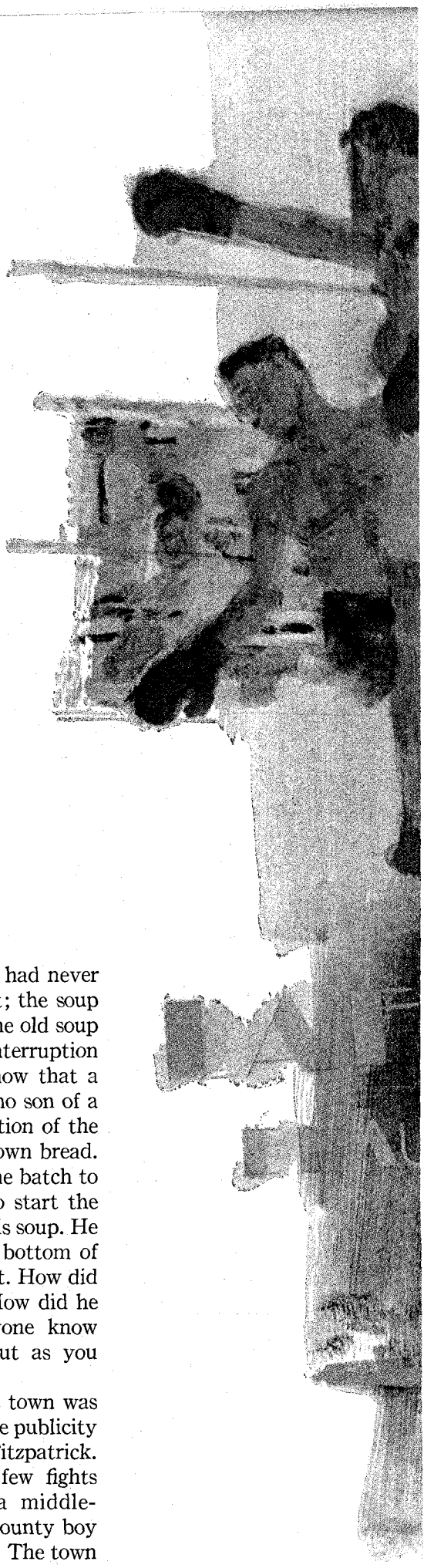
One poke of a small finger and Fisher's hefty new passenger-guard door lock stays 'clicked' until you 'unclick' it. Works three ways to clamp door shut, anchor it against stress, guard against entry. Secure feeling: A lock that lacks only your final touch. Click! So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUNBOAT AND MADGE



'I got my car outside and a bankroll
in my pocket,' he said.
'I saw you on the street, and I said to myself,
There's a handsome-looking woman
going to waste.'

BY JOHN O'HARA

It had to be a very small town indeed that had no place that stayed open all night, and in this town there were two competing Greek restaurants, two diners at opposite ends of the town, a second-floor-back speakeasy that seldom closed before five A.M., a gambling joint that did not usually get going before midnight, and Jay Fitzpatrick's place, which had been a saloon, a restaurant, a speakeasy, a poolroom, and which retained the character and equipment of all but the poolroom. Ever since Jay Fitzpatrick had been in business there had been, summer and winter, a large vat of bean soup on the kitchen range. The soup was made of white marrowfat beans and a few potatoes and a tomato or two and an onion or two. It was said to be the oldest bean soup in the county. Fitzpatrick, who was a chronic liar anyway, claimed that it was the same soup he had started in 1910. He had never let the vat get empty, he said, and never let the soup get cold. He would add water and beans and potatoes and tomatoes and onions, but it was the same soup. In Spain, he said, they made sherry wine that way. They took a cask of wine and added to it whenever they took some out, but it was the same cask and the same wine. How did he know anything about sherry wine or any other kind of wine? Because he had once jumped ship in Barcelona and lived in Spain two years. He did speak a little Spanish; nobody could deny that. Customers had heard him speak it with vaudeville actors who played split weeks in the theater around the corner. He was a habitual liar, but he always had a little of the truth to back him up. For instance, his soup. His older customers knew that the original vat got a hole in the bottom and had to be replaced, but he said he had never claimed that it was the exact same vat; the soup *was* the same, because he had poured the old soup into the new vat. There had been no interruption in the soup. Any damn fool would know that a copper vat could not last forever, but no son of a bitch could call him a liar on the question of the soup. Ask any woman that baked her own bread. She always left a wad of dough from one batch to another; what they called a starter, to start the next batch with. It was the same with his soup. He always left a half a gallon or so at the bottom of the vat, and built up the soup from that. How did he know about the baking of bread? How did he know about anything? How did anyone know about anything? You found things out as you went along.

The arrival of Jay Fitzpatrick in the town was attended by some publicity, although the publicity was for Gunboat Dawson and not Jay Fitzpatrick. As Gunboat Dawson he had won a few fights against undistinguished Philadelphia middleweights, and he was signed to meet a county boy at a lodge picnic at an amusement park. The town had ordinances prohibiting prizefighting in the borough limits, but what went on at a lodge picnic outside the borough was a matter between the lodge and the township. Every saloon in the county had posters proclaiming the match between Gunboat Dawson, of Philadelphia, and Young Kid Flynn, the promising Collieryville boy who was said to have killed a mine mule with a blow of his fist. Young Kid Flynn, whose true name was full of c's and z's, had a large following among the Poles and the Irish. The Germans and the Welsh

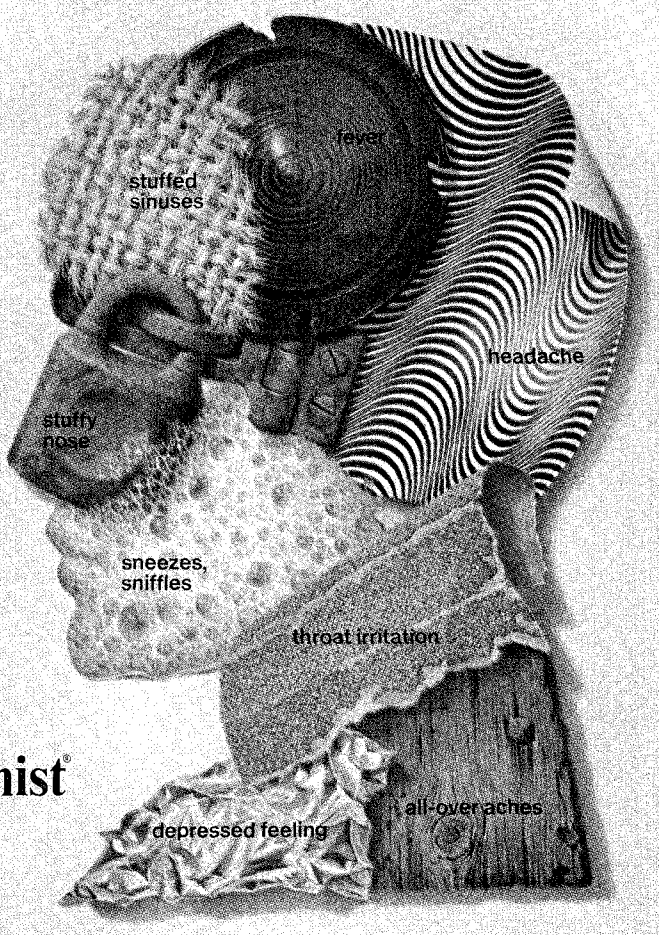
© 1967 by John O'Hara

Illustrated by Bill Whittingham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your cold is equal to the sum of all its miserable parts–



and Super Anahist® goes after them all.

Your cold can have many parts. And each can be an irritant to the others.

In Super Anahist, now formulated to give you relief from the miseries of your whole cold, you get an antihistamine, a decongestant, PLUS two pain relievers, a stimulant and Vitamin C.

Almost as fast as you can say "Gesundheit," it goes to work to give you long hours of relief. A sunburst of medication...head-to-toe relief from your whole cold.

So don't relieve your cold in parts. Get Super Anahist Decongestant Tablets for total-power relief from the miseries of your whole cold.

© 1966, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company

MONEY...
In Your Spare Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

MOORE-COTTRELL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.
Dept. 449, North Cohocton, New York 14868

FALSE TEETH
That Loosen Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth suffer embarrassment because their plates drop, slip or wobble at just the wrong time. Don't live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline powder, on your plates. FASTEETH holds false teeth firmer so they feel more comfortable. Checks "denture breath." Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH today at all drug counters.

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch–Relieves Pain

New York, N. Y. (Special)—For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where a doctor's observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—the discovery of a famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on many parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment form* called *Preparation H®*. Just ask for Preparation H Suppositories or Preparation H Ointment with special applicator.

devoutly hoped that Gunboat Dawson, who could have been a Protestant, would slaughter Flynn. Every seat in the dance pavilion was sold days before the fight. The lodge also stood to sell large quantities of beer. On the eve of the fight the whores from Reading and Allentown flocked to town and arranged for the pitching of tents on farmland adjoining the park.

Fitzpatrick-Dawson and his manager, Al Pincus, arrived two days before the picnic. Pincus hired a horse and buggy and took an expert look at the preparations that had been made for the contest. As a result of his findings, he went to the lodge officials and informed them that his boy had had an attack of ptomaine poisoning and would be unable to go on. The lodge officials replied that Pincus and his boy would also have a couple of broken legs if Dawson did not go on. Pincus said he would get a lawyer, and the lodge men said that two of the county judges were members of the lodge, if he was thinking of going into court. The sparring between Pincus and the lodge men came to a satisfactory conclusion when it was agreed that two friends of Pincus's would not be molested if they set up games of chance. This compromise was reached after the lodge men refused to raise Dawson's guarantee by so much as a nickel. If Pincus and his friends wished to risk getting their throats cut, that was their own lookout, but six hundred dollars was what the lodge had guaranteed and six hundred dollars was what they were going to pay.

The betting on the fight was in small sums, none higher than ten dollars per bettor. But when Pincus learned that the Protestants had raised a pool of five hundred dollars to bet on Dawson, he had one of his Philadelphia friends take it all. His instructions to Dawson were simple. "Stay away from this ox the first three rounds. After that, the first time he lands a good punch, you go down and stay down. That's what they want to see, and that's what you give them."

"What if he lands a good one the first round?"

"Don't let him," said Pincus.

"Yeah, but what if he does?"

"Then it'll be on the square, and it'll look good. But you better keep away from him till after the third. These hicks don't know the first thing about boxing, but you do. At least enough to go three."

"What if I accidentally clobber him?" said Dawson.

"With what?"

"Well, you never know," said Dawson.

"If he hits you on the top of the head with his chin, maybe. Otherwise, we got nothing to worry about. You lose a fight that nobody knows you were ever in. It won't count against you."

"Maybe we could get a return match," said Dawson.

"No. When I get out of this town, believe me I'm never coming back," said Pincus.

"You doing something funny? You better let me in on it, Al."

"You got two hundred bucks coming to you—win, lose, or draw. Don't try to be partners with me, please. I got enough troubles. I never welshed on a bet and I never held out on a fighter of mine. That's my reputation. But please don't try to be partners with me. Two hundred dollars is a lot of money for a young fellow used to getting sixteen dollars a month working on boats."

"All the same, if you're doing something funny I ought to know about it."

"Why? You don't have long to go in this business. Inside of two years you'll be weighing a hundred and ninety. A *slow* a hundred and ninety, and a *fat* a hundred and ninety. You wouldn't last one round with any heavyweight in the business."

"You pick a fine time to tell me I'm through," said Dawson.

"I been meaning to tell you," said Pincus. "For your own good. I'll never get rich off of you, son. So you might as well know now."

"Why couldn't I be partners with you? I thought you took a liking to me. I just as soon give up boxing, as a fighter, but I could make a living managing."

"Not with me. I don't need a partner for that," said Pincus. "You go out there to that picnic and make yourself a quick two hundred simoleons, and don't let that mine boy knock your block off."

Some groans went up at the beginning of the contest when Gunboat Dawson made the sign of the cross. The German Catholics were not unhappy, but the German Lutherans and the Welsh Methodists and Scotch Presbyterians were chagrined. Those who had not backed their prejudice with their money joined the Irish and the Poles in rooting against the Philadelphia boy. The Gunboat stayed away from the Polish boy during the first round. It was July, and everybody in or out of the ring had got up a sweat, and the spectators seemed to be of the opinion that they were watching a fight. "They sure ain't many on my side," said Dawson to Pincus, who was acting as his second.

"Don't worry about that. Just stay in there two more rounds," said Pincus.

Right on schedule in the fourth round, the Polish boy, who was getting angry at being outboxed by the city fellow, threw a roundhouse punch that caught Dawson on the left side of the chin. Dawson remembered not to shake it off or go into a clinch. It was a case of one idea at a time, and the idea was to go to sleep. Later he admitted that the punch was hard enough to excuse a brief nap; the Polish boy hurt him harder than he had expected. Dawson's knees bent, and he slowly collapsed. The spectators got to their feet and joined the referee in counting to ten. Pincus climbed in the ring and knelt beside his boy. For a moment he kept the smelling salts in his pocket, letting Dawson act out the knockout and give the customers their money's worth. But when the Gunboat rolled over on one side and appeared to be composing himself for slumber, Pincus decided he was overdoing it. He put the smelling salts to the boy's nostrils and in a loud voice said, "Come out of it, son! It's all over!" The Gunboat opened his eyes, and Pincus looked up at the referee and some other men and said, "He had me worried. Are any of you gentlemen a doctor?"

"I am," said a man in a pongee suit. "You won't have to send for the priest." The man left the group, and now Young Kid Flynn squatted down and lifted the Gunboat to his feet and assisted him to the stool in the Gunboat's corner.

LICENSED TO LINZ ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIMCA-ROOTES DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Look at Simca the way some pretty tough customers do.

Student nurses, for instance.

Usually they're charming and generous. But when it comes to picking a new car—they can be pretty tough customers, like most working girls.

Their needs are simple: a foolproof economy car. Nice, neat, affordable. Lively. Easy to park. Hard to hurt. And dirt-cheap to run.

Well Simca isn't perfect, but at $1639† it comes closest.

First, on the point of being foolproof. Simca's 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty* removes the guesswork. It's backed all the way by the Chrysler people.

Simca's squared-off look pays off in extra room for a covey of girls. Seats are deep, cushy. The all-vinyl interior, practical.

Simca's 52 horses and 4-speed gearbox put zip in driving with less downshifting. And commonly get 35 miles out of each gallon of gas.

Simca does have one flaw: no vanity mirror on the sun visor. But a dealer can fix that in 5 minutes flat.

SIMCA $1639

***SIMCA'S 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty coverage:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in material and workmanship and will replace or repair at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business the engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings of Simca models, provided the owner changes engine oil and re-torques cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter changes engine oil every three months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; cleans oil separator every six months (spring and fall); cleans carburetor air filter every 6 months and replaces it every 2 years; cleans the crankcase ventilator valve oil filter cap and changes Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; and every 6 months furnishes evidence of this service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and asks him to certify receipt of such evidence and his car's mileage.

†Mfr's suggested retail price E. Coast P.O.E. for a Simca 1000. Destination charges, Deluxe trim package, whitewalls extra.

Simca: the tough economy car from the Chrysler people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You don't know your own stren'th," said the Gunboat.

"Yeah, my old woman says I don't know me own stren'th," said Young Kid Flynn. "You feelin' any better?"

"Oh, I'll be all right," said Fitzpatrick-Dawson, rubbing his jaw.

"That ain't the side I hit you," said Young Kid Flynn.

"Maybe I'm hurt worse than I thought. It feels bad on both sides."

The two fighters were momentarily alone while their managers engaged in private conversation.

"Get your clothes on," said Young Kid Flynn. "Then we go have some fun, me and you."

"What do you call fun?" said Fitzpatrick-Dawson.

"The hoors. They got a bunch of hoors up the hill there. You see them tents? Me and you go up and have some fun."

"I gotta get a train back to Philly tonight," said Fitzpatrick-Dawson.

"We got plenty of time," said Young Kid Flynn.

"Wait'll I tell my manager. Hey, Al."

"What?"

"Him and I want to have some fun with the hoors," said Fitzpatrick-Dawson. "You want to come along?"

"We don't want him. Just me and you," said Flynn.

"I gotta talk to this fellow here," said Pincus. "You go have your fun."

"What time is our train back to Philly?"

"Nine-something, but you don't have to worry about it. Have some fun. You're entitled," said Pincus. "Go get your clothes on and I'll bring you your money."

"We don't need no money," said Flynn. He held up his gloved right hand, rotating the fist.

"I do," said Fitzpatrick. "I only got about nine dollars."

"We'll take some off of the pimps," said Flynn.

"Oh, now wait a minute, Paul," said Flynn's manager. "None of that again. I don't want no more trouble with the police." He turned to Pincus. "This boy can't stand a pimp. They run when they see him coming."

"You bet they do," said Flynn. "Come on, Dawson."

The fighters put on their street clothes and ascended to the tents. Early the next morning they awoke in separate tents, very sick from Mickey Finns and covered with mosquito bites. They put on their clothes and hitched a ride back to town with a farmer who was on his way to get a load of manure.

"They took every goddamn cent I had," said Fitzpatrick. "I don't have a nickel for a cup of coffee."

"Wrong," said Flynn. "Pincus gave me this to keep for you." He handed Fitzpatrick an unsealed envelope containing twenty ten-dollar bills.

"Say, you're the first honest man I ever met," said Fitzpatrick. "Why did he give it to you, I wonder."

"He says to me I looked honest."

"But why didn't the hoors and the pimps take it off of you?"

"The lodge. The lodge is all over, everywhere. Philly. Allentown. Chicago. Don't get in trouble with the lodge. They're bigger than the cops."

"Do you belong to the lodge?"

"Not me, but I got friends in it. I can't join it because I'm a foreigner, but I got a lot of friends in it. It's all over. Allentown. Reading. Cleveland, Ohio. Buffalo, New York. All over."

"It looks like it's all over for me, too," said Fitzpatrick. "Pincus giving you the money to hold for me, that was the same as good-bye from Pincus."

"Because I knocked you out?" said Flynn.

Fitzpatrick looked at him and there were things he wanted to say, but he did not say them. It was more than likely that the Polish boy could beat him in a fight that was not fixed; right now Fitzpatrick did not have enough fight in him to take on anybody. "He told me yesterday I ought to quit the ring," said Fitzpatrick. "He said to me why didn't I hang up the gloves and be a manager."

"I wouldn't want to manage. I don't see no fun in that," said Flynn.

"No," said Fitzpatrick. "Do we have far to go? How long before we get to town?"

"Through them trees you can see town. Through there you can see the courthouse. That's the building with the clock. It says ten after seven. Why?"

"I'm a sick man, that's why."

"We'll go to Bressler's," said Flynn. "He'll be open now. Hey, mister, do you go near Bressler's saloon?"

"Near," said the farmer.

"We'll get off there," said Flynn.

"This wagon don't have any springs to it," said Fitzpatrick. "Shakes the hell out of you. But I guess it's better than walking. You know, I seen a guy die from a Mickey."

"What's a Mickey?"

"A Mickey? A Mickey is what they put in our drinks. They invented it to give it to constipated cows, and that's what they gave you and me. You don't have to be old to die from it, either. You know what the appendicitis is?"

"Sure. They have to operate on you for that," said Flynn. "My sister had it."

"Yeah, but if you got it and they give you a Mickey before they operate on you, the appendicitis bursts open inside your guts."

"I guess that's right," said Flynn.

"I know it's right. I seen a guy die of it. A young guy. You should of seen him, all doubled up with the pain. The cops thought he was faking. We were in the cooler, in Baltimore, Maryland. We were all pinched in a raid, and somebody give this young guy a Mickey and it hit him when we were in the wagon on the way to the cooler."

"Stop talking about it. I don't feel so good," said Flynn.

"Your imagination's getting the better of you," said Fitzpatrick.

"Just stop talking about it."

"Okay."

The farmer stopped the wagon and the two fighters made their way to Bressler's saloon. Young Kid Flynn got a boisterous greeting from the bartender, but he hurried to the toilet. The fighters spent most of the morning in Bressler's back room, and Bressler kept his customers away from them. Late in the afternoon they felt better; they could hold on to a little hot tea. Flynn's manager, who said he had been looking all over for him, dropped in at Bressler's for a beer.

"This ought to learn you to stay away from the hoors," said the manager, whose name was Charley O'Donnell.

"It wasn't the hoors, it was the pimps," said Flynn.

"Where there's hoors, there's always pimps," said Charley.

"Like where there's fighters, there's managers," said Fitzpatrick.

"I consider the source of that remark," said Charley.

"You'll consider the source of a good puck in the teeth," said Fitzpatrick.

"What are you picking on Charley for?" said Flynn. "He ain't done nothing to you."

"He's a manager. That's enough for me," said Fitzpatrick. "Him and Pincus should of stuck with us."

"I'm no nursemaid," said Charley. "Now listen, Paul, I got good news for you. I got the best news so far. I think I got you a fight in Philly."

"He means Pincus got you a fight in Philly," said Fitzpatrick.

"That's exactly right, smart guy," said Charley. "Me and Pincus partnered up, Paul. Pincus will put you on the card two weeks from Friday, in Philly. You fight a boy named Young Sam Langdon."

"I licked him in four rounds, two years ago," said Fitzpatrick. "He only got one eye."

"Then maybe we'll match you with a guy from Atlantic City that I forget his name."

"I'll tell you his name," said Fitzpatrick. "It's Battling George Moran. I licked him in three. I can tell you all the names of who Pincus'll match you with. I tell you something else, Paul. You got two managers and maybe you'll get twice as many fights, but you won't be making twice as much money. The same money, Paul—for you. More money for them, but the same for you."

"Don't listen to this guy," said Charley. "He's through."

"I'm through, Paul. But two managers'll have you through quicker than I was."

"I gotta have fights," said Flynn. "I got a wife and two kids, and I ain't going back in the mines. I just as soon fight. I fight anyway, every payday, working in the mines. Only I don't get paid for it."

"That's the way to talk, Paul," said Charley.

"You'll take my advice and ——"

"I don't want no advice. Get me a fight every two weeks that I get paid for. Easy money. And fun. There's only one thing is more fun than fightin'. But I never got paid for that."

"No, and you gotta save your stren'th these next couple of weeks," said Charley.

"You hear that, Paul? Him and Pincus, they're all alike. He wants you to stay away from women so you'll get a nasty disposition and fight better."

"Huh. He don't know my wife," said Flynn.

"I know your wife," said Charley. "It's the hoors I want you to stay away from."

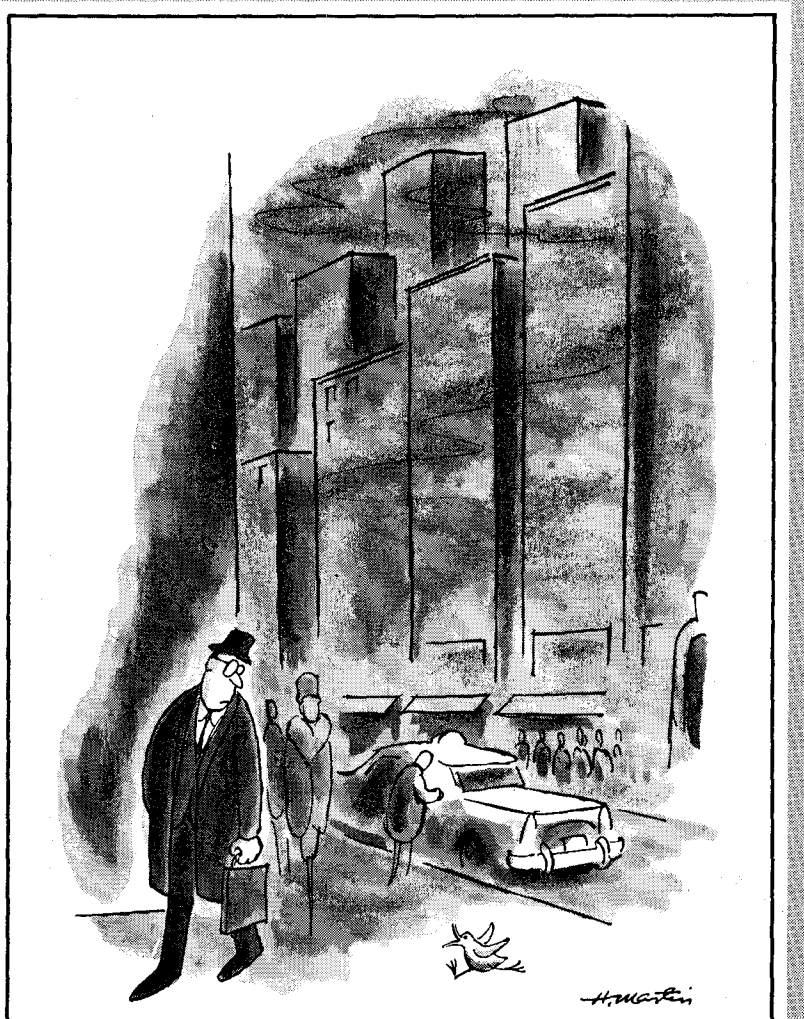
"How much I got coming to me?" said Flynn.

"About a hundred dollars," said Charley.

"That's only half," said Flynn.

"You owed me for expenses," said

America, America

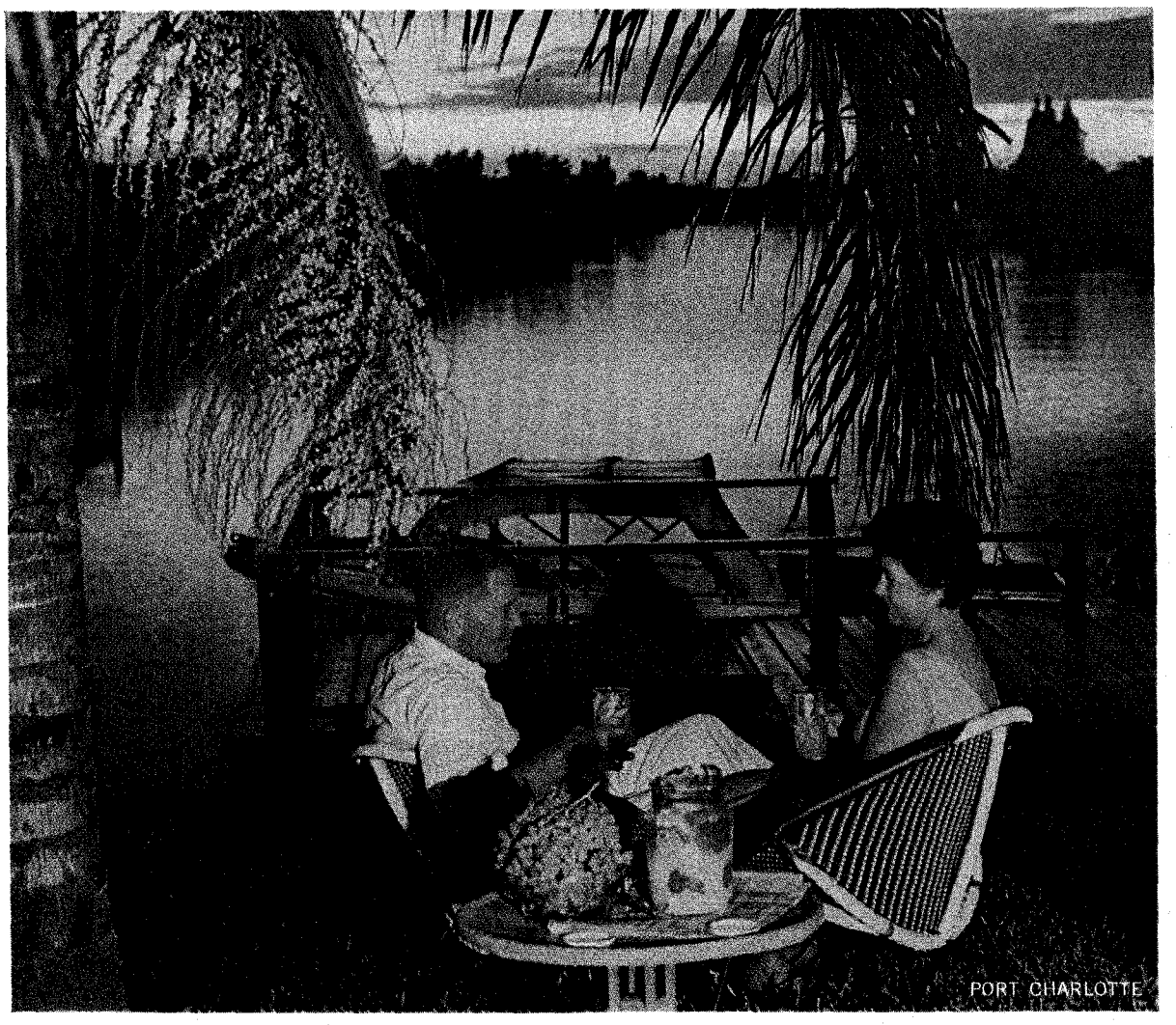


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The New Jersey sky is falling! The New Jersey sky is falling!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You write your name and address . . .

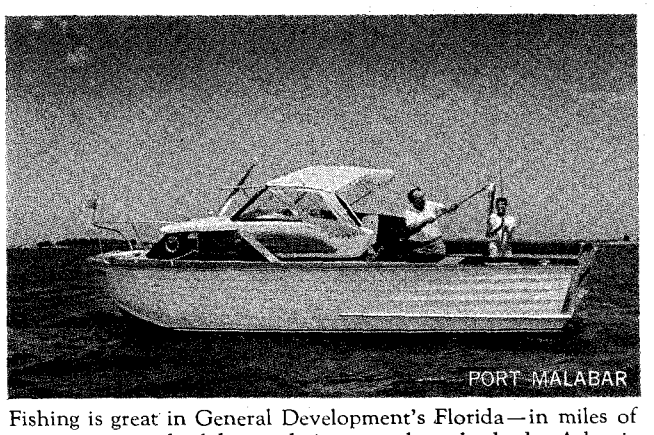


and we'll show you the way to a richer life in Florida

It won't cost you a cent to find out how you can enjoy—*and afford*—some of the best living and investment opportunities Florida has to offer. It's as easy as writing your name and address and mailing the attached card today.

Want to find out about some wonderful fishing? Or golf on championship courses? Clubs, churches, hospitals, schools, social organizations of every description? Want to know about investing in Florida's future? It's all here, at no obligation, compliments of Florida's famous builder of Nice Neighbors communities, General Development Corporation.

Port Charlotte on the Gulf Coast,



Fishing is great in General Development's Florida—in miles of waterways, nearby lakes and rivers, and on both the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts.

Port St. Lucie and Port Malabar on the east coast—each is beautifully planned and built by one of the world's most respected land developers. One of these communities is right for you. And you can get what you want for as little as $25 a month!

Send in the card right now, while it's fresh in your mind. Or if card is missing, write: General Development Corporation, Box 1308, Miami, Florida 33134.

Want to live among nice neighbors? General Development can arrange for you to live in Florida within 90 days, or help you plan ahead for the years to come.

The Nice Neighbors Communities of General Development's Florida—enjoyed by more than 20,000 residents.

A verified statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof, or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such an offering. A copy of this offering is available upon request from the subdivider. NYA 284-82

AD645932(K) (S-103A)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charley. "I got it all down in black and white."

"If I go home she'll take the hundred off of me. You take her fifty and tell her I'll be home tomorrow," said Flynn.

"What are you going to do?"

"Me and this fellow, we go to Jelly Bean's."

"You stay away from Jelly Bean's. You get in trouble there and they'll cut you up with a razor," said Charley.

"You coming with me, Gunboat?" said Flynn.

"Not now, I ain't. I want to take a bath and get some sleep. I'm too shaky."

"Aah, the hell with you. The hell with all of you," said Flynn. "Gimme my money."

Charley counted out fifty dollars and gave it to him. The Polish boy took the money and went to the bar, had a couple of drinks of whiskey, and was driven in a carriage to the place known as Jelly Bean's on Mission Street. It was still daylight, and a lot of people in the streets saw the triumphant Young Kid Flynn on his way to Jelly Bean's. It was the last they saw of him alive. Sometime before midnight he died, not from a razor but from the bullets from a Colt .32 automatic, which was the stylish weapon among the Mission Street people who could afford it. The man who killed him was Jelly Bean, the fat and solemn Negro who was king of Mission Street. Accompanied by his white lawyer and five witnesses, he gave himself up at the police station before the police knew anything had happened. The lawyer produced one witness, a woman in her late twenties, who had a broken jaw; and he called the attention of the chief of police to a cut over Jelly Bean's left eye. There were not many Poles in the town, but it was decided to put Jelly Bean in the county jail that night, just to be on the safe side.

Those were the circumstances of Jay Fitzpatrick's arrival in the town. His business career was less dramatic. He went to work for Bressler as bartender, short-order cook, and bouncer. He managed to steal enough money inconspicuously to become the nattiest dresser in that part of town. His personal profit out of a quart bottle of whiskey, sold by the drink, ranged between forty-five and sixty cents a bottle. It was a simple matter of watering the contents of the bottles from which he served the second—never the first—drinks. As there were no complaints from the customers, whose first drinks were full strength, Bressler was unable to verify his suspicion that Jay Fitzpatrick was doctoring the booze. He tried to trap Jay Fitzpatrick in the act of knocking down from the till, but Jay was too wise to steal actual cash that Bressler counted twice a day. Bressler did not like Jay, had been afraid of him from the beginning. He had hired Jay out of fear.

A couple of days after Jelly Bean shot Young Kid Flynn, with the town still buzzing about the story, Jay had said he wanted to have a talk with Bressler. "It's this way," said Jay. "I'm kind of running short of coin, hanging around this town."

"What are you hanging around for?" said Bressler. "You're from the city. Why don't you go back?"

"It's cheaper here," said Jay. "I was thinking, what if you was to give me a job? I can tend bar, cook, and I know how to handle tough guys. I don't have to use a gun, like Jelly Bean. The trouble with a gun, any time a saloonkeeper has to use a gun he has to go out of business. If a tough guy started trouble in your place, maybe you have a gun and you could shoot him. But the cops would close you down. I hear there's talk of taking away a lot of saloon licenses. The law-and-order people are up in arms." There was truth in what he said; the Anti-Saloon Leaguers were using the Flynn shooting to their advantage.

"I don't need another man. I got a day man and a night man, and the cooking I can do myself," said Bressler.

"What if I was to get drunk here, tonight? Could your night man handle me? No. Maybe you could send for the cops, but it'd get in the papers, and you'd stand a good chance to lose your license."

"I get the drift," said Bressler. "If I don't hire you, you *will* cause trouble."

"You get the drift," said Jay.

"I'll have to let one of the men go," said Bressler.

"Well, they're both probably stealing from you. Fire the one that steals the most."

"Cassidy," said Bressler. "He don't steal more than Green, but he drinks up some of the profits."

"When do I start? I'm ready to start tonight. And don't you worry about Cassidy. I'll give him the bum's rush if he argues."

Fear of Fitzpatrick continued to influence Bressler. On the other hand, Fitzpatrick livened things up among the customers. He was a good storyteller, a collector of dirty jokes, an entertainer who had been to Europe, Africa, and South America. He was a scrapper, and he made bean soup the like of which Bressler had never tasted. In fact, Bressler forgave him a lot for that bean soup. Bressler would sit in the back room, putting away platefuls of soup, while out front Jay Fitzpatrick was making himself congenial with the customers, so completely taking charge that the customers assumed Jay was Bressler's partner. Bressler did not mind. He was well up in his fifties, and if Jay had any idea of buying him out, all he had to do was make a good offer. Jay could go to one of the breweries and get help in financing the takeover, and with a little money from the saloon and a small political job, Bressler would be comfortable for life. It was such a logical, mutually profitable proposition that Bressler was incredulous when Jay turned it down.

"What's in it for me?" said Jay. "I never saved any money on what you paid me. I don't have over five hundred dollars in the bank to show for the time I worked for you. They say this Prohibition is coming in, and they'll close down the breweries."

"The country'll never stand for it," said Bressler. "The workingman has a right to his glass of beer."

"Herman, you're just like all the rest of the Dutch. You are as thickheaded as any of them. One state after another is voting for Prohibition, and you dumb bastards keep on saying they'll never take away the workingman's glass of beer. A year or two ago you were saying this country'd never go to war against Germany. No, I don't want to buy your saloon. I wouldn't take it for a gift. Pretty soon I wouldn't take a brewery for a gift."

"Well, I ain't offering it to you for a gift," said Bressler. "When the boys get home from the Army, you'll see about this Prohibition."

"Yeah? Well, if I'm wrong maybe I'll open up a place of my own, but I ain't going partners with you."

The shock of Prohibition—and obesity, nephritis, cancer of the prostate, and heart disease—was too much for Bressler. He died in February, 1920, and his widow was advised by her lawyer to sell the goodwill and fixtures for one thousand dollars cash. The buyer was Jay Fitzpatrick, and the only fly in the ointment was the fact that he had to pay rent to the Greek brothers who owned the hotel and restaurant on the corner, and also the adjoining buildings. In one of those buildings was Bressler's saloon, now Jay's. It was a hell of a note that he had to pay rent to a couple of foreigners, but they had the coin. Everybody talked about the Jews having all the money, but that was because there were more Jews than Greeks, and more people had to deal with the Jews in different lines of business. Like for instance there were any number of clothing stores and shoe stores and jewelry stores owned by the Jews, and ordinary people got to know about them. People saw them every day; they lived in town, had their own synagogue, had kids in school. What ordinary people did not know about the Greeks was that they all belonged to some kind of a Greek organization, exactly like a Chinese tong. Jay Fitzpatrick, who was born and grew up in Newark, New Jersey, was full of information about the Hip Sings and the On Leongs. Ignorant people did not know about the Chinese tongs, which were first of all *business* organizations. The only time the tongs ever got in the papers was when they began hacking each other up and shooting each other; the rest of the time they were just like the goddamn chamber of commerce. It was the same with the Greeks. The Speer brothers, Jay's landlords, got all the financial help they needed from their organization, and if anybody wanted to know where the headquarters of the organization was, it was in Boston, Massachusetts. Boston, Massachusetts. How many people in town knew that? Not many; but Jay knew it because you kept your eyes and ears open, you found things out as you went along. These foreigners came over here with no money, but they saved every penny. (The Chinese, for instance, ate rice and rats.) They helped one another, they had an organization. They paid dues, no matter how little, two bits a week. But two bits a week was a dollar a month, and if you had a thousand Greeks in Brooklyn, that was a thousand dollars a month in the treasury, twelve thousand in a year. An organization that had a sure income of twelve thousand dollars a year could go to any bank and buy a building, a theater, a peanut stand, and by keeping expenses down show a profit. All because the foreigners knew how to stick together and were willing to pay two bits a week dues.

Jay was now thirty-six years of age, not old by any means, and in pretty good shape. On the other hand, he had to take into consideration the fact that in four years he would be forty, and if you did not start having some coin stashed away by the time you were forty, you were not going to get many more chances. He was doing all right day-to-day, month-to-month. Contrary to his predictions, the breweries did not go out of business. In order to make that slop they called "near beer," they had to make good beer first and then reduce the alcoholic content; and when the right arrangements were made with the federal agents, the breweries delivered beer that was just as good as it had ever been, or almost. Sometimes the heat was on and the breweries had to deliver slop, in which case the individual saloonkeeper had to do his own doctoring of the slop by spiking it with ether. But there was still money in beer, and even better money in booze. Consequently Jay was able to maintain the standard of living to which he had accustomed himself. Five suits of clothes, silk shirts, twelve-dollar shoes, three-dollar neckties, ten-dollar fedoras. He bought himself a secondhand Kissel-Kar painted yellow, and he had a girl friend.

Madge Shevlin was herself a businesswoman, half owner of the LaFrance Beauty Salon, and she and her partner were coining money with permanent waves at five dollars per curl. She did not need Jay to support her, but he took her to the professional football games, and the amusement parks when the name bands played. He was her escort when she attended the conventions of beauty experts, and they enjoyed the admiration of the people in hotel lobbies and ball parks who could not fail to notice such a striking couple. Jay's diamond ring was a present from Madge, and she gave him a manicure at least once a week. The question of marriage was avoided after one frank discussion in which Madge revealed herself to be deeply concerned with the future. "I wouldn't mind marrying you, dearie," she said. "But you're not putting anything away for a rainy day. This Prohibition, they got all these laws that they could put you in jail and padlock your place. Then when you got out I'd have to support you. It'd be different if I didn't have my mother near seventy and it looks like she'll be good for another ten years. The Muldoons are all long livers. And even if I didn't have Mom, I'm thinking of opening up branches in Swedish Haven and Taqua."

"Yeah, and I guess it would look kind of funny if I was kind of your manager," said Jay.

"If you *what?*"

"Well, if you started opening up branches all over the country ——"

"Oh, you better get *that* idea out of your head," said Madge. "You mean *you* to *manage* the LaFrance? I'd be out of business inside of two years. You don't think past the week after next. I been planning on these branches since the second year I was in business. But first I have to buy out the partner I have now. If you had some capital I could buy her out and you and I could start up. I'd marry you then, if you put some capital in the business. But don't ask me to have you for a manager or a business partner, dearie. Except silent. If you could raise twenty thousand dollars cash, I guarantee you we'd have a business to support us in our old age."

"What if I sold my business and put the money in yours?"

"No good," she said. "You gotta have a business of your own, or at least a job. I wouldn't want you hanging around the business I built up."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Painting courtesy the General Electric Company, Outdoor Lighting Department

How Peabody Coal helps you enjoy skiing –year 'round, day and night!

Thomas Edison would be amazed if he could see what his brain child is doing now . . . turning night into day for skiers, golfers, baseball and football fans—all kinds of outdoor sports enthusiasts.

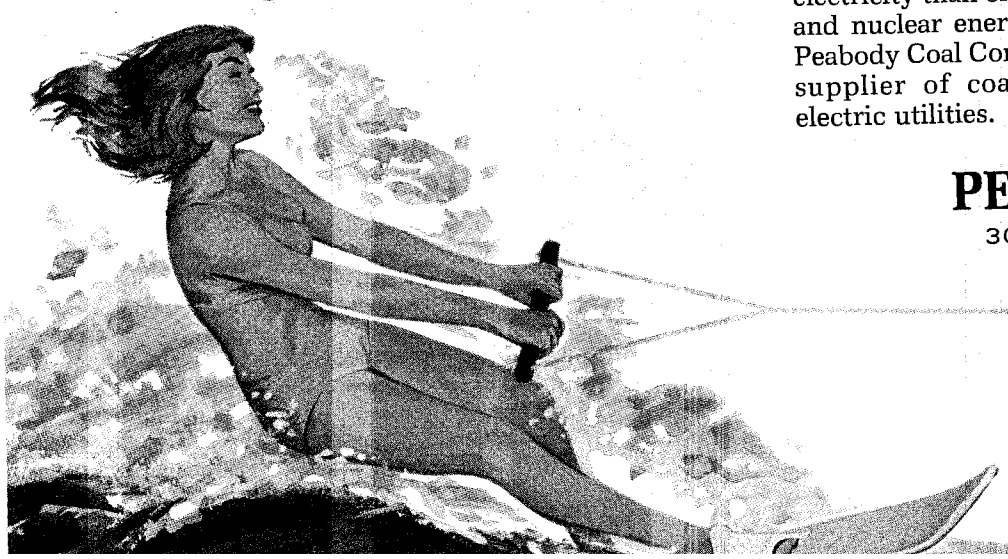
The thing that makes it all possible: low-cost electricity.

Most electricity is generated from coal. In fact, coal generates more electricity than oil, gas, water power and nuclear energy combined. And Peabody Coal Company is the largest supplier of coal to the nation's electric utilities.

In the summertime, too, Peabody is a friend of skiers—water skiers who enjoy new lakes where Peabody shovels once operated.

Through Peabody's conservation program, "Operation Green Earth," mined lands are being converted to new recreation areas for fishing, swimming, boating, camping, hunting and other outdoor activities.

A lot of the good things in life start with coal. And with nearly 5 billion tons of unmined reserves, Peabody looks forward to providing many of them for years to come.



PEABODY Coal Company

301 N. Memorial Drive St. Louis, Missouri 63102

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Calms anxiety lifts depression ...*as it relieves headache pain*

New Trend In Pain Relief:

When you have a headache you not only often suffer from pain but from anxiety tension and depression. Today's Anacin® now has a combined new action that actually calms anxiety and helps lift your depression as it turns off headache pain in minutes. You feel wonderfully relaxed and more cheerful again.

Anacin contains the compound doctors prescribe most for headaches. In fact, it's *twice as strong* in this as any other extra-strength tablet.

Only Anacin has this fortified combination of ingredients with a combined action that relieves pain, the underlying anxiety and helps brighten your spirits.

Next time try Anacin Tablets. See if Anacin doesn't work better for you.

"Why? Are you ashamed of me? I never knew that before," he said.

"Not ashamed of you. Don't I go everywhere with you? Including to bed. But a saloon and a salon are two different things. You stick to your saloon and I'll stick to my salon. Don't take it to heart, dearie."

It was not a rebuff that he took to heart; the proposal of marriage had been a courtesy he extended because he thought it was time she was expecting it. Somewhere in Essex County, New Jersey, he had a son or daughter, who would now be about eighteen, by the Italian girl he had married and deserted before the kid was born. He had never gone to the trouble of finding out whether he was divorced. He had shipped out as deckhand on a banana boat, and thereafter he followed two rules: never again work on a banana boat, and never work on any boat that had for its destination one of the New Jersey ports. He did not want to arrive in Hoboken or Jersey City and find the law waiting for him. Almost as bad as the prospect of prison was the thought of having to live with Rosie. He was ashamed of himself for having had relations with such an ugly, fat little thing when all the other guys were having a good time with the pretty girls, and he never quite forgot Rosie's two brothers, one on each side of him, taking him to the priest's house for the marriage ceremony. The brothers did not even offer him a glass of wine after the wedding. They left him with Rosie and the priest, and as soon as Jay saw them turn the corner he gave Rosie a clout on the chin and left her with the priest. Two days later he was on his way to Guatemala, and at the time he did not even know where Guatemala was.

He became adroit at avoiding the topic of marriage, and for almost twenty years he was equally successful in avoiding the condition. But Madge had something about her that made the prospect of a full-time, permanent, legal union seem attractive. No matter how rowdy and dirty-talking she got when they were alone in a bedroom after she had had a few drinks, when she put her corset on and was dressed for the street she became an altogether different person. Lawyers and bankers tipped their hats to her, and not only because she knew a thing or two about some lawyers and bankers. She had taken bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting from the nuns, and for the first ten years out of school she had worked as stenographer in the office of a planing mill. Her boss, the owner, had seduced her when she was still in her early twenties. Since there was not the remotest possibility that he would ever marry her, she gave herself a raise in pay and he gave the raise his approval. She remained his mistress until he had a stroke and had to let his son take charge of the mill. The son was a namby-pamby college graduate whose first official act was to call Madge into his office and inform her that she was through at the end of the week. "Don't I get two weeks' notice?" said Madge, and then she saw that on his desk were several bookkeeping ledgers. He smiled at her and pointedly looked down at the books and up again at her.

"The end of the week, Miss Shevlin," he said. "I took accounting in college. You were pretty crude."

"What about a reference?" she said.

"As what?" said Junior. "No, you'll never get a reference from me. Half the money you've been stealing here belonged to my mother."

"How do you expect me to get another job?"

"I don't expect you to, if it means handling money. If you're going to handle old men, maybe my father would give you a reference. Only he can't hold a pen in his hand. You're getting off easy. You can tell your friends you're quitting, and if anybody asks me if you quit, I'll say you did. But that's as far as I'll go. You got away with over twelve thousand dollars, at least."

"Why don't you have me arrested?"

"If it was up to me, you'd have been on your way to jail a week ago. I'm not protecting you on account of my father. It's on account of my mother."

"A hell of a lot of use she was to your father these past five years."

"He always went home to her, Miss Shevlin. And he's with her now. Let me tell you something else. If any of this reaches my mother, I'll take these books to the district attorney. The statute of limitations won't save you. As recently as a month ago you put through a check for three hundred dollars payable to the J.J. Smith Lumber Company. But *you're* the J.J. Smith Lumber Company."

"Your father signed that check."

"Would a handwriting expert agree with you? How about all those checks to the McDonald Machinery Company? Never very big, but a lot of them. A lot of specimens for a handwriting expert to examine. You endorsed the checks, filed them, and then drew out checks made out to cash for the same amount, which you cashed yourself. That way we were never overdrawn at the bank, because the bank never saw the checks to McDonald and J.J. Smith. But all the same it was pretty crude, Miss Shevlin. It was bound to catch up with you."

"Well, we're not all as clever as you are," said Madge. "Do I have to stay till the end of the week?"

"By no means," said Junior. "I've already hired a new girl, starting tomorrow. And I certainly don't want her to learn the office routine from you."

"Well, I'll bet she doesn't learn as much from you as I did from your old man," said Madge.

She had about four thousand dollars in a savings account, but she had a lazy mother and no job. It was an occasion for clear thinking. Obviously if she applied for the kind of job she had had at the mill, she not only would not get the job but the story of her dishonesty would be all over town. There were certain men in town who had given her little presents in the past, but the presents had never amounted to much and it was one thing to have a date with a man in Philadelphia and come home a few dollars richer, and quite another thing to try to make a living that way. Prostitution was abhorrent to her, and blackmail was liable to be both temporary and dangerous. In the midst of these reflections she came upon an ad in one of the Philadelphia papers. It offered instruction in hairdressing, manicuring, and how to run a beauty salon. The course was intensive, lasted six weeks, and cost five hundred dollars. She went to Philadelphia, enrolled, and took a room in a boardinghouse. She had always been fastidious about her

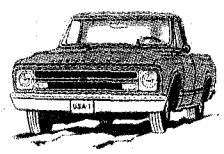
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Its new look is just one nice thing about the '67 Chevy pickup

THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHERS.

We got tough about new ideas to make it last longer . . . like eliminating exposed sheet metal joints on the cargo box. And building self-washing wheelhousings and special splash shields . . . new ideas to retard corrosion.

For safety's sake, we built in a new telescoping lower steering shaft, and a dual master cylinder brake system. Added color and style to the spacious, comfortable cab interior. Then closed the whole package with a one-hand tailgate latch.

We kept a lot, too . . . like smooth-riding Independent Front Suspension and the most popular truck sixes and V8's. 

Got the picture? So has your Chevrolet dealer. See him soon. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

a brand new breed of pickups

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you read

The Saturday Evening
POST
you should own

. . . the new MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, the arts, business, and the professions.

To be well informed today you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it — *the only way* — is to get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

100,000 new words, new meanings
450,000 entries

The first completely new unabridged dictionary in 30 years, this new Merriam-Webster is the only dictionary that puts you in full command of the new words and new meanings in space, science, politics, and today's English language in general.

It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store today.

WARNING: Don't be misled by big dictionaries said to be "unabridged." Only Webster's Third New International has 450,000 entries with 100,000 new words and new meanings. This is the word authority of your library, schools, courts of law, and the U.S. Government Printing Office.

FREE BOOKLET — *just mail coupon*

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. A7, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

appearance, and she learned so quickly that the woman who operated the school offered her a job as an instructress. Philadelphia was exciting, but she went home where the competition would be almost nonexistent. At home there was only one beauty salon, and it catered to the swells; there was no place that was not condescending to the women like Madge herself, who were willing to spend money to look nice but got good and sore when their appointments were changed or canceled because some Mrs. Gotrocks wanted a permanent at the same time. Madge Shevlin's LaFrance Beauty Salon was an instantaneous success, and Madge began coining money. She catered to the wives of the Rotary Club and Kiwanis, and before a Purim Ball or a Knights of Columbus Annual she would have to begin her appointments at seven-thirty in the morning to accommodate all her patrons. She got great satisfaction out of turning down the swells who thought they could get last-minute appointments before a country-club dance. "Why don't you try Mrs. Dunbar?" she would say, knowing that the swells had tried Mrs. Dunbar first.

Her first and only male customer was Jay Fitzpatrick, who came in one day for a manicure. "We don't take gentlemen customers," she said. "They have a manicurist down at the hotel barbershop."

"Yeah, but I don't go to the hotel barbershop," said Jay. "You have to be a judge to get a haircut there."

"May I see your nails?" said Madge.

He extended his hands, palms down.

"Did you ever have a manicure before?"

"No, can't you tell?"

"Why do you want one now?" said Madge.

"I don't know. I just got thinking. I spend money on clothes, I get a facial every day, but the dukes look like I just come out of the mines. And I never even been in the mines."

"Oh, I know who you are," said Madge. "I often saw you on the street."

"Well, wuddia say?"

"To tell you the truth, I never worked on a man's hands. But if you come in tomorrow morning around ten o'clock—No. Come in this afternoon, after ha' past five. That's when we close."

"You don't want the customers seeing me in your place," he said.

"Well, can you blame me?"

"Jesus Christ, you're no soft-soaper, are you? All right, I'll be here a quarter of six."

When he arrived for his appointment and put his hands on the table, she burst out laughing. "What's so damn funny?" he said.

"I don't know where to start," she said. "I never saw such ugly hands in my whole life."

"I used to be in the ring. Some of them fingers I can't straighten out and some of them I can't bend. But I'll tell you this, Miss LaFrance Shevlin, I know what to do with them, in or out of the ring."

"Don't get fresh," she said.

"Who's getting fresh?"

"You're getting ready to."

"Give it a chance. Maybe you'll like it," he said. "Or aren't you that kind of a girl—and who do you think you're kidding? I'll buy you a steak. Wuddia say? You ever been to the Stage Coach?"

"Listen, I've been to Kugler's, the Arcadia, the Bellevue Stratford, the L'Aiglon."

"Yeah, but were you ever to the Stage Coach? Them joints in Philly, that's a hundred miles away. I never saw anybody take you to the Stage Coach, closer to home."

"What are you inferring?"

"What am I inferring, you with the big words? I'm inferring that the guys you go out with don't take you any place around here."

"Did you come here to get a manicure or act insulting?"

"I come here to get a manicure and buy you a steak at the Stage Coach. I got my car outside and a bankroll in my pocket. You saw me on the street? *I* saw *you* on the street, and I said to myself, There's a handsome-looking woman going to waste."

"You don't see me worrying about that," she said.

"What's the matter? Is this your night for Sodality?"

"Sodality is Tuesday night," she said.

"She remembers!" he said.

"Listen, big boy, you're here to get a manicure, not a date."

"Sure. I'll pay you for the manicure, and the steak I'll throw in free. A nice big juicy two-inch steak? Don't that make your mouth water? With mushrooms, and a big baked potato with paprika on it? They don't serve a steak like that anywhere in town."

"I do, at home. Whenever I feel like it," she said.

"All right, then we'll go to your house," said Jay. "Who have you got living with you?"

"My five brothers and two sisters," she said.

"*That* I know *better*," said Jay.

"Then why did you ask?"

"I wanted to see what you'd say," said Jay.

She picked up his left hand and examined it professionally. "I saw prettier hands on a carpenter," she said.

"That's what I'm here for, to get my hands as pretty as a carpenter. Then I get them as pretty as a banker, then as pretty as a piano player."

"Not a chance," she said. "All I can do is improve the appearance of the nails."

"All right, go ahead and do that. And think about a nice juicy steak, smothered with onions."

"I thought you said mushrooms," she said. "If it's a real good steak you don't need anything on it."

"Now you're talking!" he said. "And blood-rare, is that how you like it?"

"The only way to eat a good steak," she said.

"A woman after my own heart," he said.

They went to the Stage Coach, and the proprietor said he had just the steak for people who would appreciate it. He recommended a mixed-green salad to go with it. No potatoes. No nothing. Nothing but the steak for people who would appreciate it. Madge and Jay ate in silence except for occasional murmurs of appreciation. "What do you want for dessert?" said Jay.

"I couldn't eat any," said Madge. "I'm full up to here." She put her hand on her chest. He grinned and was about to say something. "No cracks," she said.

"I was only gonna say I like to see a woman that's not afraid to eat."

"Oh, sure," she said. "But I do have to hand it to you. I never ate a better steak in my whole life."

"This is where we'll go any time you feel like a steak. You want seafood, I know a place in Reading where they give you a shore dinner as good as Hackney's. You ever been to Hackney's, on the Boardwalk?"

"If you're trying to get it out of me did I ever go to Atlantic City—yes. And I stayed at the Traymore. And if you want to know who with, that's for me to know and you to find out."

"Yeah, but from now on it'll be with me," he said.

"Pretty darn sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I don't go for a person unless they go for me too," he said. "We don't have to kid around, me and you. Have a B-and-B."

"All right. I'm not much of a drinker, but a B-and-B would go good. I thought they had an orchestra here."

"Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. You feel like dancing?"

"Oh, I don't miss it," she said. "But I notice they have a dance floor."

"Friday, Saturday, and Sunday they have an orchestra, and entertainment. But not during the week. During the week it's pretty quiet, but Saturday they come from all over."

"I heard they have rooms," she said.

"If they know you they'll let you have a room," he said. "You want to have a look at the rooms?"

"Not this time," she said.

"No time like the present," he said.

"You know, you're the first fellow I went out with in over three months," she said.

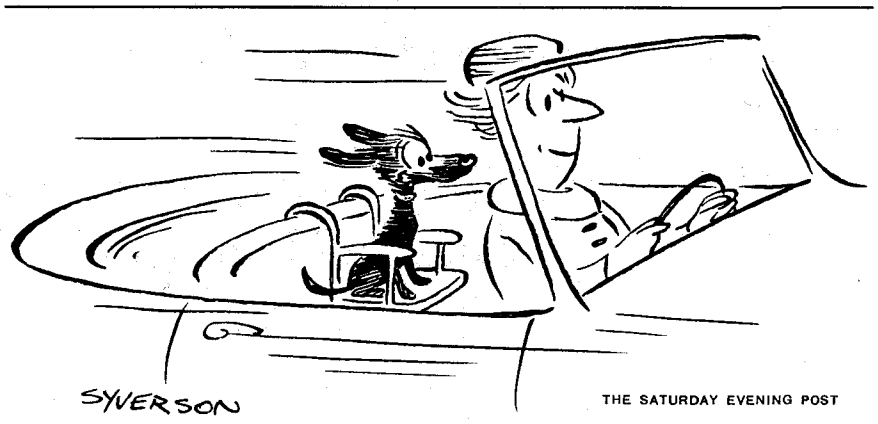
"Then we ought to go and have a look at the rooms," he said.

"Wait till I have my B-and-B," she said.

"As far as that goes, you could have your B-and-B in the room."

"Don't rush me, big boy," she said.

The Stage Coach became their favorite place, and as it was the favorite place of other couples who could not meet at home, Jay and Madge became members of a set that consisted of free-spending, hearty-eating, heavy-drinking



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patrons of the Stage Coach and of sporting events and charity balls given by fraternal organizations. The women among them were all customers of the LaFrance Beauty Salon; the men patronized saloons and speakeasies that were frequented by men who shaved every day, and most of Jay's customers did not shave every day. The source of his spending money, however, was at least as legitimate as that of other members of the Stage Coach set. The only trouble about his money was that he had less of it than the bootleggers, the gamblers, and the contractors who shared income with the politicians. He tried to move in with the bootleggers and the gamblers, and they politely brushed him off; the contractors would have no part of him. The politicians liked his bean soup, and they would come to his joint at four o'clock in the morning after committee meetings, but they gave him no opportunity to present his case as a prospective committeeman.

He spent all he made, and he did not object when Madge would slip him a couple of twenty-dollar bills as her share of an evening's expenses. Although she would not marry him, they were getting to be more and more like a married couple in many ways. She gave up her little trips with other men, and he stopped fooling around with other broads. He rented a couple of rooms over a printer's shop in the alley back of his saloon, and by the time Madge got it all fixed up for him it was as nice as any apartment in town. She never went there in the daylight hours, but they gave parties there and their friends all knew about the apartment.

"I ought to pay half the rent," said Madge.

"No."

"I want to," she said. "I want to make sure you don't take some other woman there."

"Aw, cut it out," he said.

"Seriously, I want to have a say in who you lend it to," she said. "Like if Charley and Edna want to go there, that'd be all right. But if Charley wanted to borrow it to take somebody else there, I'd be against it. If he ever cheated on Edna, that'd be the end of him for me. She gave up plenty for him and she's *true* to him."

"Isn't he true to her?"

"Well, you hear things at the salon," she said. "You're not always sure whether to believe them or not. But he's supposed to of gone off in the woods with that new buyer at Stewart's, at the store picnic. You know the one I mean. The buyer for children's wear at Stewart's. What's her name, now?"

"Borgman. Gloria Borgman," he said.

"You knew, all right. You didn't have to think twice."

"No, I only had to think once and a half. She's too skinny for me to go for, but some guys say the nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."

"Oh, is that so? Well, I consider her nothing but an underfed tramp, and don't you go lending the apartment to her and Charley."

"My God, woman, who said anything about lending her the apartment? Talk to Charley, don't talk to me."

"Don't think I won't if I hear any more about him," she said. "Here, here's my half of next month's rent."

"Okay, I'll take it," he said. "On the one condition."

"What's that?"

"That if I ever catch *you* there with Charley, I'll ——"

She slapped him, playfully but hard.

"I forgot to duck," he said. "Famous last words."

They were, as they agreed, getting to be more and more like a married couple in many ways—in congeniality, in compatibility, in sharing the pleasures of the table and the bed, and in a fondness for dressing up and jointly accepting the compliments of their friends on their stylish appearance. Jay was one of the first men in town to wear the brim of his fedora turned up on one side and down on the other, and one of the last to give up spats. Madge, still a long ways from mink or sables, compensated by concentrating on her accessories—handbags, for instance, and hats and shoes and belts and earrings and bracelets. "When old lady Choate dies, I'm gonna make an offer for her sable coat," she told Jay.

"Who is old lady Choate?" said Jay.

"That's your trouble. Lived in this town as long as you have, and don't even know who old lady Choate is."

"She never comes in *my* place," he said.

"She never comes in mine, either. But if I had her money—boy, what I could do with it!"

"Does she have a husband?"

"She did have. He left her all the money," said Madge. "Her, and old lady Hofman. If I had their money!"

"This town is full of rich old ladies, to hear you talk."

"You bet it is," said Madge.

"You ought to let one of them borrow me for a year. Fix it up, will you? She'd die happy, and me and you'd be rich."

"Listen, big boy, I could spare you for a year to get hold of that Choate money or the Hofman fortune."

"What would you be doing during that time?"

"I'd get me an old man," she said "Or maybe a young one."

"Why not a rich one?"

"Find me one," she said.

"And what if I did? What would be my end? If I was your manager I'd want a third. That's what a fight manager takes."

"Find me one rich enough and I'd go halves with you. But unfortunately there don't happen to be any in town. They all have wives, or the widowers have children that would keep me away from them. There's one rich old guy, but he has a preference for young boys."

"Who's that?"

"*Young* boys. You're too old for him."

"Where do you hear all that stuff?"

"You know where I hear it. At the salon. That's where I hear everything. I got more dirt on the people in this town—and it's all true, or most of it."

"Yeah, but what about the other beauty parlor? Dunbar's. Does she have any dirt on you?"

"Well, I guess there was a time."

"Those guys you used to go on trips with."

"I guess so," said Madge. "That didn't worry me. The only time I was ever worried—I never told you this before." She then related the story of her embezzlements at the planing mill.

Magnavox stereo... the magnificent way to enjoy the full beauty of music in your home.

ASTRO-SONIC STEREO brings you music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from your records, or stereo FM and FM/AM radio. This superb performance is maintained with lasting reliability because advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes, ends component-damaging heat. Micromatic record player banishes record wear. All this in elegant cabinetry you will admire and enjoy for years.

Magnavox is sold *direct* through franchised dealers, listed in the Yellow Pages, saving you middleman costs. Solid-state stereo console phonographs from **$149.50** and portable stereo from **$39.90.**

the magnificent **Magnavox**
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch," said Jay, when she finished. "The young guy comes in my place once in a while. Him and the golf players, they'll come in around three or four o'clock in the morning for a plate of soup. The others'll be plastered, but not him."

"No, not him," said Madge.

"You know, Madge, I often think up an idea to make a few bucks, but I never even mention it to you. I always thought you'd put the kibosh on it."

"What are you thinking now?"

"I don't have no ideas at present, but the next time I get a good one I'll talk it over with you. See, I didn't know you had that much larceny in you. I figured you saved your money and went into business for yourself. I didn't know you stole it."

"I didn't steal it all."

"No, but enough."

"Yeah. Enough."

"It's funny how you think you know a person, and then when you come right down to it you don't know them—well, as good as you think you did. I do have a kind of a scheme I been thinking about, but I don't have it all worked out in my mind."

"Tell me about it," she said.

'All right, I will," he said. "This has been brooding about in my mind for a couple years now. How the hell do I start making a bigger buck than running a saloon? You said one time I don't think two weeks ahead. That shows you didn't know me either. I always think ahead. You don't give me credit for much brains, but I could tell you a few things that ——"

"When you get done patting yourself on the back, what's your scheme?"

"I just want to tell you, you stole the money to start your business. *I* stole the money to start *mine*. I didn't have practically a nickel when I went to work for Bressler, but I stole enough off of him to buy the place when he died. Right under his very eyes I stole it. Him standing there half the time. No bookkeeping tricks. So credit where credit's due, Madge. I got *some* brains."

'All right. You're a financial genius," said Madge. "The scheme, let's hear the scheme."

"You know the Speer brothers, those couple of Greeks that ——"

"I know the Speer brothers, yes," she said.

"Right. But did you ever hear of the Hip Sings and the On Leongs?"

"No. The Speer brothers, but not those others."

"Damn right you didn't. They're tongs. Chinese tongs. The Hip Sings and the On Leongs. You forget I was born-brought up in Newark, New Jersey."

"I think your mind is wandering," she said.

"In Newark they had as big a Chinatown as—well, second only to San Francisco. And shut up, will you?"

"Sure. I don't want to interrupt your train of thought," she said.

"All these Chinamen, all these Greeks, practically all the foreigners, they all belong to some organization. Some of them, they only pay two bits a week. Some more. But they all pay dues. Then the organization puts the money in the treasury, and pretty soon you got a pretty nice bundle."

"Like the unions," said Madge.

"Exactly. Now you're beginning to catch on."

"I didn't have to be born in Newark, New Jersey, to catch on to that. We always had unions here. Are you going to start a union? A union of what?"

"Saloonkeepers. Guys that run speaks. Grocery stores that sell wine. Whorehouses. I was thinking I'd start with the whorehouses."

"Start what with the whorehouses?"

"Well, like I go to Daisy Minzer's, the joint on the way to the Stage Coach, and I go in there and I say, 'Daisy, you give me so much a week, and I'll make sure nobody makes trouble in your place.' Then I go to the Ace of Clubs, and the Pussy Café, and all over the county. Make the same proposition."

"I thought all those places paid grait to the police," said Madge.

"Sure they do. To keep from getting raided. But my proposition is to keep out trouble."

"Don't they all have bouncers?"

"Bouncers, yeah, but I'm Gunboat Dawson."

"You mean you *used* to be Gunboat Dawson," said Madge.

"I don't always tell you when I have to flatten some drunk. I do it on the average once or twice a month. I won't have no trouble with bouncers. I was thinking, the first time I go to Daisy Minzer's, she has a bouncer by the name of Jack Welch. I never did like the son of a bitch. So I was thinking I'd go in there and flatten him before I said anything to her. Then I make my proposition, with him lying there. She'd get the idea pretty quick."

Are the streets the playgrounds of America?

Nimrod Camelot Deluxe

Not for Nimrodders.

When you've the will to get away from it all, a Nimrod camping trailer's the way. Hitch up and head out from the asphalt jungle any time you wish. With a Nimrod in tow you travel with no reservations. Stop where whim or whimsey takes you. Set up camp in minutes. No pegs to pound or rocks to roll. Sleep in luxury up off the ground in full-size double beds, cook in comfort at conventional kitchen height (a Nimrod exclusive). And sit at a regular dinette table. Yet everything folds, flips or slides out of the way to leave loads of living space.

Nimrod has ten years of experience in the finer touches that help more American families rediscover America . . . comfortably, conveniently and with surprisingly little wherewithal. Prices start as low as $629—in many cases less to buy per month than it would cost to take your family to dinner.

To see how easy it is to commune with nature—communicate with Western Union and ask Operator 25 for your nearest Nimrod dealer. Or write Nimrod, 546 Ford Blvd., Hamilton, Ohio.

NIMROD®

America's largest manufacturer of recreational vehicles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, I see. In other words, where there wasn't any trouble, you'd start it."

"Right."

"Were you going to do this all by yourself?"

"When I was starting out, yes. Then when I got the thing going, I'd send for some guys I know in Philly."

"Do you want to know what I think of your scheme?"

"Sure."

"I think you're crazy in the head," she said. "Do you know who runs those whorehouses?"

"Yes, do you?"

"Yes. A fellow from up the mountain," said Madge. "Frank something."

"Focci. How do you know that?"

"How do I know everything? And he's not the owner, he only runs them. They're all owned by a gang in New Jersey, your part of the country. They own houses all the way from New Jersey. They get the girls from the coal regions and they keep moving them from one house to another."

"Come on, *I* told you that," said Jay.

"You told me, but I knew it anyway," said Madge. "I think you're out of your mind. They'll kill you. And if *they* don't, the bootleggers will. The bootleggers won't stand for you making trouble in the saloons. They just won't stand for it, and why should they? They'll come and get you and shoot you, up in the mountains somewhere, and then they'll set fire to you. It wouldn't be the first time."

"You mean that whore they found? She was a squealer."

"And would you be any better in their estimation? If you go through with this scheme I'd be afraid to go out with you. I'd never come to this apartment again, I mean it. What if they came to get you and I was here? They'd have to take me too, if I was here. And I'd get the same thing they gave that whore. We wouldn't be safe anywhere, me *or* you."

"Now what are you doing? Who are you calling?" he said.

"I'm calling a cab to take me home."

"Put down that goddamn phone," he said.

She replaced the receiver. She knew better than to go against him when he used that tone. Once or twice she had seen what his quick fists could do to a man, and at this moment he was not thinking of her as a woman but only as somebody that had got him into a boiling rage. He struck the palm of his left hand with the heel of the right. It was the heel of his hand, not his closed fist, that he used to uppercut men. She let the tears come. "I wished I never met you," she said. "I wished I never saw you."

"That goes double for me," he said. "That—goes—double, that does." He stood up, and she looked at him questioningly. "Put your dress on. I'm taking you home," he said.

They are old now, living retired the year round on the Gulf Coast of Florida. He uses a cane, but he goes in the water almost every day and floats on his back, swims a few strokes, and does not look his age. She stays out of the sun, and wears large sunglasses with rhinestones studding the rims. Her hair is dyed blue. A little while ago they had some friends in to celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary, pretty unusual these days when almost everybody has had at least one divorce. None of their present-day friends ever heard of Gunboat Dawson; Jay Fitzpatrick, retired restaurateur, and Madge Fitzpatrick, retired beautician, is how they are known to their Florida friends. They have enough to live on nicely, and it is not surprising that he, having been in the restaurant business, is quite a good cook. He makes a specialty of his bean soup, very popular among friends who have a hard time with steak and corn on the cob. Their men friends say she is smarter than he is about business conditions and investments, but she does not agree with them. "I could tell you one scheme Jay had, he'd of made a fortune on it, a fortune. But he was way ahead of his time," she says.

"What scheme was that?" a man will say.

"What scheme was that? Well, on the order of your protective associations. All the men in a business band together and form an association. Keep out unfair competition ——"

"And government interference?"

"And government interference," says Madge. "He was way ahead of his time, Jay was. That was forty years ago."

"Well, if you have enough to live on . . ."

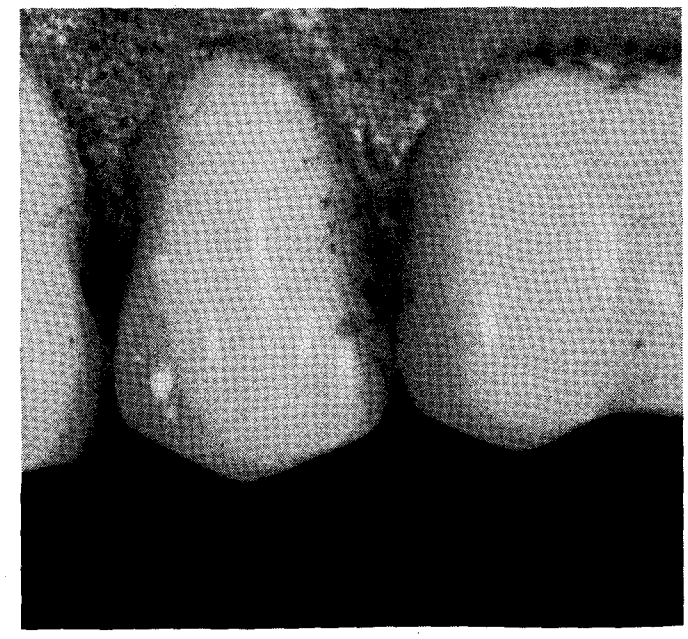
"That's what I say," says Madge. "If you have enough to live on. A few of the luxuries. Your friends in for a game of cards."

She is always trying to get up a game of cards, but it is not easy. Her friends say she is much too lucky. That, at least, is what they say to *her*. □

DENTURE WEARERS:

New Efferdent® denture cleanser tablet removes even stubborn food stains between the teeth in 15 minutes.

The leading powder cleanser in the same tests still left stains like this.



For years, denture wearers have been searching for a quick, easy way to get rid of stubborn food stains—the kind that build up between teeth. Even the *leading powder* cleanser hasn't solved the problem, because it can require overnight soaking.

But now there's a cleanser powerful enough to do the job in minutes. It's not a powder, but an effervescent *tablet* called Efferdent.

The fact is, an Efferdent tablet can release *twice* as much effervescent cleaning action as the leading powder.

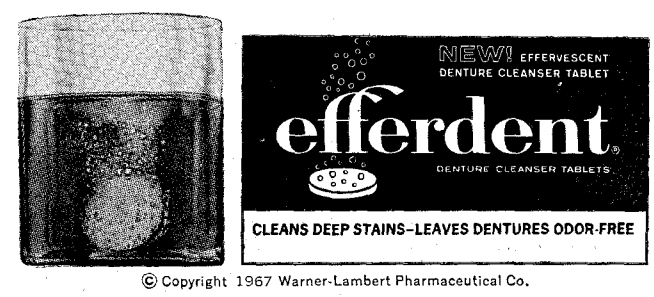
Here's how it works: Just put an Efferdent tablet in a glass of warm water. Then put your dentures in. Instantly, the water turns blue, as Efferdent releases thousands of bubbles that scrub away at stain and odor. Minutes later, the blue disappears, Efferdent's signal the job is done.

And when the blue is gone...the stain is gone.

New Efferdent is now available in your area, in boxes of 20 and 40 individually wrapped tablets.

Try it once, and you'll never go back to those old-fashion powders again.

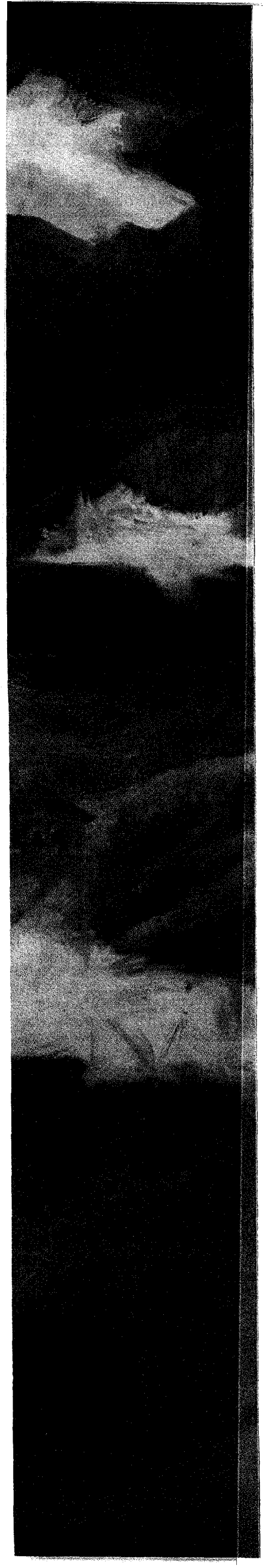
From out of the blue come the brightest dentures ever!



© Copyright 1967 Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRAY FOR GRACE, POOR LITTLE SINNER

He had vowed to have his revenge, but now he trembled as he heard the steady approach of her footsteps. . . .

BY JULIA O'FAOLAIN

Chance brought him back to U—— and left him there with twenty hours to kill. It was rainy, and the peasants who had come in to stand around the post office carried umbrellas of soggy black cotton. A blind man sold lottery tickets; and, between showers, men in mackintoshes walked gun dogs—the shooting season was over. In the hotel bar, young men argued about sports results which had just come in on the radio. Mario went into the lounge, took a sheet of paper headed *Albèrgo d'Italia,* and began to write to his wife.

"Sweetheart, . . . schedule fouled up . . . not be home before Monday night or even Tuesday. Expect a telephone call. This subspecies of a town as wretched as I ever remembered it. I'm glad you've never been here. Prosperity seems to have passed the place by. Plaster flakes. Women, just inside the open doors, plait straw, or tool leather. No work-worthy men in sight. The ones who haven't had to emigrate probably leave on factory buses at six every morning. A scarfed girl glides past the window under the porticoes. An amorous rendezvous? Not so unlikely. *Some* quick pleasures behind drawn blinds must go into the begetting of bastards if the old traditions are to continue. . . . I've just examined myself in the lounge mirror and, allowing for a forty-watt bulb, seem lower-browed, shiftier. Heritage of my guilty mother? Nonsense! I don't blame her, whoever she was. Whom I *do* blame are the nuns at the orphanage, whose spiteful cruelties horrify me still. This morning, driving here, I passed quite close to the orphanage and remembered that I had sworn to myself, when I was ten, that I would come back one day and punish the head nun. Her name was Sister Serafina. I had *totally* forgotten about her. . . ."

A waiter was looking for Mario. It was lunchtime. Mario folded his unfinished letter, put it in his briefcase, then followed the man into the hotel's restaurant, which looked across a plain of olive groves to hills topped with towers, hamlets, and the enormous orphanage. He ate his meal in front of two plastic carnations. The sun was coming out in strips, so that some of the landscape was shining while the rest was still dark. The orphans would be watching the sky, wondering if it was going to be fine enough to go out and play hide-and-seek or walk in the hills. They were probably better organized than they had been in his day. Perhaps they had decent playing fields. Other faces came back, along with Sister Serafina's. There was a sharp-chinned boy called Berto and a tall, beautiful, almost adult girl—she must have been thirteen—with cheeks like mixed petunias. He could not recall her name, but he remembered that she had pale hairs at the nape of her neck, and he—nine or ten—had his nose pressed into her shoulder as she comforted him for something. Each of the little ones had their protectress among the bigger girls.

At ten he had left the nuns' orphanage and gone to one run by priests. He had no especially fond memories of that time either but had always known what to expect from the priests, and, looking back, could understand and even sympathize with them. Too timid to run a parish, too uncouth to teach the sons of the rich, they had been exiled to a mountain orphanage to bring up the bastards of the poor. They had been kind. Crudely, toughly, they had taught the boys what they knew and provided a reliable, fairly comradely world. Which the nuns had not. The nuns too had been on the bottom rung of their order, whose better-born members ran convalescent homes by the sea or finishing schools for girls of good family. Their changeable tempers had, no doubt, turned on the eddies of hurt pride. But to understand was not to forgive.

Sister Serafina's voice came clearly through the tunnel of memory: "You don't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear! He's an underhanded little bastard, and it'll have to be beaten out of him!" And again: "Pray for grace, poor little sinner. You have a bad heritage!"

Odd that after fifteen years it should come back with such smothering immediacy. He felt no differently now than he had felt then. He still wanted to kick her behind. The harm she must have done to the generations that had passed under her rule . . . He could feel the cold of the dormitory floor in the mornings, the water freezing in the taps, and the huge hand that had caught him by the neck and shoved his head under it. His stomach pumped again with fury. Her own fingernails were rarely clean. In the refectory, after chapel, there was "coffee" made from grilled olive pits, and there was no bread. It had burned, or the convent had run out of flour. Mario and a group of followers picked up their tin plates and spoons and, banging on them, headed for the kitchens, shouting, "*Pa-ne, pa-ne, pa-ne!*" Smaller children behind them took up the shout with the vicarious courage of the pack. It was a small demonstration, a moment of freedom as the little mass voiced their awareness of their rights and wrongs: "*Pa-ne, pa-ne, pa-ne!*" The lay sisters in their blue aprons were arguing good-humoredly. There was no bread, they were explaining, or there would be bread later. "Go back and sit down in your places like good boys before Sister Serafina hears you!" But the boys were fired by their own daring. Where had Mario, the instigator, heard of bread riots? In history class, perhaps, where the nuns' horror

Illustrated by Robert J. Lee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICO
world's largest selling pipe

gives you pleasure and peace of mind

Filter out tars, juices, nicotine with Medico's scientific 2¼" disposable Filter with 66 baffles. Draw in clean, flavorful smoke – increase your smoking enjoyment. Medico is crafted only of selected imported briar. Nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof. Relax – smoke a Medico.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, 18 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22, Dept. S21. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.

Insist on MEDICO FILTERS 10 for 10¢
Also Menthol-Cool 10 for 15¢

Other Medico Filter Pipes $2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO® FILTER PIPES

Got leaks around your tub?

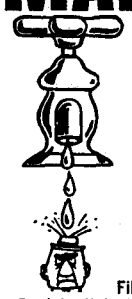
Seal 'em with Dow Corning Silicone Rubber Caulk—the only one with new Anti-Mildew feature!

Stays waterproof. Seals tight. Won't shrink, crack or crumble like non-silicone bathtub caulks. Lasts a lifetime.

At leading hardware and paint dealers.

DOW CORNING

MAD ABOUT THAT BIG DRIP?



YES! Not only annoying, but costly. Wastes water and fuel, ruins expensive fixtures.

Most washers are fastened with too long or too short screws, thus loosen and destroy themselves. Leaks follow.

THE SOLUTION

New Patented Monel Screw with Nylok® TORQ-STRIP locks at proper depth automatically. Holds washer firmly.

® TM Reg., U.S. Pat. Off. Nylok Corp.

Used with Patented Easy-Tite Washer with Fiberglas reinforcement. Resists distortion and shut-off grind. Outlasts ordinary repairs 6 to 1.

Available at Sexauer AUTHORIZED "1-in-10" QUALITY PLUMBERS in your area. For name and address, WRITE:

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. AS-27
10 Hamilton Ave., White Plains, N.Y. 10601

SEXAUER
WORLD'S LEADING SPECIALISTS IN PLUMBING AND HEATING REPAIR PARTS

Fast relief from pain of Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes

Dr. Scholl's Super-Soft Zino-pads provide fast, cushioning protection from painful shoe friction and pressure. Relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes. Protect tender spots. Separate medicated disks included in package to help remove corns, callouses.

Put Zino-pads on at first sign of irritation, wherever new or tight shoes rub or pinch. Discover the joy of pain-free walking again.

Dr Scholl's SUPER-SOFT Zino-pads®

at all rebellion gave it glamour for their pupils. "*Pa-ne, pa-ne!*" They beat time with their spoons and drowned out the sound of approaching footsteps. Suddenly Sister Serafina confronted them: white-lipped, eyes glinting, face clenched with rage. Mario felt the scalp almost torn from his head. She had seized him by his short, crew-cut hairs and rushed him along with another boy—Berto?—back into the refectory, where the younger children's shouts were just dying away. With a violent kick in the rump, she sent first him and then Berto hurtling—like objects, like things—across the room. He had never forgiven her. He didn't forgive her now. The merciless beating she gave him afterward, the hours spent in penance kneeling in the chapel, the week without bread, were nothing to the humiliation of that kick. He had sworn to repay it when he grew up. He had planned it nightly for years. It was his favorite fantasy before going to sleep, and often he had dreamed that he was actually doing it. He would come back when he was big—like now. He would visit the convent and ask—craftily, cunningly—to see Sister Serafina. He would wait for her in the parlor and, when she came, suggest a walk in the convent grounds. She would agree. Why should she suspect? She would be as sweet as pie to him, as she always was to visitors, and to the orphans in front of visitors, and would take him round the rose garden—where the children were never allowed to go, lest they trample the flower beds or pick the flowers—and into the woods, where the stations of the cross were nailed to every second cypress tree. There, where they were too far from the house for her cry to be heard, he would revenge himself for the humiliation she had inflicted on him and which no one had a right to inflict on any other human being, no matter what his age. He would kick her behind. The old excitement trembled up his spine. Was he not grown up? Other people's—his wife's—memories of childhood were remote, touching, unserious trifles. Middle-class childhoods *were* different: protected from direct experience. But he, Mario-at-twenty-five, felt that the lesson Mario-at-ten had wanted to teach the nun was a valid one. Only, Mario-at-twenty-five was less courageous than Mario-at-ten. He had never again led a demonstration.

After his coffee he stood up. The sun had burst out entirely now; the hills were bright and the details of the landscape clear in the rinsed air. He got into his car and drove out to the country. It hadn't changed, either. This part of Italy was too unprosperous to attract the rash of precipitous building that had spoiled so many others. He paused at a crossroads and got out of his car to observe the town, squashed in on itself, on the hump of its hill. He walked a little way into a field, crushing mint and thyme and wild geranium, and remembered the bunches of field flowers the orphans used to gather and stick into jars for their classroom altars to the Madonna. Some children had relatives who, on feast days, sent expensive florists' bouquets for the chapel, buying the children a few weeks' leniency from the nuns. The petunia-cheeked child was one of these. Her name came back to him: it was Linda. Linda also got presents of food, although little of it reached her, being confiscated on a variety of pretexts by Sister Serafina. What little she did manage to keep she got directly from her mother on her mother's rare visits, and hid at once in the woods. For Linda was only half an orphan. Her mother lived in Milan, unimaginably far away, and was probably—Mario now guessed from remembered glimpses of fur and violets and crimped, golden hair—kept there by a lover or lovers. Linda was certainly illegitimate. "Birds of a feather flock together," said the nuns when she made Mario her protégé: helping him dress when he was quite small, tying his shoelaces, washing his hair. It was understood that each big girl should do this for a smaller child so as to save the nuns trouble. Even when Mario was big enough to look after himself, Linda continued to mother him and to bring him into the woods to where she hid her mother's presents of food in a hole between rocks. Food was scarce then and the children always slightly hungry, so such a cache had to be kept utterly secret. Surprising them on their return from one such expedition, Sister Serafina wanted to know what they had been up to together.

"Nothing," said Mario.

"Looking for flowers for the altar," said Linda.

"Well, which is it?" said the nun, her pink, dry skin tightening in derision. "'Nothing' or 'looking for flowers'? I see no flowers, so it must have been 'nothing.' But don't you know that 'nothing' always means something bad? That Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do? Hmm? Well? What do you say to that? You're not very good liars, are you? I suppose you were too busy doing 'nothing' to get your story straight! Well, let this be a reminder for another time." She cuffed their heads with clenched knuckles, and her heavy protruding ring broke the skin over Mario's temple. "Don't let me catch you alone in the woods again!" she cried. "Don't you know that the impurity of children makes Jesus suffer again? That every sin between dirty little wantons drives the nails deeper into His flesh? Don't you? Don't you?" She flailed at them as they dodged away from her. "Pugh!" she said. "You are disgusting! Go into the chapel now and say a confiteor each for your sin."

"But Linda, we didn't do *any*thing." Mario wept as they ran off. "Did we?"

"Of course we didn't. She's crazy!" Linda cranked her temple. "Has a screw loose. Don't cry. Come on. Let me kiss that and make it well. There! Now wipe your nose."

Linda would be twenty-eight now. He had never seen her again after he left the nuns. Twenty-eight! If she had lived the life of a local woman, she would be worn out and old. If she had escaped to a city and become a typist or got work in a factory, she would be in full flower. . . . He walked back to his car and, this time, drove off with decision.

The entrance to the orphanage was more imposing than it had been in his time. A new flower garden with a large concrete fountain topped the winding avenue. The lay sister who opened the door smiled when he said he was an "old boy" and left him in a parlor to wait. The convent smell—beeswax, stale coffee grounds, and incense—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This big blue and white fleet has been all-Dodge since 1928.
For obvious reasons . . .
They have a friend at the factory. But so do you.
A friend who gives you special attention.
The factory figured almost everybody could use a little special attention now and then.
So, late in 1962, they developed a unique 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty.*
And offered it on every truck they built.
At first, buyers were skeptical. Competitors laughed.
Since then, Dodge Truck sales have doubled. Our truck owners are smiling.
And our competitors have created 5-year/50,000-mile warranties of their own.
Frankly, some of them are almost as good as the original.

***HERE'S HOW THIS WARRANTY COVERAGE PROTECTS YOU:** Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles or 1500 hours of operation, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at an authorized Dodge Truck Dealer's (or other Dodge, Plymouth or Chrysler Dealer's) place of business gasoline and Perkins diesel engines (i.e., block, heads, and internal parts), intake manifold, water pump, flywheel, flywheel housing, clutch housing, torque converter, transmission (i.e., case and internal parts, excluding manual clutch), transfer case and all internal parts, drive shafts, center bearings, universal joints, driving axles and differentials, and drive wheel bearings of its new Dodge trucks, provided the owner has (1) the engine oil changed and universal joints (except sealed-type) lubricated and the oil-bath-type carburetor air filter cleaned every 3 months or 4000 miles (every 2 months or 2000 miles on models 400 through 1000), whichever comes first, (2) the engine oil filter replaced and dry-type carburetor air filter cleaned every second oil change, and dry-type carburetor air filter element replaced every 24,000 miles, (3) the crankcase ventilation system cleaned and serviced every 4000 miles, and (4) the transmission, transfer case and driving axle lubricants changed every 32,000 miles (every 20,000 miles on models 400 through 1000). The foregoing services must be performed more often when reasonably required due to severe dust or regular "stop and go" operation. Every 6 months the owner must furnish to such a Dealer evidence of performance of the required service and request the Dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the truck's then current mileage.

Dodge Trucks

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

filled his nostrils. A tinted photograph of Pius XII faced that of Paul VI. It is the lack of change that is always astonishing when one returns. He had somehow imagined that, even in convents, portraits of Pius XII had by now been delicately removed.

Sister Serafina was behind him in the room—he had forgotten the felt-soled slippers, the stealthy entrances. Smiling, she seemed scarcely aged, with the same tissue-pink skin, square jaw, and coils of still-black hair springing from the moles on her chin. She was stocky; he saw with satisfaction that she came up to his shoulder. He felt pleased to have left her even physically behind.

"Dear child." She flung her arms around him and rubbed each odorless cheek to his. "You remembered your old teachers. This *is* a joy!"

At the embrace, his memory pricked by the scratch from her stubbly chin, Mario found himself muttering: "I took the liberty of dropping in to pay my respects."

Precise eyes fixed on his suit. She would already have seen his car through the window, assessed it, and wondered if it was really his. Her glance descended to his hands. Casually, he spread them like fans, and the glance slid away.

"It is consoling," she said, "when old children are mindful of the debt they owe us. Too often when they go into the *world*, they succumb to false shame. They prefer to forget they were reared in an orphanage."

Mario mumbled mindfully.

The nun's hands burrowed in the darkness of her joined sleeves. "Exceptions," she said, "are precious. The wheat remains when the chaff has fallen away." She stood up. "You'll be wanting to visit your old haunts. We'll begin by a visit to Our Blessed Lady. In the new chapel."

Her chatter, he thought, as she led him round the new property, was like a real-estate agent's. As he admired the insulation, the quality of the tiles, and the military olive color in which everything had been painted, he wondered at himself for having ever imagined she would have sufficient interest in *him* to feel embarrassment. He had hardly to speak at all. Kneeling beside her in the new chapel, he assessed the extravagant statuary in Carrara marble and wondered if the orphans still had to break the ice in winter to wash. She led him to examine the new fountain which he had glimpsed on his arrival, and thence to a new handball court—*something* for the orphans, after all.

"Do you know who donated the money for all this?" Her face was animated, flushed with pride. "One of our old children who made good! A boy no older than yourself who made a fortune, would you believe it! Maybe you remember him? I'm sure you do." She winked mischievously. "He was a bit of a black sheep like yourself!" So she remembered that! What else? "He wrote me such a moving letter when he made the donation! His name is Berto, Berto Donati. When he was only sixteen, he went into business with his uncle, who had a little electrical-appliance shop in Milan. In ten years Berto built it up. . . ."

Ten years ago! Sister Serafina's voice grumbled on like a sound track irrelevant to the images that assailed Mario. Berto, his childhood companion in rebellion, the other boy she had kicked, huddled with him in some hideout as they swore to pay back the old bitch in her own coin—no matter how long it took. They had separated after leaving the orphanage, and Mario's most vivid recollection of Berto was of a small boy with skin hot and taut from tears, sitting beside him that day while their knobbly knees knocked together and their breath mingled in excitement as they whispered all the short, sharp, bitter words they knew: marvelous, liberating, dirty words. Words that would have *shriveled* Sister Serafina, that affirmed their male pride and assured their future revenge.

". . . has two factories now for making washing machines and refrigerators and is just going to open a third in southern Italy," Sister Serafina was saying. "He came back to see us, and when he saw me he burst into tears."

That bastard Berto! Mario could just see him! A clerical bootlicker, keeping in with the government clique, getting cheap labor and government subsidies in the South, turning out shoddy appliances to flood the Common Market.

"'Sister Serafina,' he said to me. 'Sister, I pray for you every night. You are the one who made a man of me . . .'"

Pip-squeak!

"'. . . who toughened me and made me able to look out for myself!'"

It was comic! Mario resolved not to torment himself by taking any of this seriously. He arranged his lips in what he hoped was a polite and patient smile.

Sister Serafina boasted on: "'You did more for me,' he told me, 'than anyone I've ever known!' Wasn't that a great satisfaction?" She fixed Mario with big eyes. "We bring up hundreds of orphans," she told him. "We get all kinds—many with bad backgrounds and from low sorts of people. That's natural. It's our vocation, and we're proud to do it. Only the religious can give up their lives to work of that sort. It's a mission. Lay people would soon grow discouraged. But there *are* satisfactions! Of course, the merit is all Our Divine Lord's. I pray to Him constantly for grace for our sisters and for the orphans. . . . I hope you remember us sometimes in your prayers?"

They had reached the rose garden now.

"I wonder, Sister," Mario said, "do you remember a child called Linda? She was in the senior school when I was a junior. Fair-haired. Her mother used sometimes to visit her."

"Linda Bianchi?" Sister Serafina sighed.

"Yes, that was her name. I was wondering what became of her."

The nun sighed again. "Poor girl! We did our best for her. A sad story, I'm afraid. How odd you should remember *her* just when I'd been talking about our success with Berto. Ah, well, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, however you try. There was a bad background there, bad blood."

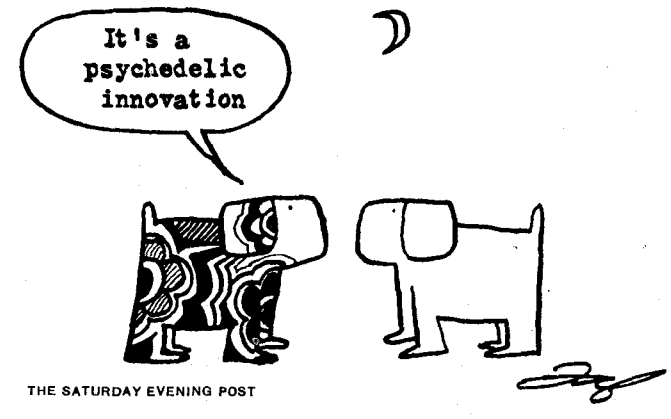
Mario could feel his fury rising again.

THE MAN WITH THE ONE TRACK MIND!

That's our Master Brewer.
We talk about our distinctive, crystal clear bottle . . .
our convenient pop 'n pour cans.
"It's what's *inside* that counts", he says.
We show him our handy home packs and point with pride
to sales increases that are the envy of the industry.
He shrugs.
But when you open a Miller High Life near him . . .
he'll watch with the proud eye of a
symphony conductor.
And when you taste and enjoy its distinctive flavor,
he sighs with the rapture of a great chef.
This is his product.
This *must* be the finest.
He sees that it is.
Nothing else counts.
His is a one track mind.
One good thing. Millions more people are getting on
the same track by ordering and enjoying the best . . .
Miller High Life.
How about you?

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada's Centennial

A year of excitement and spectacle

Canadians everywhere are celebrating.
It's the hundredth birthday of Canada's Confederation. The party is nation-wide . . . saluting the past and visioning a great future.
Over twenty-six hundred new areas of culture and recreation have been built to commemorate the occasion. New plays have been written. New ballets, symphonies, films and books.
Sports will be on a scale unequaled anywhere. Over 15 world championship meets alone.
A special Confederation Train will tour the land featuring a unique electronic display . . . Canada from ice age to space age.

A Military Tattoo — dramatically portraying 300 years of military history — will move across the country performing in 42 major cities. This will be coupled with air shows. Musical horse rides. Naval assemblies. And much more.
For a memory you'll treasure — join us in Canada for Centennial. Share a quick look at the past . . . and look ahead with us to a future's promise. Canada is on parade. The welcome mat is out . . . coast-to-coast . . . all year long.

For information on Canada and our Centennial Year, write: Centennial Commission, P.O. Box 1967, Ottawa, Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What became of her?" he asked in a neutral voice.

They turned into the cypress wood. The nun walked ahead down the narrow path. Linda's cache of food must have been somewhere behind these trees. Ribbons of sunlight fell between them.

"The old story," Sister Serafina said over her shoulder. "History repeating itself. Linda had no father, as you know, and the mother—well, the less said of her unhappy life, the better. And Linda followed in her footsteps. She left here when she was seventeen. We had given her a trade. She was a trained dressmaker. But . . ." She stopped to genuflect before a niche cut out of a rock containing plaster statues, a blue one of the Madonna and a pink one of a little girl that was probably Saint Bernadette. Mario stood stiffly behind her. A *dressmaker!* The most overcrowded, underpaid trade in Europe, a dying activity, killed by the garment factories. Did these nuns never *think?* Did the government never send out advisers? Of course not! Nobody did anything. And neither did Mario. Ashamed of his agitation, he bit the soft inside of his cheek and drove his nails deep into his palm.

"Three years later," said the nun, "she had a little girl whom she left with us. Gloria—an unsuitable name. *We* call her Maria and put her under the patronage of Santa Maria Goretti in the hope that, like her, she may always remain faithful to the precepts of Holy Purity. We failed with the mother. We owe it to the child to do better. I make a point of never letting her get away with the least thing, of keeping her under constant surveillance and punishing her more severely than the others. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. There are terrible temptations ahead of her."

"Her mother ——" Mario began.

"Oh," said the nun, "you may be sure she doesn't tell *me* her life story. But one can put two and two together. She comes here in a car she never earned honestly, calling herself Signora Niccolini. Says she's a widow. The child's birth certificate is one of the new ones—since they stopped putting the parents' names on. So one can't be *sure*. Still . . ." In Sister Serafina's face, caution vanquished a relish which survived in the tadpole twists of her eyes. "I would put my hand in the fire, I would swear any day that that poor child was got on the wrong side of the blanket. But let's talk of happier things!" she cried gaily. "As you're here, let's talk of *you!* Father Anselmo wrote to us about your successes at the university. Otherwise we wouldn't have known." She smiled chidingly. "We put your name on the roll of honor in the hall. You must come and see it."

"Along with Berto Donati's?"

"Of course."

"I wonder, Sister, if, before I go, I could see the little girl, Linda's child?"

This, of course, was the wrong thing. He would have understood it from her face if he hadn't known it already. The orphans were only shown on prearranged occasions.

He made an effort at charm. "After all, I'm not an outsider. For old times' sake, and as I was a friend of poor Linda's. . . ." The "poor" was a concession to the nun which made him dislike himself as soon as he'd said it. She agreed to let him see the child, and immediately he wished he hadn't asked. He felt a forceful urge to get out of the place. His stomach was paining him—always a sign of nerves—and he wasn't good with children. He cursed himself for coming at all. If he'd even brought a present for the child—but how could he have known? It would probably not have been allowed anyway. To avoid jealousy among the children, everything given to one was, he remembered, put into a fund common to all. They walked back toward the house, and Sister Serafina sent a message by a lay sister to the nun in charge of the little girl's class. She was to come and meet them in the parlor.

"You'll stay for benediction?" Sister Serafina asked. "I'm afraid I can't offer you tea until afterward. The lay sisters are ——"

"No! No!" He looked at his watch, then realized he was being ungracious. "Thank you. I'm just here on a flying visit."

There was a knock on the door. It was the child.

"Come in, Maria."

Pale, knob-kneed, about nine years old, in a white cotton smock which she had probably just had time to slip on, she lurked, leaning first on one leg, then on the other, just inside the door. Summonses to the parlor would, he recalled, tend to bode trouble and, to a child "under constant surveillance," might be petrifying. The nun talked in her sweet, parlor voice. The child's eyes darted about, never rising, it seemed to Mario, higher than about three feet from the floor. Could his luminous Linda have looked to adults like this? Was this child a free spirit in her own world? He squatted on his hunkers and spoke with effort: "Hello. I'm a friend of your mummy's. We were in school here together." She stared at him. "May I give you a kiss?" he asked. She let her cheeks be kissed. "Now one for me." She pecked. "Thank you," Mario said gravely. "Now, when you see your mummy, tell her you saw Mario and that he sends her his love. Will you remember that? *Mario.*"

"Yes," said the child, "I'll say 'Mario sent his love.'"

"That's right."

"Say good-bye now," the nun told her.

"Good-bye," said the child.

At the door she shot a final shifty glance at Sister Serafina, then fluttered her fingers at him with what was almost a smile. She'd come safely through that trial. A scrubbed hand, the nails bitten down to the quick, was the last he saw of her. Then the door was closed with an infinity of silent precaution.

"Now," said Sister Serafina, "you must come and see your name on the roll of honor."

"*No!* I'm sorry, I have to go! I . . ." He waved his wrist as though his watch would explain his haste better than words. "Look . . . let me . . ." He reached for his wallet, riffled the bills clumsily, calculating what he could spare and how much he needed to bring him home. "For the chapel." He found a folded bill. What was it? Ten thousand lire. He handed it to the nun. Too much! He'd have to telephone the bank for more. Well, so long as it sweetened the old monster . . . "For your favorite intention, Sister. I'm afraid I . . . miscalculated!" He waved the wrist and watch again, gripped her hand, shook it, and ran out to his car. He got into it with relief, shifted into reverse, and swung widely and too fast. He felt his rear bumper collide with one of the corners of Berto Donati's fountain. There was a grinding noise. He shot forward and, turning, saw that one of the abstract concrete forms on the fountain had fallen into the flower bed. Nobody in sight. The ten thousand lire would pay for that. It was a shoddy production anyway.

He drove down the avenue and out the lodge gate before stopping to examine the damage done to his car. He had broken a taillight and smashed in one of the back fenders. Nothing that couldn't be fixed. He drove at a prudent pace back to U—— His stomach ached violently. □

Many medical authorities say it is wise for everybody to substitute vegetable oil for solid fats whenever possible.

Today's smart homemakers are going along with this advice.

Solid fats are highly *saturated.* Vegetable oils are low in saturates and high in *polyunsaturates.*

And of all leading national brands of oil, new, improved Mazola 100% Corn Oil is highest in polyunsaturates.

Whenever you use Mazola as a substitute for solid fats you help to balance the fats in your diet. For instance:

1. Use Mazola on your griddle for delicious eggs, waffles, French toast.
2. When pan-frying meats, trim off fat and fry in a little Mazola.
3. Fry chicken, fish, frozen French fries in Mazola. They will all taste better, too.
4. Eat salads as a complete meal more often. Include Mazola in every kind of dressing.

Using Mazola 100% Corn Oil in place of solid fats does not require any drastic change in eating patterns. Your family will eat all the things they like and everything will taste wonderful.

Mazola is easy to digest. It fries light with no greasy taste and *no oily odor.*

Mazola 100% Corn Oil *makes good eating good sense.*

Why Mazola 100% Corn Oil will help to balance the fats you eat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

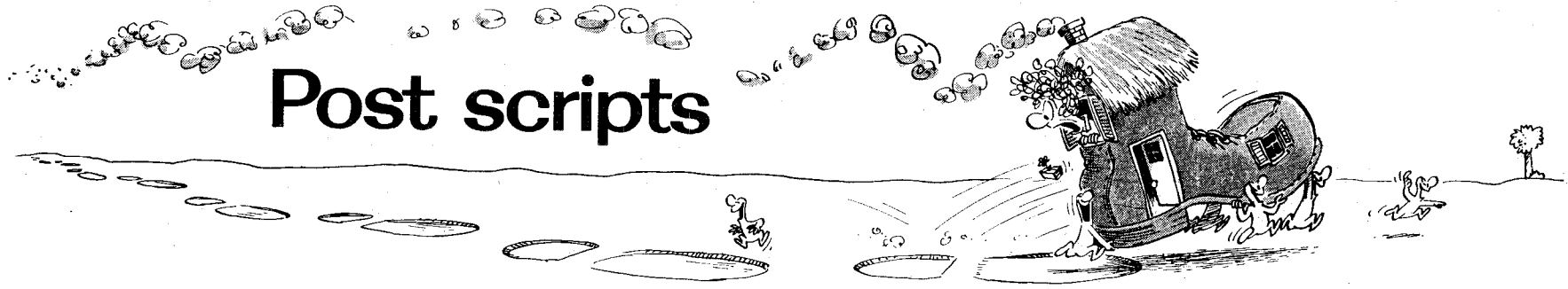
Strike a blow for originality!

(Take the Mustang Pledge.)

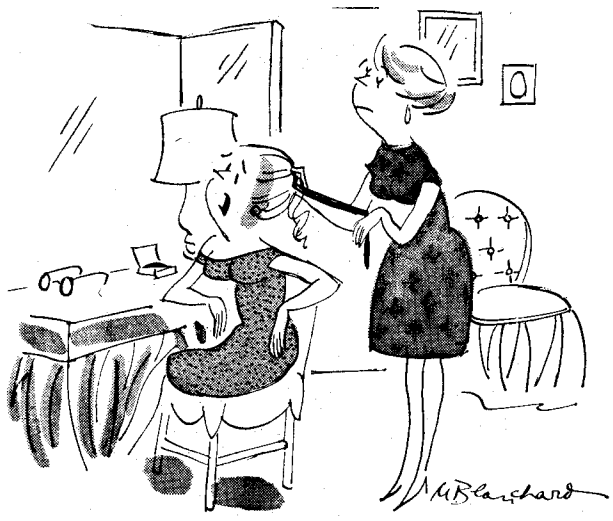
Still the original and lowest-priced car of its kind with bucket seats. MUSTANG Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

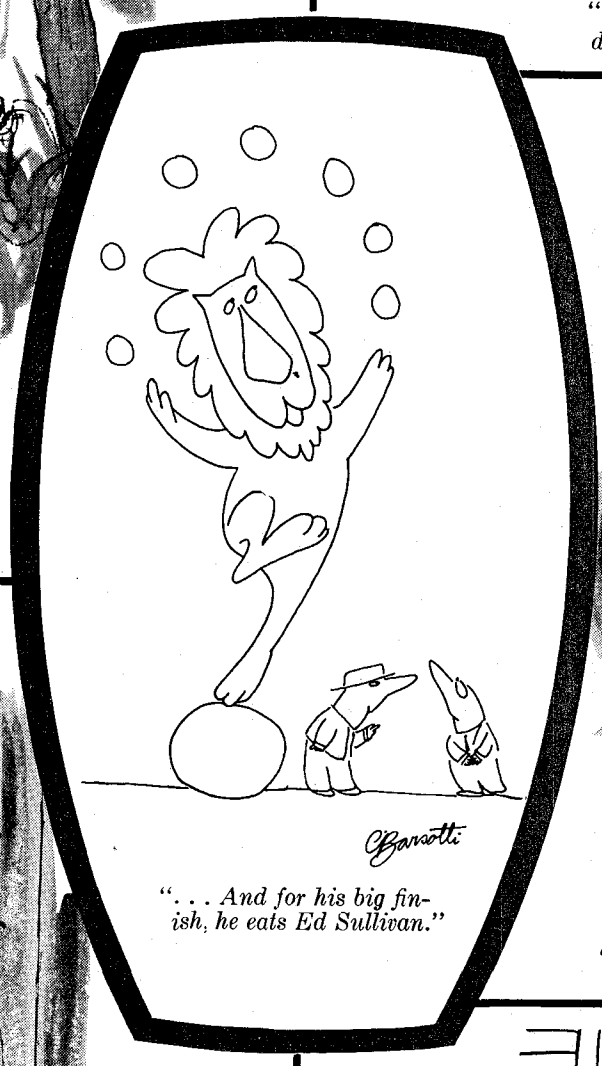
Post scripts



"We'll tell everyone I was transferred."



"I just hope he doesn't want to go to a movie—I don't know him well enough to wear my glasses."



"... And for his big finish, he eats Ed Sullivan."

"Say, Dad—which way is Winchester Cathedral?"

"For twenty-five cents, Madam, I'll check your basket for poisonous ones."

"I should warn you—move very slowly."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIDS WHO CONQUER ASTHMA

A Denver center turns 'intractable cases' into healthy, active youngsters. By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Hidden in a pile of stones on top of Mount Morrison, in the Rockies west of Denver, sits a gallon jar containing a list of names—Stanton Chew, of San Francisco; William Heinig, of Chicago; Jack Lazar, of Windsor, Ontario; Mike Gallagher, of Henrietta, N.Y., and some 30 more. Each summer the list lengthens as new groups of hikers toil up the trail, lift a few rocks off the cairn, reopen the jar and proudly add their signatures.

Thousands of youngsters climb mountains every year; and except for the sense of achievement that surges through them there is nothing very remarkable about it. But the kids who planted their names on Mount Morrison did so to mark a crucial turning point in their lives—lives which often had been swathed in the soft, cottony wrappings of caution and overprotectiveness. Some of them, before coming to Denver, had never walked to school alone, much less climbed a mountain. Most had lived in panicky fear of the penalties of overexertion. All of them carried, though concealed now like spare socks in their rucksacks, the label of chronic, severe and intractable asthma.

The hikers were resident patients of the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital (shortened to C.A.R.I.H.), a free, privately operated establishment in Denver. For many years it was known as the Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children, but it is nonsectarian. In its cluster of small buff-brick buildings on a 17½-acre campus it houses and treats, for periods of one and a half to two years, 165 of the most difficult asthma patients (ages 6 to 16) encountered by doctors all over the United States and in many foreign countries. A hand-lettered sign outside one residence cottage room reads: NO BUDY HERE ONLY MOSHE FRANKEL, HAIFA, ISRAEL.

The cairn on Mount Morrison is not the only symbol these youngsters have raised in triumph over near-invalidism. Most of them participate in C.A.R.I.H.'s full sports program, which includes competition with healthy children from Denver's public schools and community centers. Last summer the "Asthmatic Nine," mostly fifth- and sixth-graders, won the league baseball championship.

The team's youngest member was eight-year-old Mark Campbell, of Orange, Calif. Allergic from birth and racked by asthma from the age of one and a half, Mark had never been able to play ball at home. Yet a few months after arriving at C.A.R.I.H. he was displaying his new-found talents at second base and in the outfield. In a 33-to-3 walkaway over the Jewish Community Center Dodgers last August, just before his ninth birthday, Mark chalked up four runs and, in his own words, "stoled from first base all the way home."

Such records are genuine miracles for youngsters whose lives had previously been ruled by a steady stream of such maternal admonitions as:

"Don't play too hard."

"Don't get too hot."

"Don't get excited."

These warnings have not all been without justification. The asthmatic child teeters on a precarious ledge. A few grains of pollen, a nibble of chocolate, a single peanut, a romp with a dog, a family argument over neglected homework—any of these may pitch him into a dangerous bout of wheezing and gasping for breath. His face turns blue, and in panic he cries out for help. Usually he can be brought around with a few puffs of bronchodilator medicine from a nebulizer, one or more adrenalin injections, or, if those don't work, a mad dash to the hospital. But each year in this country 5,000 such asthmatic attacks end in death.

Asthma affects some 5,400,000 persons in the United States, of whom more than three million are children up to 16. And the problem continues to grow. A Boston allergist has reported that children's hospital admissions for acute asthma have doubled there and in several other cities since1960. Allergies are involved in a majority of cases, and many patients have both hay fever and asthma. As in other allergic conditions there is a strong hereditary tendency. Polluted air, infections and emotional disturbances are major contributing causes. But the psychological factors are so difficult to weigh, and all the troublesome ingredients are so subtly intermixed, that much of asthma is a mystery and each patient is an individual puzzle.

The symptoms are produced by a sudden narrowing of the smaller bronchial tubes in the lungs. This narrowing may result from muscle spasm, from swelling of the tissues, from mucus plugs or from all three. The victim struggles with all his strength to draw his breath in and force it out. The National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, which allocates over nine million dollars a year to research in allergy and related immunology, warns that repeated asthmatic attacks may eventually cause a stretched-lung condition known as emphysema and may place an extra load on the heart.

The majority of asthmatic children are kept under fair control by bronchodilator medicines, by avoidance of allergenic foods and by injection of pollen and dust extracts to reduce their sensitivity. But about 10 percent are so seriously afflicted that they gain little help from any therapy. These are the refractory or intractable cases—about 300,000 in this country—from which C.A.R.I.H. and 13 smaller homes in the United States and Canada draw their 625 patients.

Nearly all chronic diseases disrupt family life, but few can match asthma in its demand on the patience and resources of the parents. They drag the sick child from doctor to doctor, try one medicine after another, move to what they've been told is a more favorable climate, exhaust their savings and run up debts, resent the fruitless expenditure of money and then feel guilty about feeling resentful. The youngsters miss weeks or months of school. ("I missed all of the fifth grade, half of the eighth and half of the ninth," a 14-year-old California boy told me.) Frequent respiratory illnesses and sharply restricted diets leave many children frail and scrawny. About one in five of those on prolonged therapy with cortisone and related hormone products is severely stunted in growth by these drugs. Frustrated by their inability to keep pace and by their exclusion from normal fun and games, the asthmatic children become irritable and tense, and their emotional episodes touch off more attacks of asthma.

How to break this cycle is the challenge being taken up by the residential research and treatment centers, among which C.A.R.I.H. is the pioneer and world's largest, and the one to which many of the most stubborn cases are brought. In Tucson, Ariz., 13-year-old Connie Swanick, a sweet, poised, freckle-faced child who aspires to be a ballerina, had been fighting asthma since she was three. Her family had been advised to move from their old home to a new house in a supposedly more dust-and-pollen-free suburb, but Connie did not improve. She was so chronically short of breath that she attended school only half days and spent the afternoons in her air-conditioned home. Excitement, contact with animals, being away from home and suddenly finding she'd forgotten her medicine—any of these situations would throw Connie

They bowl, play ball, ski and hike. Some of them, before coming to Denver, had never even walked to school alone.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ten-year-old Chris Ryals of Florida, exercising on a treadmill, has his breathing ability checked. For the fortunate youngsters at this clinic, asthma has finally lost its terror.

into an asthmatic attack. On family outings—she is one of eight children—she was often left at home for her own protection.

Finally, early last year, Connie was brought to Denver. "I was homesick at first," she said later, "but now I love it." Connie now plays freely and goes on hikes. Her hopes about ballet, dimmed at home because asthma prevented her from taking lessons, have revived. "And if I can't become a professional ballet dancer—after all, thirteen is pretty old to start—I'd like to take it just for fun, and study to be a doctor," she says.

Just what happened in Denver to quiet Connie's asthma? How does C.A.R.I.H. transform intractable "cases" into healthy, vigorous, near-normal youngsters? First, the doctors appreciate the complexity of the disease. They know that a child is seldom allergic to just one thing but is explosively reactive to many elements of his environment. He suffers, as a New York psychiatrist once put it, from an "allergy to life." One secret of C.A.R.I.H.'s success is that so many aspects of the child's life are changed all at once. Suddenly, he is free of the old household allergens and family frictions. "We've jokingly said the rate of improvement seems proportional to the distance traveled," observed C.A.R.I.H.'s medical director, Dr. Constantine J. Falliers.

Although all the patients have long histories of severe asthma, and 90 percent are on cortisone-type drugs when they arrive, the vast majority of the whole group—about 80 percent—are rehabilitated at Denver. Fewer than 25 percent continue to require corticosteroids and are classed as "steroid dependent," and even for them the dosage levels are usually tapered down. About 40 percent can be controlled with milder forms of medication. And what is most astonishing, 30 percent of the arriving patients—the so-called "rapid remitters"—begin to improve the moment they step off the plane and stay well with almost no medication for the rest of their residence period.

"It may, of course, be partly the change in climate," Dr. Falliers says. "Denver is five thousand feet high and the air is fairly clear and dry, although recently it has become smoggier and this may be why the proportion of 'rapid remitters' has declined somewhat."

However, Dr. Falliers knows that questions cannot be left half-answered if the improvements the child makes in Denver are to be maintained when he goes home. Although the word "cure" isn't used, follow-up studies are continued for at least two years after the children return home from C.A.R.I.H. and show that 80 percent maintain a remarkable degree of improvement, and many never suffer another asthmatic episode.

In dealing with a disease that fluctuates notoriously from hour to hour, day to day and season to season, the C.A.R.I.H. doctors find it essential to observe everything. The large and closely organized staff includes 8 full-time pediatricians and allergists, 7 psychologists, 17 nurses, 20 house parents, 5 night attendants, a dietitian and her helpers and a number of research chemists and laboratory technicians. These skilled observers note the way the young patient eats and plays and sleeps. Some of them are making a study of dreams as a possible trigger of night attacks. They watch how a child reacts to exercise and games and other children. A program is under way to monitor several hours of his daily routine with microphones that pick up his conversation and his breath sounds. Are asthma symptoms more often touched off by anger and aggression, the doctors ask, or by anxiety and withdrawal?

The research tasks are endless. Just the symptoms alone may present a confusing combination of factors. "A child may eat eggs in the winter without bad effects," Dr. Falliers points out, "but if he eats an egg during the August ragweed season, he may have trouble. He may have even more trouble if at the same time he gets into an argument with his parents about why he can't go swimming. By feeding all the data into computers, we can detect the interplay of many factors. We can see the variations in biological rhythms, the daily, weekly or monthly changes that may, for example, suggest that medication is more effective at one hour of the cycle than at another."

The total environment at C.A.R.I.H. provides a kind of instant therapy. The new arrival, previously alone in his terrifying battle for breath, is immediately sustained and encouraged by 164 other youngsters who have successfully faced the same threat, and whose lives are obviously now freer of restrictions than his own has been.

Everything is at hand to cope with an emergency, and the young patients know it. At the first hint of trouble the child may leave a baseball game, run to the hospital in the center of the grounds, take a few deep breaths from a "neb" (a bronchodilator nebulizer), rest for several minutes and then dash back to the game. Even the severe night attack, which at home often meant a terrified child, a distraught family, a struggle for breath during the long ride to the hospital and an oxygen tent, is here dealt with simply and calmly. The child who feels his symptoms coming on climbs out of bed, pushes a button near the dormitory door to flash a light alerting the nurses, and walks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his house parent the few steps to the hospital.

Nor is there panic in class. C.A.R.I.H. children attend public schools—and their teachers know all about asthma and have medication on hand.

At times familiarity breeds a youthful contempt for the common enemy, an almost reckless disregard that calls for adult measures of caution. This is true especially of the boys, who predominate here in a ratio of 2½ to 1, about usual for asthma.

"I've watched these kids at ball games," a nurse said. "Sometimes they'll turn blue and almost fall on their faces before they'll ask for help."

A typical C.A.R.I.H. experience was that of Howard Kipnes, a slender 15-year-old with an engaging grin, who returned home to the Bronx last summer after 20 months in Denver, six inches taller and a lot healthier.

"Howard had never really known anyone with asthma before he went out there," explained his mother, Mrs. Irving Kipnes. "And when he saw boys who had been worse off than he, but who were able to do so many things without having attacks, that made a lot of difference in his attitude."

In Denver, Howard played baseball and basketball, swam and went on camping trips. "We weren't coddled out there," he said. "If you coddle kids too much they don't get enough exercise, and exercise is what helps us. It's what improves our breathing capacity."

Mrs. Kipnes smiled. "Yes, but there were times when you had to be coddled. When you were about six years old you asked me one day—you were having a terrible time getting your breath—whether you were going to die."

Although it costs $6,000 a year to house and treat a child at C.A.R.I.H., the parents are not charged. They supply only $20 or $30 a month for clothing and spending allowances. The institution's support comes almost entirely from private contributions, including about half a million dollars a year raised by a nationwide network of 140 women's auxiliary chapters.

A happy discovery most patients make as they settle into the life at C.A.R.I.H. is that they aren't allergic to as many things as they thought. On the wall of the big, sunny kitchen is a blackboard where Mrs. Jo Ann Pegues, a dietitian, keeps an up-to-date list of who can't eat what.

"Usually when a child first comes in he has a whole list of things he is allergic to," she said. "Then as the doctors test and study him the list narrows down to two or three items.

"No one here gets peanuts or peanut butter. But next to that there are more fish and egg allergies than anything else. We've had as many as thirty children sensitive to fish at one time."

Few threads in the puzzling skein of allergic asthma are so snarled in notions, unproved theories and rampant controversy as this business of food. At C.A.R.I.H. the task of straightening out the tangle has been assigned to a brisk, outspoken young pediatrician named Edwin Bronsky.

"Some doctors say all intractable asthma is due to food allergy," he told me. "Others believe that forty percent is directly caused by food and forty percent has some connection with food. And a few doctors are positive asthma is *never* caused by food. All of them get together at conventions and argue. So we are trying here to find out just what part food does play."

In an effort to get an exact picture, Dr. Bronsky is placing a few children at a time on a program in which he knows the ingredients of every bite of food each consumes. He can then watch closely to see what symptoms or measured differences in breathing follow.

Virtually all species of family pets, with the possible exception of goldfish and turtles, are assumed allergically guilty until proven otherwise. But so strong are personal attachments for a dog or cat that parents will sometimes refuse to give it up, or will deny its existence when filling out an application for a child's admission to the treatment center. One family replied "none" to the dog-or-cat question, only to be found out later when their son, discussing with a C.A.R.I.H. doctor the parents' forthcoming visit, asked, "Can they bring Spot with them?"

Parent-child relationships have long been the favorite hunting ground of the psychologists and psychiatrists. Many have discussed the effect, in asthma, of a type of "smother-love" that originally flows from concern about the youngster's health but eventually expresses itself in oversolicitous or overrestrictive behavior. Some parents, on the other hand, have been described as resentful of the burden that the child's asthma places on them, or as holding an ambivalent attitude of love and rejection.

Today's debate often focuses on whether the emotional tensions between parent and child are primary causes of asthma or are only secondary effects which then enter into the cycle that aggravates and perpetuates the condition. The C.A.R.I.H. physicians and psychologists believe asthma is a heterogeneous symptom, and that it is important to identify for the individual patient which factors are primary and which secondary. They don't see parent-child emotional conflicts in every case, but in many families the evidence is so clear that they recommend psychological counseling for parents and child.

A youngster from the Midwest illustrates the common theme of the child whipsawed between conflicting parental attitudes toward him. The father was a violent, overbearing and demanding man, and insisted on high academic marks. The mother was clinging and overprotective. Neither parent would admit his own faults, and each blamed the other for the child's problems. "Donald is afraid of his father," the mother told a psychiatric interviewer. "No wonder he wheezes and gasps." Said the father, "I'm sure I've had nothing to do with his symptoms. But my wife simply spoils the boy, and that's why his asthma doesn't get better." Donald, timid, shy and in the middle, was made to feel guilty because his asthma caused so much parental wrangling, and yet the only way he could stop the painful, accusatory quarreling was to bring on asthmatic attacks to divert their attention.

The fact that so many children suddenly improve when separated from their parents is seen by some observers as proof that family stresses and conflicts are, indeed, a major causative element. "Our ultimate goal," says Dr. Falliers, "is the happy and healthy reunion of child and family. But we believe that temporary separation is helpful to the parents as well as to the child. Most parents need a rest. And getting the child away does relieve tensions and permit the family to settle down, take a fresh look at things and perhaps develop a calmer atmosphere for the child to come home to."

Searching for helpful leads in the parent-child relationship, a C.A.R.I.H. psychologist, Dr. Kenneth Purcell, compared the parents of the "rapid remitters," with parents of the "steroid dependent" youngsters, those who continued to require medication. He discovered that the parents of the "rapid remitters"—those who get better as soon as they leave home—were more apt to be authoritarian and restrictive in their ideas on child-rearing.

A high proportion of the parents of the "rapid remitters" expressed agreement with such concepts as:

"It is sometimes necessary for the parents to break the child's will."

"A good spanking is often the only way to convince children you mean it when you tell them to go to sleep."

Such an approach is hardly recommended, even for the infant under 18 months, but, says Doctor Purcell, if continued as the child grows and strives for independence, it can cause trouble.

"It is during this period of early childhood stress," the psychologist concludes, "that the child may be highly motivated to learn to use asthma as a neurotic response to cope with neurotic conflict and anxiety." He may do this subconsciously or deliberately. Several children, talking with C.A.R.I.H. psychologists about what seemed to turn their wheezing on and off, frankly admitted they had been able to bring it on at home by breathing hard, coughing or running. Why did they do it? Usually, they said, to get out of something they didn't want to do. It was encouraging, though, Dr. Purcell commented, to find that some youngsters who were once adept at producing asthmatic attacks were later, after some months at Denver, unable to do so.

Asthma specialists have always wondered why so many of the attacks come at night. Now Dr. William Hahn, a young psychologist and physiologist at C.A.R.I.H., is looking into the possible role of dreams.

He told of a girl of about 12 who reported that she had a recurring dream of falling into a monster's mouth. She would then wake up in an asthmatic attack. "By her account the dream caused the attack," said Dr. Hahn. "But did it? Or did the discomfort of the asthma cause the nightmare?"

To help Dr. Hahn find the answers, teen-age patients volunteer to sleep in his laboratory. Electrodes are taped to the patient's head to record brainwaves, which indicate the various depths of sleep. Wires from the eyelids record the rapid eye movements that accompany dreams, and chest leads measure respiration and signal the onset of wheezing.

Eventually the dream project and other research studies may lead to better ways of managing this vicious affliction. And in the meantime C.A.R.I.H.'s calm and thoroughgoing approach, with its emphasis on frequent medical consultation, has proved that the disease can be controlled—even conquered. For the fortunate youngsters at Denver, asthma has finally lost its terror. □

"Watch them crocuses!"

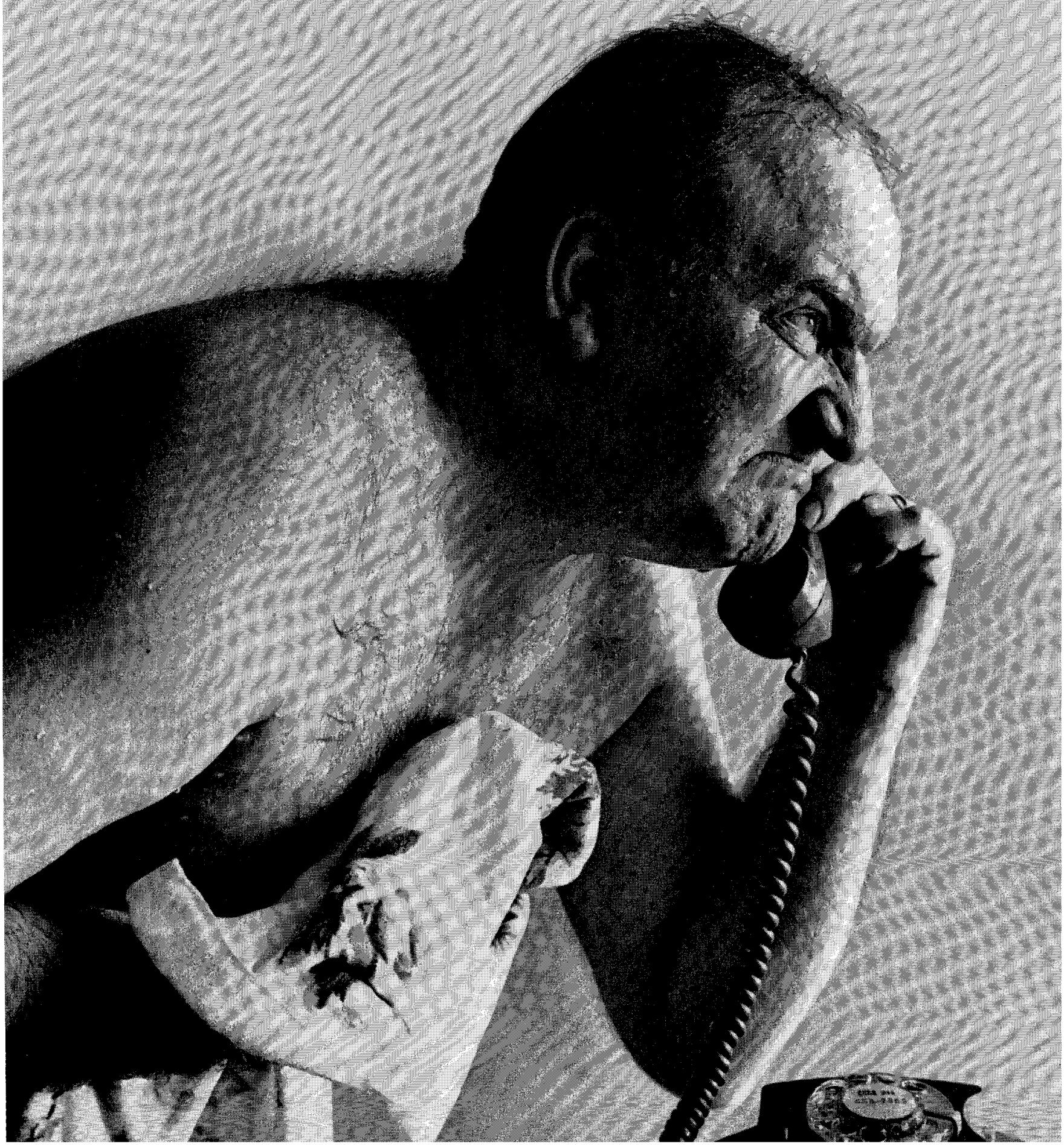
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

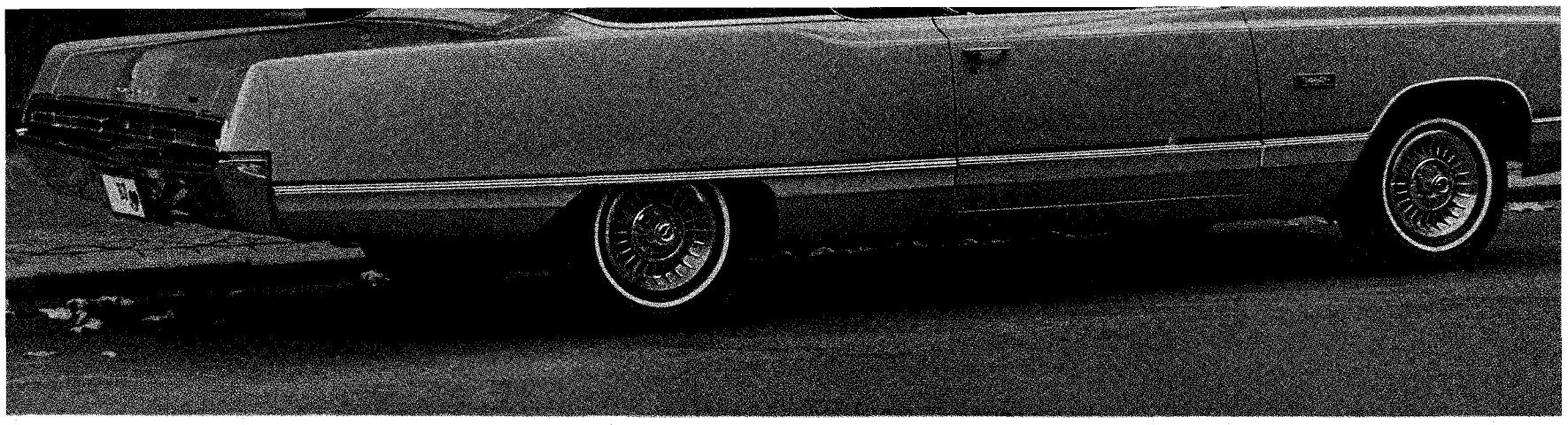
We pioneered in radio astronomy but bothered you with a wrong number

Sorry we don't have a good alibi, but we don't. Though machines do go haywire occasionally. And operators sometimes make mistakes. We don't make a lot of them. Still, even a few are a few too many. A wrong number, or a disconnected call, or a missed appointment, concerns us just as much as our experiments in outer space. We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Elegance. Not only in the way it looks, but in the way it makes you feel.

Secure. Well cared for. Looked up to. That's you in the Plymouth VIP.

This is the kind of luxury car that does all the things a high-priced car is supposed to do except be high-priced.

Thoughtful touches everywhere. Automatic lights in the glove box and trunk. A center armrest for rear seat passengers. Flow-Through ventilation to refresh the air with windows up. And throughout, the look of lustrous walnut.

The comforts run deep. Seats are generously foam padded, then trimmed with vinyl and a rich, gold-flecked fabric. (Genuine leather upholstery trim is available at extra cost.)

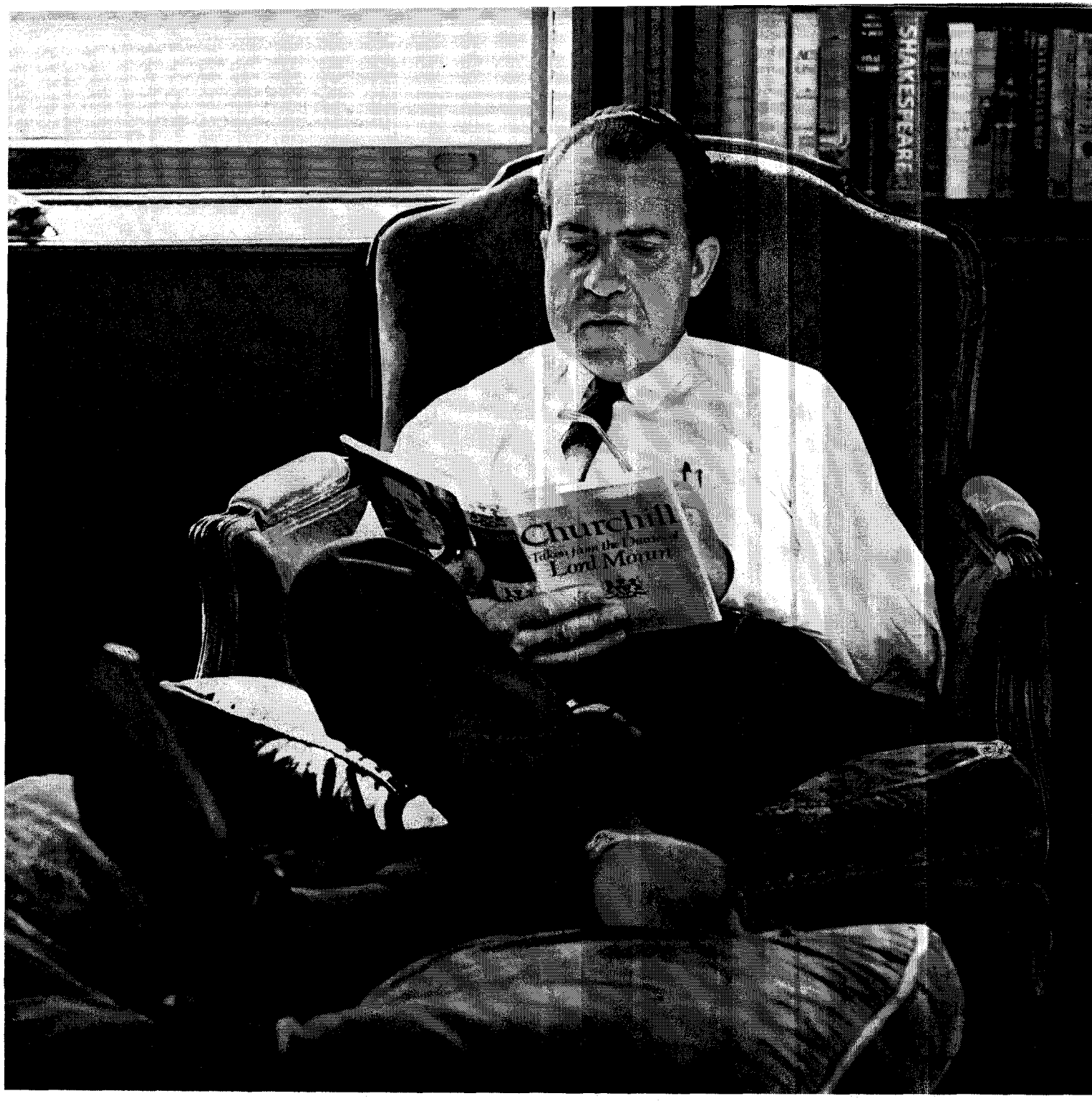
Individually adjustable front seats are optional. In our four-door VIP, they appear as deeply comfortable private lounge chairs (the passenger's reclines). But fold away both center armrests, and you have a magnificent 5-foot sofa for three.

The VIP treatment. It doesn't have to be costly. Or dull. See your Plymouth Dealer.

'67 Plymouth VIP

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NIXON FOR PRESIDENT IN '68?

He says of the '68 Republican Convention: 'Nobody will have it locked up. The 'out' party will build up interest and excitement. . . . We'll have to let it blaze for a while, then control it.'

". . . As I leave you, I want you to know—just think how much you're going to be missing. You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore, because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference. . . ."—*Former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, in Los Angeles, November 7, 1962, after his defeat as Republican candidate for Governor of California.*

FOUR years and more than a hundred press conferences later, Dick Nixon, prosperous New York lawyer and volunteer G.O.P. rebuilder, today finds himself squarely in the political arena again—not for any lesser prize, but as a serious prospect for a second presidential nomination. By campaigning tirelessly through the nation for last November's sweeping Republican off-year victory, and by predicting its dimensions with uncanny accuracy—a performance magnified by President Johnson's bitter preelection ridicule—Nixon suddenly is politically alive once more.

Though the off-year G.O.P. victory has also boosted the stock of Michigan's George Romney and has produced new potential rivals in Illinois's Charles Percy and California's Ronald Reagan, it has dramatically advanced Nixon's own cause. This is especially true among the party conservatives who plan to control the nominating convention in 1968 as they did in 1964.

By Jules Witcover

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon, photographed in shirt-sleeves for the first time, shows some family photographs arranged by his wife in hinged art frames in a small den in his apartment.

Nixon on women voters: 'They're the real haters. Any Machiavellian scheme, they go for.'

While fund-raising and preaching grass-roots unity, Nixon has been making points with all those Republican leaders who either wanted Barry Goldwater two years ago or who settled for him in preference to still another Eastern-backed liberal. The big prize may yet elude Nixon; but today, only 11 months away from another presidential election year, he is obviously—incredibly even, considering his past failures—in the running for it.

A comeback candidacy is very unlike a first, fresh venture. There are old mistakes to live down, the risk of old wounds reopening, the distracting temptation to look back when the trail lies ahead. This is the pitfall, and at the same time the poignancy, in Richard Nixon's second quest for the office that six years ago eluded him by a mere 119,000 votes out of 68,336,000 cast. He wants desperately to keep the focus on the present and the future, but the past is too much with him.

For the former Vice President, the comeback road starts with his intensive political barnstorming in behalf of Republican unity in the summer and autumn of 1966. It is near midnight, and he sits wearily in the cabin of an old twin-engine plane as it drones through the darkness from Roanoke, Va., toward Washington. Often, during the 11-day swing he has just completed around the country, Nixon has been asked about that most nagging of the old mistakes—the California press conference fiasco that laid bare his pent-up resentments against reporters. In Detroit, a newsman wanted to know whether "California will come back to haunt you." He said diplomatically then that "a man has to live with his victories and defeats, and I'm no exception."

But now, with his characteristic on-camera tenseness softened by the privacy of the plane and by his first Scotch-and-soda of the long day, he offers an expanded, less apologetic version.

"California served a purpose," the former Vice President says. "The press had a guilt complex about their inaccuracy. Since then, they've been generally accurate, and far more respectful. The press are good guys, but they haven't basically changed. They're oriented against my views. But I like the battle. I used to be too serious about it. Now I treat it as a game. I'm probably more relaxed, and not so much is riding when you're not a candidate. . . ."

Nixon does seem more relaxed now, and—technically—he is right about not being a candidate. He isn't running for anything; that is, not for anything he can get immediately. All he is doing is keeping the party and its hacks in his debt by the impassioned partisanship of his oratory.

But even now, unwinding aboard the noisy plane with highball in hand, his 1968 plans become off-limits for discussion. (In an interview in his New York apartment a few weeks later, and again after the elections in November, the prohibition continues in force.) The effect, inevitably, is to direct the conversations to today, and then back into the past. Back not only to 1962 and California, but to other milestones in the life of Richard Nixon since he lost the Presidency by half-a-vote a precinct in 1960. Back especially to that 1960 defeat, and how it has affected him, and eventually, back to the now historic performance and death of the man who vanquished him: John F. Kennedy.

Nixon is not convinced that looking back and personal stocktaking is worth the time. "I'm a fatalist," he says. "I try not to repeat mistakes, or to rehash them. It's very boring to me to talk about the 1960 campaign. I don't mind it when others bring it up, but to me, rehashing it serves no useful purpose."

He prefers to talk about what he is today, not what he was yesterday. In doing so, he sometimes dents popular Nixon stereotypes, apparently without awareness that others might have a different view of him from the one he holds himself.

"I'm not one of those guys who reads his press clippings," he says. "I believe in never being affected by reports about me. I may read some clippings a week or so later, when somebody sends them to me, but never the next morning. I never look at myself on TV, either. I don't want to develop those phony, self-conscious, contrived things. One thing I have to be is always myself. At press conferences I try to reply to questions responsively, and you can't do that if you have to worry about keeping your chin up or down."

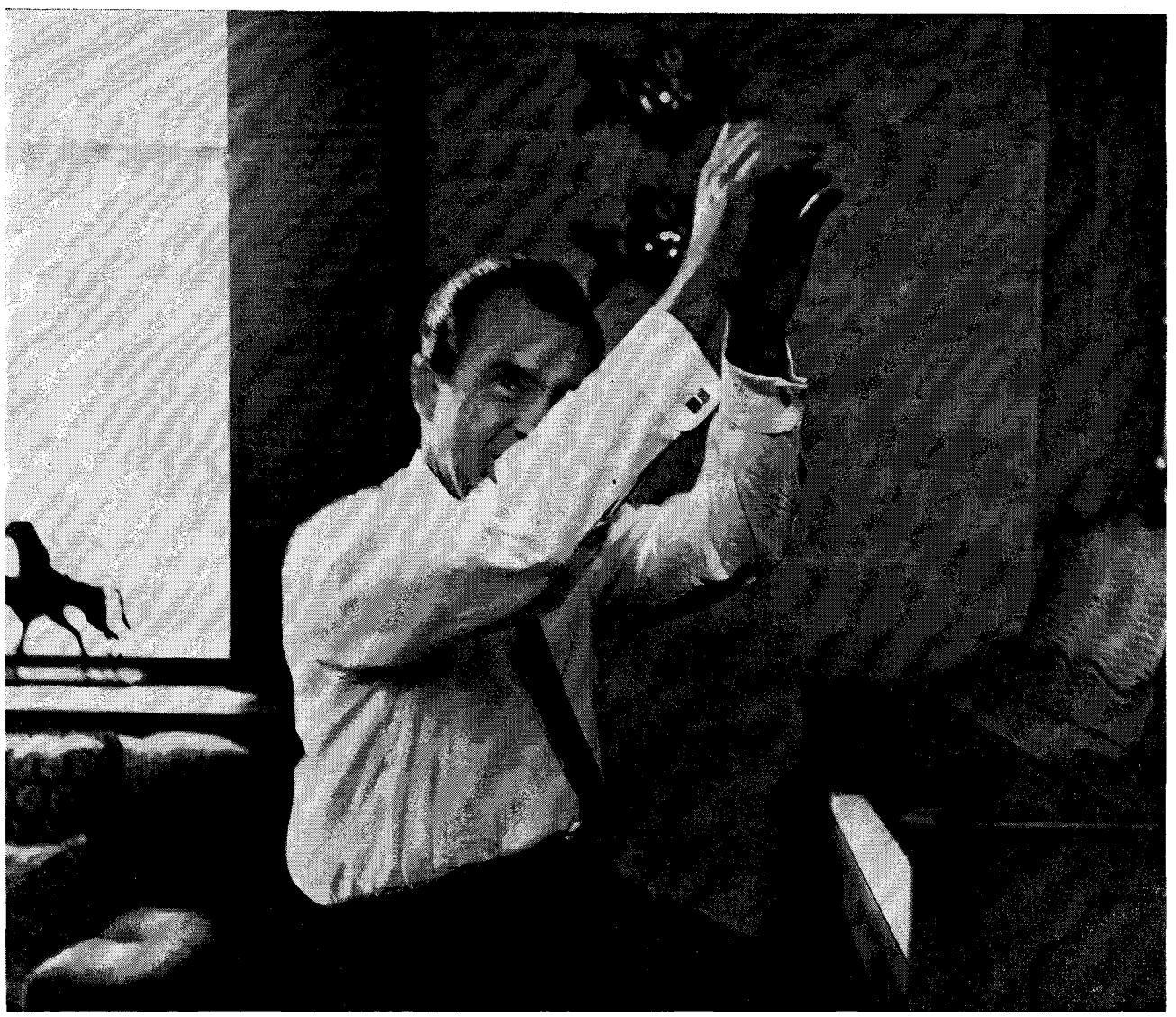
In being himself, Nixon nevertheless very often does seem ill at ease, contrived. Before the television cameras, particularly, he has the manner of the fighter who is willing to get in there and mix it, but who is always on guard for a rabbit punch from an unexpected source. He permits himself to steal quick but discernible peeks at the cameras as he talks, and he punctuates his remarks with a tentative smile that generates more self-consciousness than personal warmth. Though he is far from photogenic, and he is the first to admit it, he does have a radiant smile capable, when he lets go, of illuminating his usually brooding countenance. Lines down both sides of his mouth and the jowly look that is the cartoonist's delight all fade when he smiles broadly. But he seldom lets go. All-out smiles are rare.

Also, though he may not worry about keeping his chin up or down, the beard on it continues to plague him. The Nixon five o'clock shadow has become a trademark; he kids about it, but he fights its growth as middle-aged women fight their spread. Nixon sometimes shaves three times a day. Whenever possible, before an appearance, he uses his electric razor. For television he favors a quick application of shavestick rather than cake makeup, which tends to give him a clammy look and accentuates his jowls.

At 54 the former Vice President is slimmed down and fit. "By eating very little and nothing rich, and cutting out all desserts, I've cut my weight to 175 pounds," he says. "I seldom drink anything," he adds, as he nurses his one Scotch-and-soda. "I may have one beer after speaking, but never before. I can't concentrate if I drink. When I'm campaigning, I live like a Spartan. I've always been that way. I know what I can do. I've seen a lot of people who drink. They get up there and talk too long."

Beyond the deeper lines on his face, the major

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A pianist since childhood, Nixon draws laughs at parties with his "Democratic Repertoire." Here he is finishing a Harry S Truman favorite, "The Missouri Waltz."

marks of age on Eisenhower's old understudy are receding temples that give him a widow's peak, and the faintest traces of gray in his very curly jet-black hair. But, for his age, Nixon still has a generous crop, and he lets it grow fairly long on the back of his neck, until it approaches theatrical style. His most prominent feature, of course, is his longish, remarkably rubbery, ski-slope nose, which he nervously rubs with his hand when he talks excitedly. He is partial to dark suits. Neatness counts. He changes clothes on the road whenever practicable—before a press conference, before a speech, and after a speech if there is time.

Nixon's concern about his appearance, and about the techniques of the political here-and-now, have kept his stock low among intellectuals, who see him as Nixon the Lightweight. But he himself has no such mirror image.

"I wish I had more time to read and write," he says. "I'm known as an activist and an organizer, but some people have said I'm sort of an egghead in the Republican party." He seems not at all conscious that the remark might raise eyebrows in other egghead circles. "I don't write as well as Stevenson, but I work at it. If I had my druthers, I'd like to write two or three books a year, go to one of the fine schools—Oxford, for instance—just teach, read and write. I'd like to do that better than what I'm doing now. I don't mean writing is easy for me, but writing phrases that move people, that to me is something.

"Reading is a great luxury to me. In Washington I lived all this. Now, in New York, I have to read. Every night, I sit down at about eight o'clock and read until eleven. All current events. I read some history too—mostly the Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Churchill eras. It's escapist, but it also enriches your thought processes. I have no time for novels."

On the demanding fund-raising circuit, Nixon has little time for his luxury reading. His life is all motion and the immediate task at hand. He reads not Wilson or Teddy Roosevelt but his own speech notes scribbled on a yellow legal pad. Though he has been delivering basically the same speech for days, he arranges and rearranges the topics, thumbing through folders prepared by his small New York staff. These indicate what he should and should not say about local people and local issues at each stop. Spare moments are devoted to political small talk with anyone at hand.

Yet Nixon is also an evangelist preaching for more reflection by world and national leaders. "The great appeal of teaching or writing is in being able to take time to contemplate," he says. "Think of the great young leaders of the Jeffersonian era. They weren't out shaking hands, keeping airplane schedules, meeting boards of directors. They had time to contemplate. Our greatest problem as a country is that we take our most competent people and keep them so busy doing things that others have to do their thinking for them."

For a self-described egghead, he takes a very dim view of academicians playing the role of saviors in politics. He likes to quote Frederick William I as warning that the surest way to destroy a state "is to have it governed by professors." He also has a low opinion of intellectuals as judges of character—including his own.

"Every public figure has his critics," Nixon says. "Kennedy got thirty-four million votes in 1960, and I got thirty-four million. It didn't mean thirty-four million didn't like him and thirty-four million didn't like me. But many of my critics are intellectuals, and many intellectuals have a double standard. If you happen to support their point of view, you can be a drunk, a stupe, fall on your face in a press conference and they will still back you. But if you take the unfashionable point of view, it doesn't matter to them how liberal it is, they're against you."

Nixon cites his speaking style as the kind of thing that bugs intellectuals. "Some people say I oversimplify," he acknowledges. "Well, that's the way I am. I ask questions to wake up the guy in the audience. People come up to me and say, 'This is the first time I've understood Vietnam.' It's not that I say anything nobody else has said. I don't. It's the Socratic approach. I didn't invent it. But it drives the intellectuals nuts. They're supercilious. They say, 'If only he'd speak so *we* could understand.' What arrogance.

"The worst sin is to be dull," he adds. "That's the trouble with the intellectuals. They have no warmth when it comes down to being interested in people. The reason I don't use a text is because I want to establish rapport with the little guy in the audience. That's the secret: not being too contrived, not practicing in front of a mirror beforehand, not writing every word out. It means my speech sometimes is looser than I want, but it's worth it. It's making a mistake once in a while. But that's worth it too."

For one segment of the faithful—the Republican women—even Nixon doesn't get down close enough to the essentials. "They're great workers, but they're idealists and emotionalists," he says. "They're the real haters. Any Machiavellian scheme, they go for. They die hard. They tell me, 'You didn't hit them hard enough. Why don't you give them hell like Truman?' I explain I not only have to appeal to partisan Republicans but also have to get Democrats to cross over. But the women don't understand that. Occasionally I say a good word for Johnson or Humphrey. It's a device, of course, to show I'm fair-minded, but the women don't see that. That's why the women liked Barry so. He didn't give a damn about Democrats. But to win, you have to."

As part of the rapport-building effort, he has also tackled that other old stereotype—The Humorless Nixon. At fund-raising dinners and fat-cat cocktail parties, he displays a surprising talent for kidding himself. His defeats, his troubles with the press and with the TV camera, his beard—all are material for self-ridicule. "A little girl came up to me in New York the other day and asked me to autograph a picture in a news magazine," he tells them. "I signed it, and when I handed it back she thanked me and said, 'It's an awfully good picture. It doesn't look like you at all.'"

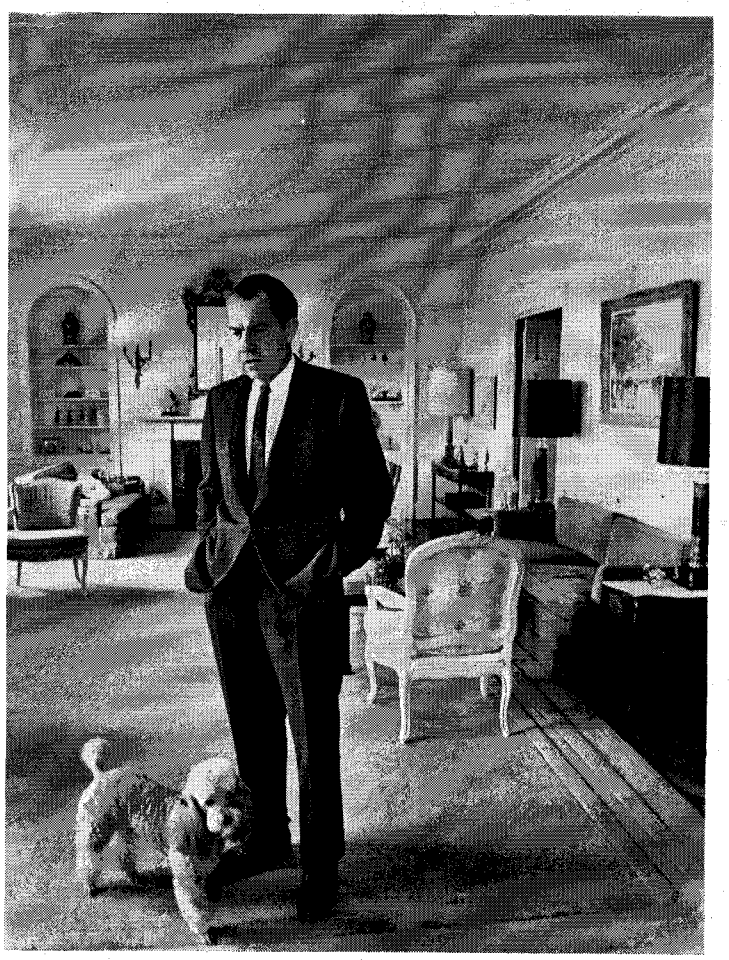
Nixon says he is not a storyteller. "All my humor is situation stuff. The '60 campaign was just too serious. Dewey said the first one who told a funny story would win. That was one thing I learned, not to be so serious. This is a generation that wants to laugh, a generation that wants to be entertained. I guess television made it that way."

His speaking style, with or without the gags, often rankles not only campus intellectuals but also reporters who cover him in a campaign—and their reaction, of course, often rankles him.

"I have a lot of friends in the press," Nixon says. "They tell me, 'I like to cover you. You're news.' I do give the correspondents a lot of news. And I like the press guys. I'm basically like them, because of my own inquisitiveness."

Nixon's wife, Pat, and his two daughters, Tricia, 20, a junior at Finch College in New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The former Vice President stands with poodle, Vicki, in his living room overlooking Fifth Avenue. The Nixons' famed cocker spaniel, Checkers, died last year.

'A man has to live with his victories and defeats.'

City, and Julie, 18, a freshman at Smith College, are not so willing as he is to forgive and forget the press. "Families never take it very well when their man is criticized," Nixon says. "The difference is that the man can fight it. You can get back at a press conference. But the family is always on the sidelines, and they get damned irritated. A wife and children are extremely sensitive—overly sensitive."

The ancient aircraft is descending into Washington National Airport now, and into the city to which Nixon hopes to return as President some day. It is late and it has been a long day, and a long tour. Nixon puts down his Scotch-and-soda (the same one he started with), shakes hands and is off into the night.

Nixon's New York law firm, Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander and Mitchell, has offices at 20 Broad Street, literally a short nine-iron shot from the old U.S. Treasury Building at Wall and Nassau, where George Washington took the oath as the first President. Nixon's office is on the 24th floor, where he works at a large, antique wooden desk. The room is almost a small museum. A two-pen set inscribed "with high esteem and warm regards" from Eisenhower and members of his Cabinet and White House staff is centered at the top of the desk. Behind Nixon's chair is another desk on which are perched the signed, framed portraits of 10 world figures: Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, the Shah of Iran, Haile Selassie, Ayub Khan, Antonio Segni, King Bhumibhol of Thailand, King Baudouin of Belgium, Nehru and President Radhakrishnan of India. Murals and sketches from Nixon's Asian travels, wall photographs of poses with Ike and one from Lambaréné autographed "*avec mes bonnes pensées*" by Schweitzer, keys to assorted cities, Vice Presidential ashtrays, gavels, a Lincoln portrait, all attest that here a man of history can be found.

But on this day he can't be found here because he is rushing about town getting ready for a round-the-world trip. The discussion is continued instead at his fifth-floor apartment at Fifth Avenue and East 62nd Street. When he opens the door he looks rested and more at ease in these warm surroundings. He leads the way into a small study off a living room done in pale yellow. The study is less an advertisement of the past than the office, though a parade of 19 glass and marble elephants marks time on the mantel and a silver armored knight on horseback stands guard at a corner desk walled in by ceiling-high bookshelves.

Nixon settles into a brown velour easy chair and returns to a subject he had touched on in the conversation on the plane—the assassination of the man who defeated him for the Presidency.

"I was in a taxicab when I got the news," Nixon says. "I had been in Dallas attending a meeting. I flew back to New York the next morning. It must have happened just as my plane was landing. My cab was stopped for a light in Queens, and a guy ran over and said, 'Have you got a radio? The President's been wounded.' I thought, 'Oh, my God, it must have been one of the nuts.'

"A half hour later I got to my apartment, and the doorman told me he was dead. I called J. Edgar Hoover and asked him, 'What happened? Was it one of the nuts?' Hoover said, 'No, it was a Communist.'

"I didn't think of it in personal terms—'there but for the grace of God go I'—I never thought that. It was mostly in terms of he was so young, so full of life. . . .

"I think of history in terms of tragedy. I thought, this is the supreme tragedy. When a man is old and dies, that's one thing, but a young man—the death of a man in his youth, so idealistic, so spirited. I think that was the reason Kennedy's death had a traumatic effect on the country, greater than the death of Lincoln. It was not just the death of a man. It was the end of an era that had just begun.

"We had been friends, as senators are friends. I was as friendly with him as he was with any senator on the Republican side. To some people he was President, to some a friend, to some a young man. To me he was all that, and on top of that, a man of history struck down in the tragic panorama of history."

A year after Kennedy's assassination Nixon wrote a magazine article pointing out how fatefully Fidel Castro was tied into President Kennedy's life and death—in the disaster of the Bay of Pigs, in the triumph of the Cuban missile crisis, even in the assassination itself, since Lee Harvey Oswald had been a member of the pro-Castro Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Would a Nixon Administration have drastically changed the course of Cuban-American relations? Would Nixon, as President, have gone through with the Cuban invasion with forces necessary to win?

"Absolutely," Nixon says without hesitation. "And probably in the last month of 1960. Time was of the essence. I would have advocated to President Eisenhower that it be done before my inauguration, and if I had done so, I'm confident it would have happened that way. Eisenhower couldn't start that kind of undertaking and leave it to a new [Democratic] Administration. But I was hard line on Cuba and would have wanted to go ahead without delay."

In the final 1960 campaign debate, of course, Nixon had spoken against Kennedy in quite the opposite way. He had countered a Kennedy proposal for assistance to Cuban exiles with cries of protest and indignation: this despite the fact that he himself had urged a plan to help these exiles invade Cuba. At that time—in 1960—Nixon was challenging Kennedy's ideas as "probably the most dangerously irresponsible recommendations" of the campaign.

The reason he had insisted on these contradictions, Nixon explained later in *Six Crises*, was because "there was only one thing I could do. The covert operation had to be protected at all costs. I must not suggest by implication that the United States was rendering aid to rebel forces in and out of Cuba. In fact, I must go to the other extreme: I must attack the Kennedy proposal to provide such aid as wrong and irresponsible because it would violate our treaty commitments."

Things might have been different at home too. if he had been elected, Nixon suggests. There might have been a smoother course for the Negro revolution, which he calls "the most important thing that has happened since 1960," even more important than the Vietnam war or the assassination. ("We've had wars before; the most *dramatic* thing was the assassination, but that happened before too.") He notes that not until Johnson took office was the major civil-rights legislation passed.

"I think I would have been effective in handling civil-rights legislation," Nixon says. "A split could have been avoided. Republicans would have been more unified, and Republicans and non-Southern Democrats would have provided the margin to pass legislation without the necessity of mass demonstrations. That's the irony of it."

The Nixons are expecting guests, and the former Vice President steals a glance at his watch—not in the obvious manner of one giving his caller a hint, but in the concerned way one does when time is closing in. He shakes hands again on the way to the door.

It is two days after the 1966 congressional elections. Now Nixon, in a buoyant mood and wearing a light tan raincoat, bounces out of the apartment-house elevator, ducks under the doorman's umbrella and climbs into a waiting black limousine for a late-afternoon drive to Kennedy International Airport and a flight to a Florida vacation. The gloomy, overcast November day cannot dampen his postelection elation. As the Negro driver moves the car slowly toward Long Island, the former Vice President jokes with him for just a moment about getting to the plane on time, then plunges eagerly into his favorite subject. The elections have brought the Republicans, just as Nixon has been predicting all along, their biggest off-year victory in 20 years. On top of that, his personal reputation as a political prophet has been enhanced by President Johnson's preelection blast at him as a "chronic campaigner," who "doesn't serve his country well" by questioning Vietnam policy "in the hope that he can pick up a precinct or two or a ward or two." But when it is suggested to him now that things went his way on Election Day, Nixon grins and shakes his head.

"I publicly predicted forty, but I thought it could go as low as thirty-two," he says, referring to the Republicans' gain in the House, which actually was 47 seats. "There was a big swing vote in the last days. Johnson's attack made it swing our way. He played into our hands by hitting at us on the one issue he should have left alone—Vietnam."

But Nixon is tolerant in discussing the sudden,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slashing attack that President Johnson made on him toward the end of a campaign, during a White House press conference. Among other things, Johnson had recalled an observation of President Eisenhower's in 1960, "that if you'd give him [Eisenhower] a week or so he would figure out what he [Nixon] was doing."

"Johnson was tired and irritable, and he just snapped a little," Nixon says. "I had just come off a plane in Maine, and somebody told me about it. I couldn't believe it. It was too good to be true. I disagree with Johnson, but I have great respect for his political skill. But you never build up a major spokesman on the other side. In my view controversy builds up, not tears down. There's an old saying: Never strike a king unless you kill him. In politics you don't hit your opponent unless you knock him out."

Nixon is convinced it was no mistake that Johnson singled him out for abuse. "He didn't think that up on the spur of the moment," he says. "It was a considered, tough answer, and when he threw in that bit about what Eisenhower had said, that wasn't something that just came to him."

Eisenhower had made his 1960 remark about Nixon at one of his own press conferences. He had said that Nixon had joined in all the important discussions of the Eisenhower Administration. A reporter asked for an example of a major idea of Nixon's which Eisenhower had adopted. The President broke in to say, "If you give me a week I might think of one. I don't remember."

The answer has come back to haunt Nixon over the years. Does it bother him now? "No, not at all. But you know, that always bothered Eisenhower. He called that afternoon—I was out playing golf—and he said, 'Dick, I've been trying to get this damn thing explained. Frankly, I was kind of taken aback because the question was on decisions, and decisions are made by the President. You were always informed, but I made the decisions. I wanted to make clear I didn't mean it that way.'"

Ike may have muffed that one (though Nixon doesn't say so), but he did have enough political savvy to avoid the kind of personal setback Johnson suffered in the 1966 off-year elections, the former Vice President says. "This is the difference between Johnson and Eisenhower. Republicans lost eighteen House seats in 1954 and forty-seven in 1958, but Eisenhower didn't lose, because he was always apart. He maintained the dignity of the President. With Johnson, it was 'my Congress,' so his prestige suffered. He identified himself too closely with Congress. Johnson is always right in there."

Nixon admits he stuck his neck out last fall in predicting a G.O.P. victory of dimensions few others expected. If he had been wrong, he acknowledges, he would have been thoroughly discredited as a prognosticator. But the party's success, it turned out, exceeded even Nixon's optimistic predictions. As a result, what earlier had seemed a two-horse, Nixon-Romney race for the 1968 Republican nomination may be a wide-open affair which also will include such new hopefuls as Sen. Charles H. Percy of Illinois and Gov. Ronald Reagan of California.

Asked if his help toward the Republican victory had not also built up competition for himself if he should decide to declare himself in the 1968 race, he replies:

"Well, apart from what I do—I'm not going to decide what I'll do for some time—let's assume I had decided to be a candidate in 1968. The interest of any candidate should be getting elected, not nominated. If I had conducted my campaigning this year as a delegate-seeking thing instead of working to get candidates elected, I could probably have locked it up by now. But the nomination, not the election. Now we have an immensely strengthened party. We now have a twenty-five percent better chance to win than we did in 1960. Then we had only fourteen governors, and both Houses in only six states. Now we have twenty-five governors and nineteen state legislatures. Boy, that's a base. It doesn't assure your victory, but in a close contest it could be the difference. In 1960, Kennedy had the stronger base. If I had been campaigning this year in the interest of being nominated, you could say I damaged those chances; but in the interest of being elected, if I were nominated, I helped them. I had no choice. I endorsed Romney and Rockefeller, though in both cases I helped a potential rival. This isn't altruism, it's the only thing that makes sense. I try to pound this into the heads of Republicans. We have to win.

"We really have now the best crop of candidates since 1952. New faces—Percy, Hatfield, Rhodes, and of course Romney. Rockefeller is not out of it either. It's my theory that the governor of a major state is always a potential national candidate. The fact he won against great odds makes that more so. It's up to him. Rockefeller can be a stronger candidate than he was in 1964."

In this survey of the field, Nixon did not mention Ronald Reagan.

The more liberals in the race, of course, the better for Nixon. Prior to the off-year elections, the main threat to a Nixon comeback had been the prospect of the liberal-moderate bloc unifying behind Romney. But Nixon, perhaps hopefully, sees such preconvention unity less likely now. "The chance of that happening was considerable when it appeared there weren't many big winners in the party," he says. "Now they're not going to stand aside. Governors like Volpe in Massachusetts, Shafer in Pennsylvania, Rhodes in Ohio, Knowles in Wisconsin; men from big states aren't going to stand aside. I expect a wide-open convention in '68, with more than two candidates. Lots of favorite sons who stick in there. A convention with several ballots. We haven't had an exciting convention in years, not since '52. Next time nobody will have this thing locked up. The 'out' party will build interest and excitement. We did it in '52 and were able to work out unity afterward. That was the trick. It's like playing with fire. It can be damaging, or helpful. We have to let it blaze for a while and then control it."

The car by now has slipped through western Long Island and Kennedy Airport. Nixon checks his watch, congratulates the driver and starts talking vacation. "This has not been an easy year for me," he says. "I haven't played golf, haven't seen a football game, a baseball game. I went to the theater once, argued a case before the Supreme Court twice, have been writing a newspaper column. The only way it could be done was to live a Spartan life. Now that the year's over, I can go down to Florida and relax. No politics for six months. I have no timetable for a decision on 1968. I may not even make a decision."

He is asked, hasn't he really been playing the game he enjoys most of all? "It's not a game, it's more. I couldn't resign myself to the life I suppose should be led—the affluent life of a Wall Street lawyer. I can't do it. I'm spoiled. Once you've hit the big leagues, it's awfully hard to resign yourself to just puttering around." □

Nixon has several speaking engagements every week. A host committee has furnished this limousine to take him to one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

Vietnam and the poor

The war in Vietnam has become such a pervasive influence on American life that it beclouds all our perspectives on that other war to which President Johnson has pledged us, the "war on poverty." On the one hand, conservatives like to argue that the expense in Vietnam requires a reduction in non-military spending; on the other, liberals repeatedly claim that Washington has abandoned the war on poverty in order to fight in Asia.

There was little support for either view in President Johnson's recent proposals to Congress. "When, three years ago, the Congress joined with me in a declaration of war on poverty," he said, "I warned, 'It will not be a short or easy struggle. No single weapon will suffice. But we should not rest until that war is won.' That pledge I renew tonight. I recommend that we intensify our effort to give the poor a chance to enjoy and to join in this nation's progress." Already, the President can point to 60 Great Society programs under way, to more than five million new jobs created during the past three years, to an increase in spending on the poor from $9.9 billion in fiscal 1960 to $22 billion in fiscal 1967. And even so, he went on to request more funds for education, job training, social-security payments, slum clearance and the rest.

The basic difficulty lies, perhaps, not in what is being done but in what has been promised. "War on poverty" is itself nothing more than rhetoric, but it holds out the Utopian possibility of a "victory." And at the Office of Economic Opportunity, Sargent Shriver has a public-relations budget of $2.4 million, and a publicity staff of 46, all dedicated to illuminating the road to victory with rocket bursts of hopeful propaganda. In actual fact, it is more than likely that the "war on poverty" will never be won, and that it will take years for even slight gains to become apparent. And in the waging of that war, great increases in federal spending are by no means the decisive factor. "If you gave me a choice of another one hundred million dollars or fifty really qualified people to administer the programs," says one official involved in the problem, "I'd take the fifty people." As for Vietnam draining off funds, a Washington expert declares: "They like to say we're fighting the war out of the poor box because that makes the issue more vivid, but I doubt whether there would have been any different development in the war on poverty if there had been no war in Vietnam at all."

What is the real effect of Vietnam on the poor, particularly the Negro poor?

Perhaps the most essential problem is jobs, and the war has scarcely harmed that aspect of the national economy. While the armed forces have been taking hundreds of thousands of young men into service, unemployment has shrunk to a phenomenal 3.8 percent, the lowest figure in 13 years. It remains true, of course, that Negro unemployment rates remain well above the national average, but these rates also have inevitably declined.

Are we then solving the problem of poverty by shipping an unfair number of the poor off to war? No, the Harlem dropout is just about as safe from the draft as the beatnik college student, and in fact less than half of potential Negro draftees can qualify (as compared to more than two thirds of whites). And the percentage of Negroes among draftees in Vietnam is about 10 percent, roughly the same as their ratio to the population as a whole. There is actually a higher percentage of Negroes in Vietnam, not because of the draft but because of reenlistments: The Negro rate is more than twice as high as among whites.

Is this, then, all we can do for the poor? Train them to be soldiers? It has been said that the U.S. Army in World War II did more to combat adult illiteracy than all the adult-education programs ever devised, and military training has come a long way since then. "The Defense Department today is the largest single educational complex that the world has ever possessed," Defense Secretary McNamara said in his proposal to "salvage" 100,000 draft-rejected youths a year. "The services provide enlisted men with professional training in some fifteen hundred different skills . . . electronics, engineering, aircraft maintenance. . . ."

It is tragic, of course, that a grim war should be the cause of benefits, and there is certainly no equation between the damage that war does and the improvements that it may bring, but it would be foolish to assume that, because war is evil, only evil can result. And in the thin roster of benefits, the most important of all may ultimately be the creation of a new breed of American.

One reporter who recently returned from the war put it this way: "The Army in Vietnam is the only totally and genuinely desegregated area of American life, which accounts in part for the high rate of Negro reenlistment. It is surprising, and rather moving, to witness this phenomenon. You go somewhere out in the boondocks, and you find a Negro captain in charge of three enlisted men, and when the captain gives an order, the sergeant from Tennessee or Alabama says, 'Yes, *sir*, Captain,' and there's not a trace of resentment in his tone. It's partly discipline, partly some element of common danger, partly isolation, which accentuates a common sense of being American.

"There is a big danger here, and a big opportunity. The danger is that these people will come back well trained to violence; and that they will resort to violence if society tries to push them back into the ghetto. The opportunity is to use them as a bridge between black and white communities. To this end, we need a GI Bill which would offer these people (and the undereducated poor whites who are also overrepresented in Vietnam) a wide-open opportunity to get a really good education. They could become the young core of a reasonably responsible, reasonably responsive Negro leadership, which is something we very badly need."

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

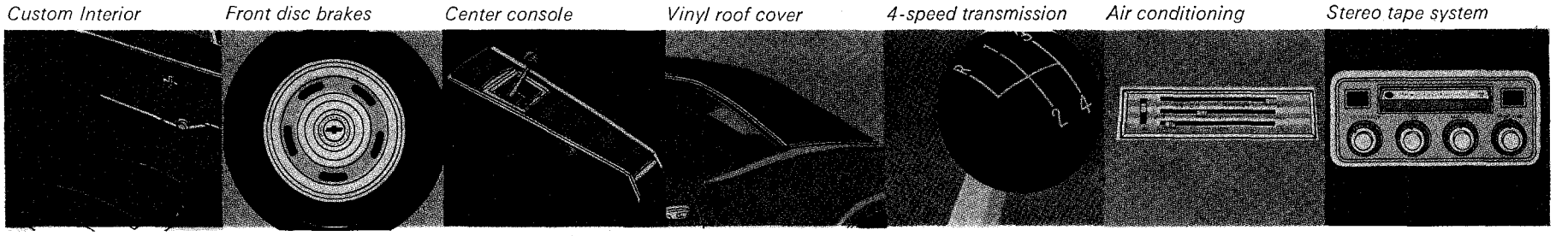
Take a Camaro, sport coupe or convertible.

Make it a Rally Sport with hideaway headlights.

Make it an SS with Camaro's new 325-hp V8.

Or both: SS with Rally Sport equipment.

Custom Interior *Front disc brakes* *Center console* *Vinyl roof cover* *4-speed transmission* *Air conditioning* *Stereo tape system*



Then order whatever else you want from your Chevrolet dealer. Camaro's your idea of a car.

CHEVROLET

Command Performance

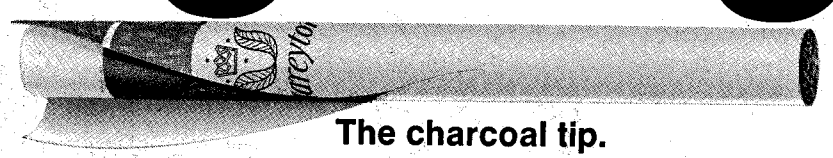
Camaro

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What gives Tareyton the taste worth fighting for?



The charcoal tip.
It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's fine tobacco. So much, that Tareyton is America's #1 charcoal tip cigarette.

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

The American Tobacco Company ©A. T. Co.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
FEB 16 1967

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED